

ARY 17, 1909.

Part VII-8 Pages
ILLUSTRATED FAMILY SECTION.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

Tri-Color Sheet
JANUARY 17, 1909.

Little Nemo in Slumberland



WAGGLES in WONDERLAND.



1.—I felt like anything but a hero, as my young master and myself went flying down the hillside.



2.—But when something hit us and my young master left me I saved myself by catching the rope.



3.—Which was soon yanked out of my mouth by a runaway horse.

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COULTAN



5.—I landed all alone in a snowbank at the foot of the hill.



6.—From which I was rescued by the children, who hailed me as a real sweet tiny hero.



1.—What is the matter with the Tads? Why do they look so frightened? The

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4.—But when they see the monster comes the And, loudly crying out for help, they

MONKEY SHINES OF MARSELEEN



WOW!! WASHING AN ELEPHANT IS NOT ALWAYS AS FUNNY AS IT SEEMS, ESPECIALLY WHEN THAT MISCHIEVOUS LITTLE BUDDY BATES IS AROUND.

DOING HIS

FIVE PAWS GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH



S-T-U-N-T-S!!!!

HE'S A PESKY NOISANCE THAT'S WHAT HE IS.

HOW WILL I WASH THE ELEPHANT?



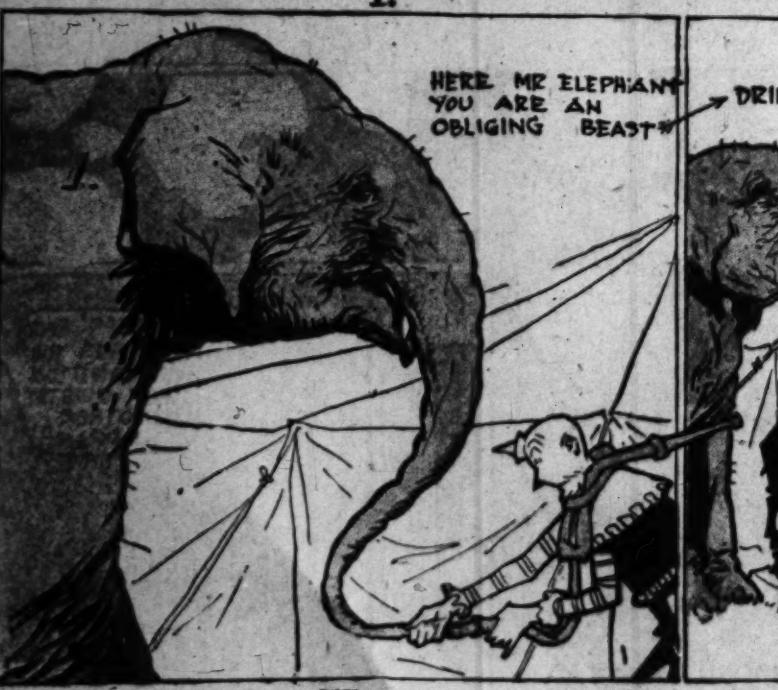
FIVE P

WELL SAY, AINT A CUTUP?

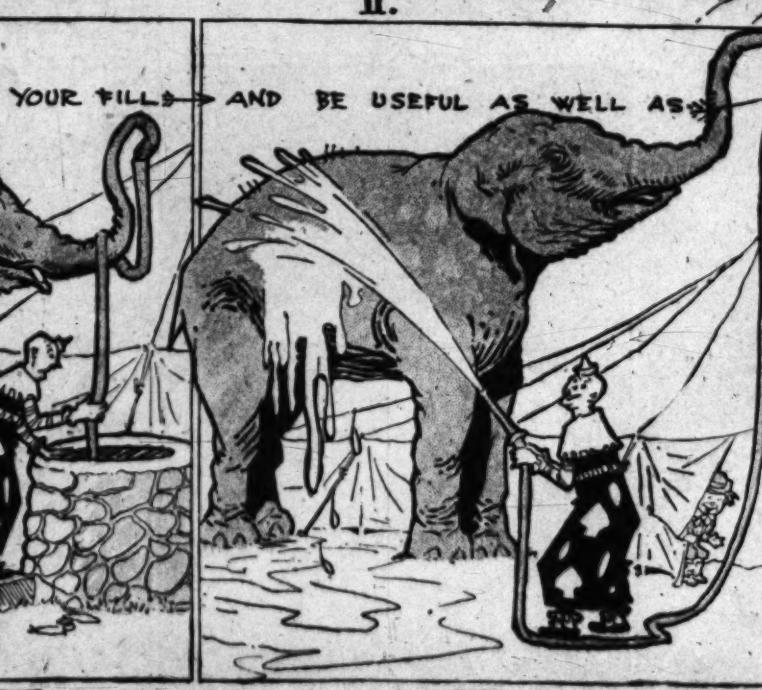
OH, AN IDEA



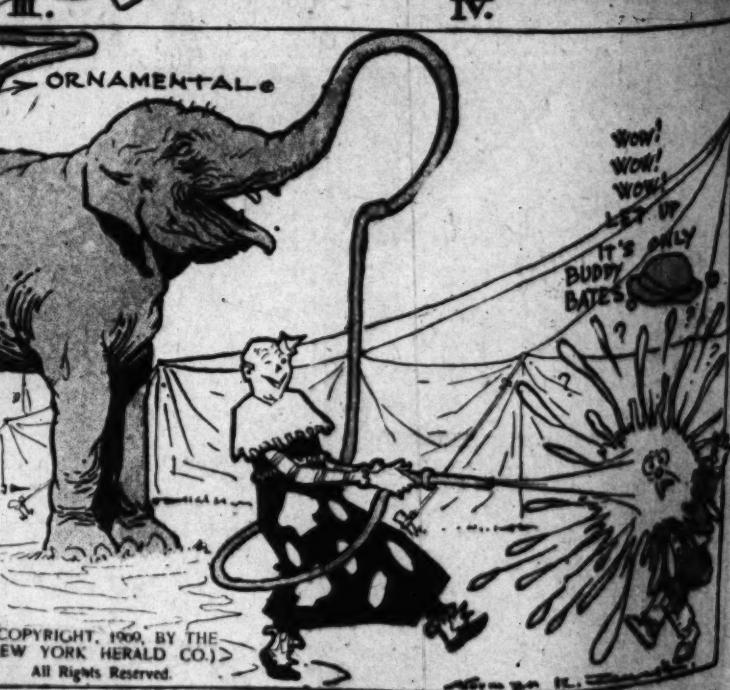
I KNOW I NEEDN'T TO MY LITTLE AND BOBBIE BE GOOD WHILE MAMMA ARE AWAY HE MADE THIS OLD'SKIRT RAG MAN



HERE MR ELEPHANT YOU ARE AN OBLIGING BEAST!



DRINK YOUR TILLS AND BE USEFUL AS WELL AS



ORNAMENTAL

WOW!

WOW!

LET UP

IT'S ONLY

BUDDY BATES!



SELL EM TO ODEEE-E!

HERE QUICK BOY GIVE YEH DOLLA THIRTEEN FER EM

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THE TERRORS OF THE TINY TADS.



1.—What is the matter with the Tads? Why are they standing here? Why do they look so frightened? There is nothing they need fear.



2.—Oh, yes, there is, of course there is! Run, run, oh, Taddies, do! This bad Rhinocerostrich has his wicked eye on you.



3.—"We'll get a gun," the Taddies cry, "and load it full of lead, And we will shoot that creature in his ugly looking head."



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4.—But when they see the monster come they drop their little gun, And, loudly crying out for help, they turn around and run.



5.—It's lucky a Gazellephant has chanced to be near by; It's lucky that his ears are big and he has heard the cry.



6.—"You shall not hurt those boys" says he; "you shall not pass this way." "Oh, isn't he Gasilephant!" a Tad is heard to say.

ANGELIC • ANGELINA



I KNOW I NEEDN'T SPEAK
TO MY LITTLE ANGELIN, BUT
IF BOBBIELL BE REAL
GOOD WHILE MAMA & PAPA
ARE AWAY, HE MAY SELL
THIS OLD SKIRT TO THE
RAG MAN

THREE CENTS
FER IT, ONLY—



3 CENTS HUH?
HERE BOBBIELL,
GIT ALL O PAS,
BEST CLOTHES N



ALL O MAS



SELL EM TO
MEE-E?

HERE QUICK BOY!
GIVE YUH DOLLAR
THIRTEEN FER EM!



LATER!
OH! HA! SOLD
ALL O YOUR BEST
CLOTHES N ALL O
PAS T' THE RAG
MAN N GOT A
DOLLAR-THIRTEEN
FOR EM!



ALL O YOURS
N ALL O MAS
PAPA N I GOT A
WHOLE DOLLAR
N THIRTEEN
CENTS
PAPA—



AND NOW WE
RIGHT UP TO BED
WITHOUT YOUR
SUPPER! AND
THAT DOLLAR
THIRTEEN GOES
STRAIGHT INTO
LITTLE ANGELINA'S
SAVINGS BANK
I'LL TEACH-YOU!

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PERHAPS there is no fashion that has been so completely identified with one person as the Elizabethan ruff. There are many well-known styles which are remembered, even though generations have passed since they have been in use, but they are not traced to any one person. Take, for instance, the style of the hoopskirt. We know of course, that it was introduced into Paris by one of the well-known beauties of the day, but who this beauty was and why she chose such a monstrous exaggeration the world has forgotten.

Then, again, there is the fashion of the trailing skirt. All skirts at some time were probably built ankle length—that seems to be the natural conclusion. Who was it, then, decreed that skirts should trail upon the ground? It seems a waste of material!

Not every one appears to know that the ruff which encircles the throat and stands stiffly round the face is unquestionably associated with Queen Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, and it shows no signs of losing its identity. Queen

Elizabeth preferred very high collars—the higher the better—and this was because her neck was yellow and bony; in fact, very far from beautiful. Be that as it may, the fashion has, to a certain extent, returned during our generation, although for so long it has been unused. The old-time ruffs were of lace or net stiffly starched; now, however, they are of softer materials—tulle, chiffon, silk and satin—and the ruffles are usually placed upon a foundation which tightly encircles the throat.

The most typical ruff of the kind that is shown today is made upon a basis of black velvet, which is embroidered in bright silk and edged with a golden braid. At the top of this is a ruche two inches wide and of three thicknesses, tightly pleated and standing up all round the face. It is quite a remarkable affair and one which, to some people, would be becoming.

Another ruff, much in the same style, although made in a slightly different way, is a band of satin encircling the throat and finished at each side by a ruche of net, edged with narrow black satin ribbon. This is very pretty when worn with an ordinary tailored suit.

Quite in the Elizabethan style, though slightly different in adaptation, is the collar with the biblike effect worn with a gray silk

shirtwaist. This is of soft gray silk with a ruche around the top, while at the base is a wide bias band which lies flat upon the shoulders, giving the effect of a guimpe, although it is really detachable.

A "ruche" which is not a ruche, but merely a band of soft moire ribbon finished with three small buttons and fastened at the side with a huge bow of ribbon, is worn by the girl with the hat. This is particularly effective, and is peculiar in that it gives the smart effect of the ruff without being a ruff at all.

A dainty affair, which might be worn with the finest of lingerie waists for afternoon calls or on some semi-dressy occasion, is that made of three widths of fine valenciennes lace and finished at the top with one row of lace backed with several rows of pleated chiffon. This is in white and is appropriate for a younger woman.

Two tailored stocks, that might be worn with a tailored shirt, are those of embroidered linen. One is shaped top and bottom with a pleated ruffle of the same material. The other is curved rather on the Gibson order and has merely a ruche at the top. Both are extremely effective and would be very chic if adopted by the strictly tailored girl, who is, perhaps, the most typical of the genus Americans.



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UNDISCOVERED BEAUTIES

(COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THE
NEW YORK HERALD CO.)The
Factory
Beauty

HER HOROSCOPE.

By Minerva Meares.

This girl whose face is pictured here was born May 27. A study of her face and horoscope shows her to be rather impractical, apt to be sickly, and she will pass through many unpleasant experiences. She is a Gemini girl, which nativity generally gives dark hair, good features and bright complexion. The full eyelid and level brows partake of the Oriental, of the dreamer rather than the doer, while the wistful eyes and delicate lips indicate the longing for the poetry of life, which comes under the Gemini sign. This natal day gives a happy nature, but a carelessness in discrimination as to associates which is apt to be detrimental to her chances of success in life. This is carried out by the weakness of the chin and the upturned corners of the mouth. Strength of character is wanting in this pretty face, and she will need to be very careful, for beauty linked with weakness is likely to be, of all gifts, the most pitifully tragic. She is attracted by people of money and position rather than of the intellectual type; respects worldly possessions, and, according to the birth sign, should acquire the last through marriage. She will tell the truth unless a fib happens to suit her better, in which case she will fib gracefully and most convincingly. She is prone to judge people by the external appearance, and as she is demonstrative in her affection she suffers disappointment through the fancied neglect of those she loves. She will be fairly safe, however, in marrying one born in the sign of Virgo; that is, born between August 23 and September 23, or in the sign of Aquarius, which governs from January 20 to February 19.



HER LIFE.

"Ah, Beauty, Siren, fair, enchanting, good, Sweet, silent, rhetoric of persuading eyes; Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood More than the words of wisdom of the wise."

HE sits in the third row, the third chair from the end. That is where the superintendent placed her this morning. Heretofore she has been in the dark corner by the door, but this means promotion and her eyes dance with elation as her fingers fly performing their allotted toll?

She is stitching the buttonholes of a nearly finished waist. The electric machine works steadily as she guides the cut cloth. She has finished one, another, another, then another. You grow dizzy watching.

The sound of traffic from the street, above which he overheard shouts his hurry calls to the worker who glares for a moment to slacken the pace that is set.

It is a pretty picture, the nimble fingers, the rounded, youthful forms of the young girls as they bend over their work. Almost children they seem, but the overseer at your elbow assures you that "Every one is fourteen," and holds out a grimy bunch of working papers.

You have reached the third chair in the third row and its occupant lifts her eyes to yours. You draw a quick breath of amazement. Many of the girls you have passed have been pretty. But whence came this girl, this child of amazing beauty? Masses of soft brown hair wave back from the broad, low forehead; liquid brown eyes, half shy, half dancing with merriment; rosy skin; ripe, red, pouting lips; tapering, delicate fingers—what capricious fate sent these to admiration in his eye. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes shining.

"You're quick," he observed approvingly, and she flushed with pleasure. The noon whistle blew. Her back ached, but she ran home gayly to tell them. She was to get one dollar and a half a week just to begin! Another, another; another; that waist is finished. You sigh with relief. But while one hand tosses the waist aside the other hand picks up a successor and inserts it in the machine, which has never stopped.

She is very young, this little human blossom, barely fifteen. The soft rounded cheek, the swelling curves of the lissome form half concealed by the ill-fitting

clothing, are those of budding womanhood. She has been working but a few weeks. The father had said she must work, she was fourteen now, and there were many others to care for. So she sought the superintendent. Something in the appealing glance of the big brown eyes, in the winsome face, held him. She was green, but they were very busy. So she found place at the darkest machine of all, to her intense delight. Her hands fairly flew those first hours. Just before noon the "boss" spoke to her, something akin to admiration in his eye. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes shining.

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"You'll do it after a while," she said; "it's the dust." It was very cold when she went home. After the hot room the wind pierced her thin jacket. Her father nodded as she came in.

"It is good," he said, gently. Her head ached terribly, but she ate some of the rye bread and herring

with her news she told her mother.

"Yes," said the woman, stolidly, removing the child from her breast, "then hurry so you get back."

Silently she hurried her dinner. When the whistle blew she was in her place. No windows had been opened during the noon hour, and the room, filled with steam and the lint from the fabrics, was oppressive. She rose and opened a window, lowering it from the top. An angry hiss ran around the room. A girl at the next table left her place and closed the window. The girl (in the chair next to her) coughed and put her handkerchief to her mouth. When she withdrew it held a red speck. The newcomer looked at her in wonder. Did it hurt to cough like that? How very thin she was. You could see the veins on her forehead and her cheek bones. And she could not be very old!

The girl next to her spoke.

"You'll do it after a while," she said; "it's the dust." It was very cold when she went home. After the hot room the wind pierced her thin jacket. Her father nodded as she came in.

"It is good," he said, gently. Her head ached terribly, but she ate some of the rye bread and herring

and crept in upon the mattress she shared with two younger girls.

That was three weeks ago. Now she is used to the hot room; she has been promoted; she is earning ten dollars. She is used to the lint that floats about thickening her tongue, irritating her nostrils. She is no longer frightened when she coughs. "It is the dust," her seat mate said, "the dust." Only she is used to that sometimes on her seat mate's handkerchief there is more than dust. At night she is very tired. She is becoming quicker; she is no longer a "green hand," and perhaps ere long she may earn three dollars a week and be contented.

And when you go away you still see her. Not so she is now in her delicate loveliness, but when two years have passed, or three, perhaps—when the eyes has dulled, the soft bloom faded, the life enlightened into lines which betoken suffering and endurance when the cough brings a crimson to her lips, Mrs. Pshaw, who would notice a faded flower?

A charming portrait study of a department store beauty, painted from life by Mrs. G. G. W. W., will be published next Sunday.

Twenty-Eighth Year.

PER ANNUM, \$9.00; For Month, \$1.25; or \$1.50 Cents Extra.

THE WEATHER.

BRIEF REPORTS.

FORECAST—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Cloudy; light west wind. For San Francisco and vicinity: Cloudy with showers; light southwest.

KILLER W.

Illustra

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WELTH YEAR.

PER ANNUM, \$3.50.

PICTURESQUE



Many more would have been killed if not possibly killed. The train was the only one to leave their train before the escaped injury.

The passenger train, L. was shoveling coal and did the danger ahead until it was to warn Engineer R. R. C.

Continued on Thirteenth

THE WEATHER.
WEATHER REPORT.

FORECAST—For Los Angeles and vicinity: cloudy; light west wind. San Francisco and vicinity: clear; light southwest.

KILLED IN WRECKS

Illustrated Weekly Magazine.

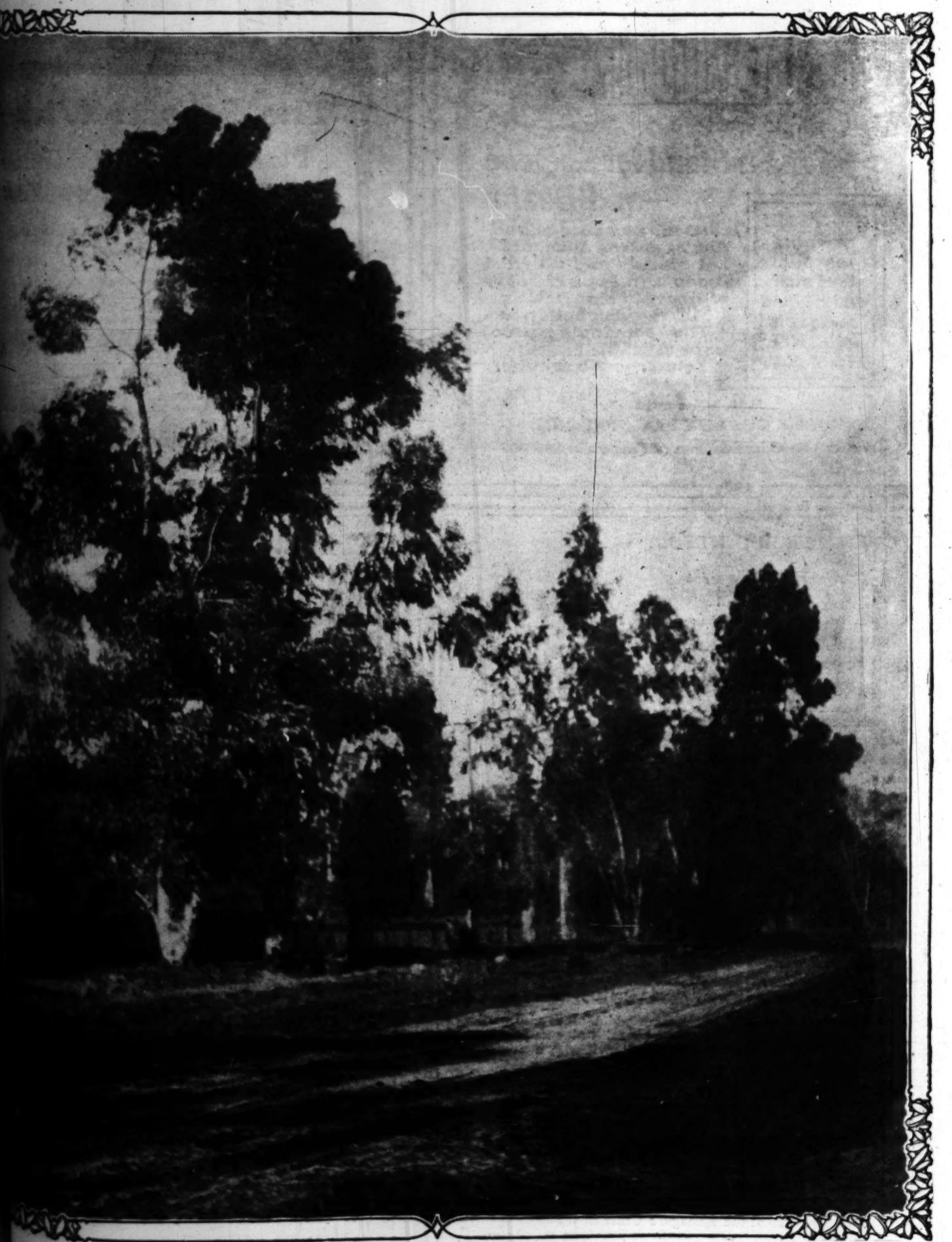
Los Angeles Sunday Times

ONE YEAR.
\$3.50.

JANUARY 17, 1909.

FIVE CENTS

PICTURESQUE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.



A Gathering Storm.

AGONY.

TAFT TALKS TO NEGROES.
Says They, Themselves, Must Settle Race Question by Becoming Indispensable to Community.
(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

EARTHQUAKE SURVIVORS COME TO AMERICA.

CARRY GIRLS DOWN LADDER.

Young Women Students Rescued from Burning Dormitory in Michigan.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

FRANKFORT (Mich.) Jan. 17.—A number of young women students narrowly escaped being burned to death early today when the dormitory of Benzonia College at Benzonia, Mich., burned to the ground. Students who slept on the third floor were rescued with ladders.

WELL FIXED.

WOMAN GIVES OUT DIAMONDS.

USES GEMS FOR PRIZES AT HER CARD PARTIES.

Kansas City Society Dame Has Mine of Precious Stones in Arkansas—Negro Boy, Who Sold Her "Pebble" for Nickel, Shows Her Value of Her Land.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
KANSAS CITY (Mo.) Jan. 17.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Mrs. George D. Hope, of No. 1332 Linwood boulevard, has so many diamonds that she gives them to her guests as prizes at card parties.

Several Kansas City society favorites are already wearing them. Mrs. Hope is a favored personage, however, for she gets her diamonds from her own mines, for which she was recently made a princely offer. Mrs. Hope's husband, who is a lumberman, owns thousands of acres of land in Arkansas. Seven years ago he sold to his wife 3000 acres from which the timber had been cut.

Mrs. Hope went to view her new possessions, and while watching the construction of a logging road across her property, was accosted by a little negro boy, who wanted to sell a "pebble" for a nickel. She bought the "pebble" and told the boy she would give 10 cents apiece for more. He brought her six.

Two years later, John W. Huddleston, a farmer near Murrfreesboro, Ark., found diamonds on his property, which is near Mrs. Hope's land. Mrs. Hope then sent the pebbles purchased from the negro boy to a New York lapidist, who pronounced them diamonds.

Since then Mrs. Hope has found nearly 300 diamonds on her property. They range from one-quarter of a carat to five carats in size. The gems came largely from the crest of a hill that appears to be an extinct volcano. "Several millionaires in the East are wearing diamonds from my mine," said Mrs. Hope, "so I guess they are real."

A syndicate recently tried to purchase Mrs. Hope's mine, but she refused to part with it. A diamond mine near her property was recently capitalized at three-quarters of a million dollars.

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BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
CHIHUAHUA (Mex.) Jan. 17.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Many rich mining claims situated upon the three million-acre tract of mineral land in the States of Chihuahua and Sonora, embraced in the concession held by Col. W. C. Greene, and associates, and which was declared forfeited by the Federal government on January 12, are being filed upon by prospectors. This great mineral territory contains several mines which have passed into the hands of Mexicans since their abandonment by the Greene syndicate.

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[ASSOCIATED PRESS.]
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January 17, 1909.]

ILLUSTRATION

An illustration of a woman in a kitchen, holding a pie crust and looking up. A bucket of Suetene sits on the counter next to her.

**30 Days
Fresher
Than
Eastern
Shortenings**

Take a Stand for Suetene —and Health

SUETENE
contains
only pure
beef suet
and refined
vegetable
oil. **NO**
HOG FAT

Suetene makes pies, puddings, cakes, doughnuts, hot biscuit and all fried foods agree perfectly with every stomach.

Makes them better, too.
The convincing proof
is in a trial.

Your grocer can supply
you.

Made in Los Angeles by
THE CUDAHY PACKING CO.

Pioneer
Rubber Sanded
ROOFING

SUN PROOF
RAIN PROOF

The Reason Why—

**Pioneer Rubber Sanded
Roofing, By Every Test
Will Prove the Best**

THE....

TIMES

COOKING
AND OTHER
RECIPES BY
SKILLED
CHEFS AND
HOUSEWIVES

COOK
BOOK

NUMBER THREE

198 Recipes for Spanish Dishes

98 Soups; 199 Salads; 417 Recipes for Bread, Rolls, Biscuits, Buns and the like; 112 Ways of Cooking Meats; 100 Recipes for Preparing Game and Game; 81 for Fish and Shell-fish; 196 Ways of Cooking Vegetables; 250 Cakes; 45 Recipes for Cookies and Small Cakes; 114 Pastries and Dainties; 172 Desserts.

115 Recipes for Hygienic Dishes

31 Marmalades; Also Including Instructions for the Use of a Pressure Cooker, and Many Pointers of Value to Those Who Seek the Best in Preparation of Food.

This Compilation Is From the 1908 Cooking Contest Conducted by the Los Angeles Times, to Which Contributions Were Made by Hundreds of the Best Cooks of California and Elsewhere.

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PRICE
250
POSTAGE FIVE CENTS

THE WEATHER
LOS ANGELES
SUNSHINE
Cloudy, light west wind.
Temperature, 60° F.
Wind, light southwest.

KILLED IN WRECKS

ABONY,
TAFT TALKS TO NEGROES.
Says They, Themselves, Must Settle
Race Question by Becoming In-
dispensable PRESS NIGHT REPORT.
AUGUSTA (Ga.) Jan. 17.—Introduced

EARTHQUAKE SURVIVORS COME TO AMERICA.

January 17, 1909.]

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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

A MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHWEST

ESTABLISHED DEC. 5, 1897

Southwestern in scope and spirit, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, its mountains, the slopes, the valleys and the plains. And to the development of the country, the exploitation of its various natural resources and to the word-painting of its wonders and beauties. The contents embrace columns of good reading matter: Popular descriptive articles, solid articles, thoughtful and picturesque editorials, brilliant correspondence, poetry, pictures and light reading.

Each number contains 32 large pages, equivalent to 120 pages of the average size. The numbers will be sent to this office for a moderate price.

Subscribers: 5 cents a copy, \$3.50 a year by mail, addressed, address THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Number being complete in itself, may be saved to the subscriber from the news sheets, except through the mail. It is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Enclosed matter for publication in The Times Magazine, enclosing certain copies of their manuscripts. Manuscripts sent by postage will be returned if not found available to the use of others is not guaranteed.

Los Angeles Sunday Times MAGAZINE

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PROLIX PREACHING.

MANAGINER writer has been comparing preaching as it is today with what it was in the past. Now it is confessed that the pulpit contains at this time no one like Henry Ward Beecher of Brooklyn, or perhaps one like Dr. Thompson, who for many years occupied a New York pulpit. But in spite of this we will pretty generally agree that the average preacher of this latest year of grace is quite up to that of the past in all elements of excellence. It is less formal, but more practical, less polemical but contains more of the rationale of religion, less filled with problems of the life to come, but more concerned with the well-ascertained duties of the life that now is.

These are the tendencies of the modern pulpit. Short as the sermons are, we think they will be shorter; practical as the teaching is, it will be more so. And the pulpit will be all the more effective for these further changes in the way the movement has been for fifty years, by which the sermon of today does more good than the one of the past.

Greeley crossed the continent and stopped at Salt Lake City he heard Brigham Young speak on Sunday afternoon for two hours. The great editor, who found little of real value in the discourse, took the trouble to learn how many persons were in the audience, multiplied the sum by two and got the absolute time he considered to have been wasted, reduced it to working days and that to the money value of the time, assuming that each one was in the average worth the wages of a good day laborer. He brought the head of the church into debt to the world by a round sum. And Brigham Young was indeed a great man intellectually.

In fact, wide as the field for instruction and for exhortation is, the man who can preach two or three times a week for even half an hour each time, and be interesting, must be one of many intellectual gifts. He must be a diligent cultivator, too, of all the talent he may have. "Old Mortality" would have thought a preacher was "loafing on his job" who preached less than four hours. The pastor who discourses less than an hour a century ago would have been in danger of being called to account for not earning his salary. We are of the opinion that the man who preaches half an hour is more sure of an audience at this time than the one who holds forth twice that period. Indeed, thirty minutes is about the limit permitted to the average pulpit orator, and the congregation is much better pleased if the sermon takes only twenty minutes in delivery. One of the most successful pastors of Los Angeles was the late Rev. Elias Birdsall of St. Paul's Church. His sermons were seldom as long as twenty minutes, his usual discourse taking up only fifteen minutes.

Is there anything lost in this? It is our opinion that much is gained, spiritually as well as otherwise. The preacher referred to just now was noted for the profound thought he packed into his little discourses. The Gospels contain much food for thought. They relate the striking events in the active life of the Lord. The longest may be read in an hour, the shortest in half the time. The Acts pack into what may be read in an hour the history of the founding of the church covering fifty years. The Epistle to the Romans is a mine of thought. It can be read in less than half an hour. The other epistles may be delivered in five to fifteen minutes each.

Newspapers treat of subjects which cover as much ground as the ordinary sermon. The writer who took even fifteen minutes to make his argument clear would soon lose his job. Many such writers pack into a column which may be read in five minutes as much real thought, fact and argument as many preachers get into a discourse occupying twenty to thirty minutes. The pastor who would submit his manuscript to a good editor to "blue-pencil" would be the most popular and the most useful in the city.

We do not mean that all preachers need the blue pencil. Many of them pack thought into very few words.

Another great excellence of modern preaching compared with that of half a century ago is the absence of polemic discussion and of abstruse doctrinal statement. There is no set discourse on the divine nature in the Bible. There is no formal discussion of the divinity of Christ. No writer in the Book has a word to say of the life to come in any way of detail. The average Sunday congregation is heterogeneous. There are both Publicans and Pharisees in the pews. There are some who are rank heathen. The esoteric doctrines of Christianity are not edifying to the publicans and sinners. When Paul stood before Felix he did not read a treatise on theology. He reasoned of "temperance, righteousness and judgment to come," and the Governor trembled. If the preacher had found him at a more convenient season and converted him, there would have followed instruction in the Christian doctrine. It would be much better if all preachers in their public discourses would discuss matters of more general interest, in a broader way, reach the conscience and the heart of the people, and teach doctrine in classes composed entirely of believers and those already intent on leading a new life.

These are the tendencies of the modern pulpit. Short as the sermons are, we think they will be shorter; practical as the teaching is, it will be more so. And the pulpit will be all the more effective for these further changes in the way the movement has been for fifty years, by which the sermon of today does more good than the one of the past.

Girl Takes First 1909 Swim.

Braving the cold, Helen Wilcox, a teacher in the Great Kills public school, Staten Island, New Year's afternoon, on a wager she would be the first to enter the water in 1909, went to the beach at Annandale and swam around in the icy water for more than twenty minutes. When admiring friends asked if she was not extremely cold, she stopped and talked with them.

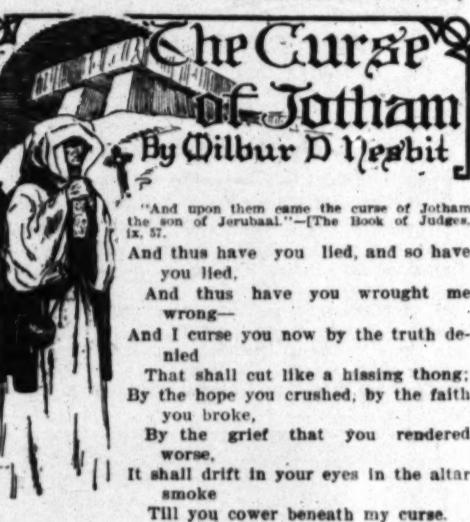
"It's all right when you're used to it," said the girl. Her teeth did not even chatter as she stood on the beach.

A few days ago friends dared Miss Wilcox to go into the water in the winter. She promptly bet she would be the first Staten Island woman to go in the water in the new year. Yesterday, in summer bathing garb, she left her home at 4 p.m. and went to the beach. There she waited a few minutes for two girl friends who had said they would go in the water with her. As they did not appear she ran into the icy cold bay. She swam thirty yards from the beach and was in the water almost half an hour.

Miss Wilcox went into the water in last February, when snow was on the ground, and was not inconven-

many more would have been injured and possibly killed. The train crew of the freight were fortunate enough to leave their train before the crash and

Sermons in Song.



"And upon them came the curse of Jotham the son of Jerubaal." —The Book of Judges, ix, 57.

And thus have you lied, and so have you lied.

And thus have you wrought me wrong.

And I curse you now by the truth denied.

That shall cut like a hissing thong:

By the hope you crushed, by the faith you broke,

By the grief that you rendered worse,

It shall drift in your eyes in the altar smoke

Till you cower beneath my curse.

I have dreamed of this in the darkened days
And brooded in wrath at night,
I have fought with your lies in the gloomy ways
When wrestling to gain my right;
With a curse that is keen as a serpent's tooth
I swear you shall bend to me—
As deathless and great as the sleepless truth
This curse that I make shall be.

Though a man go down to the house of death
Revenge is a living thing
That will pulse its way as an outblown breath
Where the stars in their courses swing
That will follow far past the dying suns
Through the orbits devised of old
Till it reach the place of the faithless ones
Where the planets have long grown cold.

And thus have you lied, and so have you lied—
My spirit can bide and wait
With the faith you broke and the truth denied
Till it find you before the gate.
And there in the glow of a light sublime
In a vast, eternal place
I shall tear all the truth from the page of time
And shall fling it against your face.



[Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.]

SANTA MONICA HILLS.

Oh, the joy of the hills at dawn,
On the airy wind-swept peaks,
When the strife is on twixt the sun and the mist,
The soft gray mist that twirls and whirls
And wreathes itself into wondrous curls,
As the brave old sun with his powerful rays,
Dispels the haze.

Oh, the heat of the hills at noon,
On peaks in the midday glare,
When the sun is king over all of the land,
The fertile land, which his ardent fire
Blighted, in the heat of his fierce desire,
As aloft in the sky, his mighty power
Proclaims the hour.

Oh, the hush of the hills at eve,
In the twilight's purple glow!
When the strife is o'er twixt the sun and the mist,
The rosy mist that lovingly hides
The brown rocks of the gray hillsides,
As the vanquished sun sinks out of sight—

Now we found out what snow is really for. It is to look at through the windows, while sitting before a two-by-four pine log spitting cheerful sparks indiscriminately up the chimney and out at you. It is fully as picturesque and beautiful glimpsed through the windows of a warm dining-room between mullions and coffee.

Peace comes with night.

GENE STURTEVANT.

Caught Three Tons of Moths.

The authorities in Saxon are waging a successful war against the caterpillar plague by means of a trap, which consists of two large electric searchlights or reflectors and a number of powerful suction fans. At night two great streams of light are thrown from the reflectors against the wooded sides of a mountain half a mile distant. The moths, from whose eggs caterpillars develop, follow along the brilliant bars of light until the reflectors are reached, and there the powerful currents of air swirl them down into a receptacle. On the first night no less than three tons of moths were caught. It seems quite probable that swamps in this country could be cleared of the winged pests in the same manner.—[Popular Mechanics.]

FIRST MASS SAID.

SHEPHERDS WATCH.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

REGGIO, Jan. 17.—For the first time

planned a twelve-story, steel frame, fireproof structure, besides a roof garden and two basements. The classic facade will be treated in granite.

Japan's Great General. By Frank G. Carpenter.

PRINCE YAMAGATA.

A CHAT WITH HIM ABOUT WAR AND PEACE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

TOKIO (Japan).—I have just returned from an interview with Prince Yamagata, one of the greatest generals and statesmen of the past half-century. What Von Moltke was to Germany and Grant to the United States, Prince Yamagata has been to Japan. In many respects he has been even more. He was practically the originator of the Japanese army, the man whose organizing military ability has made it one of the most formidable fighting machines of the world. The story of his life has been wrapped up in the new Japan, and he and Prince Ito

cannot believe that there is any such sentiment in your country against ours.

"We Japanese have always looked upon you as our great and good friend. You are a sort of mother country to us. The Japan of today is a child of America. It was you who opened our ports to the world, and it was from your teachers that we took our first lesson in the arts of modern civilization. Throughout our new national life you have always stood by us, and we have felt that we could rely upon you. We feel so now, and I cannot believe but that the general sentiment of your country is friendly to us.

"Besides," continued His Highness, "Japan is not anxious to be considered a warlike nation. Our military establishment was created for defense and not for conquest. We hope to continue our national life along the lines of peace, not of war."

"But your military establishment is so large that other

000 men, who were reported to be well equipped and trained by German officers, and he had also 100,000 soldiers in the north. Upon investigation we found that a great number of these men were enrolled only for their pay might be taken by the officers. The equipment except as men of straw, and both were of a low order. It will be a long time before China can put a great army into the field. Look at it, the Chinese empire today has very little strength in itself, and its existence as a nation of preservation as such depend upon the great powers of the world, who are interested in keeping it intact."

If China Had a Strong Emperor.

"But can China be westernized? It is said to be introducing our modern civilization."

"I do not know. It will probably change in the

FORECAST—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Cloudy; light west wind. For San Francisco and vicinity: Cloudy; light winds; light southwest.

January 17, 1909.]

ILLUST

the Japanese army, which was largely performed by Prince Yamagata, and I asked him to tell me something as to how it was done. He replied:

"In the feudal times the imperial army consisted of about 400,000 families of Shizuoka, or the followers of the daimyos, who were the feudal lords. Each daimyo kept as many retainers as his finances would permit and, allowing two or three men to the family, the army of that day had possibly as many as 1,000,000 men. This included not only the soldiers, but the surgeons, treasurers and other officials. It was in 1871 that the system of conscription was introduced and the reorganization of the army began. It was first started in a few provinces, and thence extended throughout the empire. The imperial scheme was to organize a standing army of 400,000 men, comprising six army corps. This was found impossible at the start, and a small army of 40,000 was created. That was about 1873. At that time French officers were brought in to train the soldiers, and for several years they were our chief instructors along the lines of modern warfare.

"Then, after a careful investigation of the armies of Europe, it was decided that the German system was better suited to our needs. We then introduced German officers, and our tactics of today are based upon those originated in Germany. In 1883 the army was reconstructed and increased to 200,000, and in 1896, after the Chino-Japanese war, it was again reorganized and brought up to 500,000. On a war footing it is now considerably larger than that."

"What does Your Highness think of the German system of military training?"

"I consider it superior to any other," replied Prince Yamagata. "It seems to me perfect, and I do not see how it could be improved upon."

"But does not that system turn the man into a machine which makes him useless in times of emergency, where he has to act for himself? I have always thought so of the German soldier."

"The German is a very able soldier," replied Marshal Yamagata, "and the German army, though not as good, perhaps, as it would be had it had practice in actual warfare, is a very well-trained and efficient one."

Schoolboy Soldiers.

Since this talk with Prince Yamagata, I have visited many of the schools to see the material which Japan is now working up into her soldiers of the future. Every boy in the empire is now undergoing military drill. The law provides that all the schools shall be equipped with guns and knapsacks, and the pupils are regularly trained by an army officer. Every school has its drill hall and exercising grounds; and rain or shine the boys go through their marching. I see them in the streets, marching along with their guns on their shoulders and their knapsacks on their backs. They are taken to see the army maneuvers, and officers are especially appointed to explain what is going on. The children are taught that it is their duty to fight and die for their country, and they have school songs in honor of the heroes of Japan. Almost every school teacher has been in the army at one time or another, and there is a six-week service which has been especially created for the teachers of the primary schools. During this time they are made to go through the regular training of the ordinary soldiers, and are then disbanded.

As an instance of the patriotism of the school children, during the war with Russia subscriptions were gotten up by them to purchase a warship for the Emperor. Every little one gave his pennies, denying himself candy and toys, and the whole amounted to many thousand yen.

Every Japanese a Soldier.

As it is now, every Japanese is a soldier. Service in the army is universal and compulsory. Every boy is expected to enter the army at 17, although he is not required to perform active service until he is 20. He then serves off and on until he is 40. At the Emperor's call, the whole nation might be put into the field, although there are some exemptions. The only son of an indigent parent over 60 years of age may stay at home, and there are certain exceptions as to Japanese living in foreign countries. There are a few young men of the higher circles who have to serve only one year in the ranks, after which they may be enrolled as non-commissioned officers. Such men, however, must possess an education equal to that of the graduates of the middle schools.

The service expected of every man is at regular intervals from the ages of 20 to 40, and this service is such that the greater body of the people may be made ready for active war at any time. The number of trained and partially trained men available at the beginning of the Russian war was about 600,000. This was added to as the struggle went on; and when the war closed, notwithstanding the heavy losses, Japan had more than 500,000 men in the field. I am told that 600,000 men could now be massed without trouble, and that within a short time an army of not less than 1,000,000 could be called forth.

In addition to the many soldiers here, there is now a garrison in Formosa, and there are 30,000 or 40,000 men in Korea, constituting a permanent force of occupation for that country.

From this it will be seen that the Japanese are a nation of fighters, and that in a war with them the whole people must be taken into account. Every man, woman and child is a patriot, and every one esteems it a glory to die for his country. During the war with Russia, the women worked almost day and night to add to the army funds, and they frequently expressed their regret that they could not go to the field. I had a talk the other day with an American professor who has been teaching in the Japanese schools at Shizuoka, one of the largest cities between Tokio and Osaka, during which he gave me an instance illustrating the war spirit among the schoolgirls. Said he:

"It was in one of our girls' schools. The American



Prince Yamagata.



School boy soldiers.



Prince Yamagata's home in Tokyo.

and one or two others are all that now remain of the links which bind the old feudal times to the up-to-date live activities of our western civilization.

It was at his home in the suburbs overlooking Tokio that I met Gen. Yamagata by appointment this morning. My audience had been arranged through letters of introduction from Baron Takahira, the Japanese Ambassador at Washington, and His Highness was ready to receive me. His son-in-law, Mr. Shuichi Hagiwara, acted as interpreter, and for an hour the famous general talked most interestingly about army matters and of the position which Japan now holds as to the rest of the world.

But before I give you the interview let me tell you something about how this great Japanese general looks, and a bit as to his history. He is now 70 years of age, but is as straight as an arrow, and his mind is as clear as it was when, as captain of the Chosho Clan, he fought against the Shogun invasion more than forty years ago. He is tall for a Japanese, is slender and wiry, and so gentle and quiet in his manner and conversation that one would never imagine that his life had been that of a Minister of War, an organizer of armies and a general in command.

Prince Yamagata was born at just about the time Andrew Jackson left the Presidency of the United States. He was 16 years old when Commodore Perry presented the letters he brought here from President Fillmore, and made the treaty which opened Japan to the world, and he was a man of 30 at the time the Emperor was brought out of his seclusion to be the ruler of the new Japan. At that time he had already made a military reputation, and soon thereafter he was appointed major-general, and then Minister of War. He was acting as the War Minister at about the time that Gen. Grant ended his term as President of the United States, and after that held many civil as well as military positions. He aided in organizing the government, and has several times been at the head of it as premier. He attended the coronation of the Czar in 1896, and then brought back the treaty with Russia, which goes by his name. He was for a time commander-in-chief of the army of Japan in its war with China, and was made chief of the general staff during the war with Russia.

Japan and the United States.

With a record like this, one would imagine that Gen. Yamagata would be an advocate of military aggrandizement and that his voice would favor the pushing of Japan to the front as a military nation. I did not find him so. When I asked him whether there was any feeling here in favor of a war with the United States, he replied:

"No, there is nothing of the kind. We do not want war with any nation, and most certainly not with our old friend, the United States. On the other hand, I

know that you may need to make war to occupy it. Do you think a big army a necessity in these modern times?"

"As your President has said, the best guarantee of any nation against war is the fact that that nation is prepared for war if it should come. This we believe to be the case, and I see the United States believes likewise, for it is now talking of increasing its army and navy."

"Will the time ever come when war will be done away with? When such peace conferences as that of The Hague will settle all international difficulties by arbitration and conciliation?"

"Yes, I think so, but that time will be distant. When all the nations of the world are equally civilized and they have united in their efforts to benefit themselves and humanity as well we may be able to dispense with our great armies. I hope such a day will some time come."

Flying Machines in War.

"How about the new inventions in modern warfare? May they not be so terrible that a small nation might destroy a great one?"

"Yes, I can imagine inventions which would make warfare mean annihilation. Some of the new explosives are terribly destructive. Take the balloons and the flying machines in which your people are now so widely experimenting. If they should be successful they would change the conditions of battles and fighting. A few such machines and some bushels of dynamite might wipe out an army. There might be charges from the clouds which the forces on the ground, however great, could not resist. Inventions of that kind would very likely put an end to war."

The Yellow Peril.

"How about the yellow peril, Your Highness? Is there not danger that the Chinese may become a great fighting nation, and that by combining with Japan the yellow races may conquer the world?"

"There is no such thing as a yellow peril," replied Prince Yamagata, "and no reason why Japan should be so associated with China in the minds of the west. The chief difference between the nations of the west and ours is that of color. We have the same ambitions along the lines of civilization, and the same desires toward the betterment of mankind and of the world. There is no reason why we should be set off aside by ourselves."

"As to China," His Highness continued, "what it will be in the future I cannot predict, except to say that in the past its power has been greatly overestimated and that today it is in no position to have a war with any great nation. At the time of the Chino-Japanese war there was generally supposed to be in the neighborhood of 1,000,000 troops in China. Li Hung Chang had 50,

it should have a strong Emperor, who would take the reins of government into his own hands. It would be as easy to change it as it was to change Japan's system of laws is similar throughout the country. The Emperor is supreme, and theoretically he controls everything in his empire. The military system might be centralized and the taxes reorganized so as to centralize a revenue. If properly trained, the country might become excellent soldiers, and with the natural resources of men and treasury a strong army could be created a most powerful army. It is such a thing that China itself might become what you call a yellow peril. At present, however, there is no danger of such a possibility, although China in the past has had some of the present dynasty who have governed with a firm and capable hand."

How Japan's Big Army Was Created.

The conversation here turned to the question of how Japan's big army was created. The American

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bly, but she ate some of the rye bread and butter.

will be published next Sunday.

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KILLED IN WRECKS

January 17, 1909.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

69

Japanese army, which was largely performed by Prince Yamagata, and I asked him to tell me something about how it was done. He replied:

"In the feudal times the imperial army consisted of more than 500 families of Shizuoka, or the followers of the daimyo, who were the feudal lords. Each daimyo had as many retainers as his finances would permit and, in showing two or three men to the family, the army of that day had possibly as many as 1,000,000 men. This included not only the soldiers, but the surgeons, treasurers and other officials. It was in 1871 that the system of conscription was introduced and the reorganization of the army began. It was first started in a few provinces and then extended throughout the empire. The original scheme was to organize a standing army of 40,000 men, comprising six army corps. This was, however, impossible at the start, and a small army of 40,000 was created. That was about 1873. At that time the best officers were brought in to train the soldiers, and in several years they were our chief instructors in the lines of modern warfare.

"Then, after a careful investigation of the armies of Europe, it was decided that the German system was better suited to our needs. We then introduced German methods, and our tactics of today are based upon those adopted in Germany. In 1883 the army was reorganized and increased to 200,000, and in 1896, after the Sino-Japanese war, it was again reorganized and brought up to 300,000. On a war footing it is now considerably larger than that."

"What does Your Highness think of the German system of military training?"

"I consider it superior to any other," replied Prince Yamagata. "It seems to me perfect, and I do not see how it could be improved upon."

"But does not that system turn the man into a machine which makes him useless in times of emergency, when he has to act for himself? I have always thought of the German soldier."

"The German is a very able soldier," replied Marshal Iwao, "and the German army, though not as good, may as well be had if it had practice in actual combat as a very well-trained and efficient one."

Young Soldiers.

From this talk with Prince Yamagata, I have visited many of the schools to see the material which Japan has working up into her soldiers of the future. Every boy in the empire is now undergoing military drill. It is provided that all the schools shall be equipped with guns and knapsacks, and the pupils are regularly drilled by an army officer. Every school has its drill and marching grounds; and rain or shine the boys march their marching. I see them in the streets, marching along with their guns on their shoulders and knapsacks on their backs. They are taken to see military maneuvers, and officers are especially apt to explain what is going on. The children are taught that it is their duty to fight and die for their country, and they have school songs in honor of the Emperor of Japan. Almost every school teacher has been a soldier at one time or another, and there is a six-year course which has been especially created for the training of the primary schools. During this time they go through the regular training of the ordinary soldiers, and are then disbanded.

As an instance of the patriotism of the school children, during the war with Russia subscriptions were made up by them to purchase a warship for the Emperor. Every little one gave his pennies, denying himself of candy and toys, and the whole amounted to many thousand dollars.

Young Soldiers.

As it is now, every Japanese is a soldier. Service in the army is universal and compulsory. Every boy is expected to enter the army at 17, although he is not required to perform active service until he is 20. He then continues in the army until he is 40. At the Emperor's call, the whole nation might be put into the field, although there are some exemptions. The only son of an individual over 60 years of age may stay at home, and there are certain exceptions as to Japanese living in foreign countries. There are a few young men of the upper classes who have to serve only one year in the army after which they may be enrolled as non-commissioned officers. Such men, however, must possess an education equal to that of the graduates of the middle schools.

The service expected of every man is at regular intervals from the ages of 20 to 40, and this service is not the greater body of the people may be made to perform active war at any time. The number of men partially trained men available at the beginning of the Russian war was about 600,000. This was when the struggle went on; and when the war was over, notwithstanding the heavy losses, Japan had more than 600,000 men in the field. I am told that these men could now be massed without trouble, and that within a short time an army of not less than 1,000,000 could be called forth.

In addition to the many soldiers here, there is now a garrison in Formosa, and there are 30,000 or 40,000 in Korea, constituting a permanent force of occupation for that country.

From this it will be seen that the Japanese are a nation of fighters, and that in a war with them the whole world must be taken into account. Every man, woman and child is a patriot, and every one esteems it a glory to die for his country. During the war with Russia, the women worked almost day and night to add to the supplies sent to the field, and they frequently expressed their regret that they could not go to the field. I had a talk the other day with an American professor who has been teaching in the Japanese schools at Shizuoka, one of the chief cities between Tokio and Osaka, during which time he was in one of our girls' schools. The American

teacher was discussing the war situation. Some bad news had arrived that morning, and the teacher said she feared Japan would finally be defeated. Upon this, one little Japanese girl burst out: "Oh, no. Japan will never be defeated, for when the men are all killed we girls will take the guns and fight for the Emperor."

Japan's War Fund.

"At the time of the war Japan had a serious problem to face," continued the professor. "She had her standing army of 600,000 men, who were all sent to the field. Then the reserves were called out, numbering hundreds of thousands more. All of these came from the ranks of industry. They were taken from the farms and factories, from the workshops and gardens. The population here is comparatively small, and it was a question how the war could go on and the factories not stop and the fields not lie uncultivated. This question was solved by the people jumping in and sacrificing themselves without pay. The men in the mills worked overtime to make up the loss of the force which had been called off to war. In many cases their overtime wages were given to the families of the soldiers. The farmers, clerks and mechanics combined together to till the lands left vacant. Often they worked at night and sometimes together in gangs. The children worked after school hours to help the families of soldiers, and in some places farms were let out free to soldiers' families and capital was subscribed for them. In one village the families of the men absent at the war were given the monopoly of selling matches and soap, and in others they had like privileges. Many landlords remitted rent to such people, and the doctors treated their sick without charge. A relief association with a capital of \$1,000,000 was then formed to support the widows and orphans of soldiers. The Red Cross Society, which was so efficient in the hospitals and on the field, was supported by all the people. That society has a million members, and one in every forty-five of the Japanese population belongs to it and has pledged himself to pay \$1.50 for ten years toward its maintenance. The Japanese Red Cross Society was organized with the idea of paying the country's debt by helping its soldiers, and it has done an enormous good."

The money raised for the war, while some of it came from abroad, was largely supplied at home. The action of the people in this regard shows that the Emperor can call on his subjects for the last sum in their pockets at the time of any national struggle. Every one subscribed to the bonds, and they were made of such small denominations, with the payments so graduated, that the poorest man could invest. One could take a bond on the payment of \$2.50 of our money. When they were offered the people rushed by the thousands to buy them. Jinrikisha men and factory hands carried their savings to the bank and men who were working for 30 cents a day put all their little hoards into government securities, and that largely from patriotism and their reverence and love for the Emperor.

[Copyright, 1909, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

Stamps for Funeral.

Trading stamps good for a complete funeral and a monument are offered by Richard Respess, founder of a colony just outside Baltimore, and who has purchased 150 acres of land for a cemetery adjoining the city.

When the customer has obtained enough stamps with her dress goods, her spring bonnet, her lace shoes, her stockings and other things she buys she will be entitled to a ride in a funeral car to this cemetery, where she will be nicely buried, with a monument over her grave.

Of course, no real live one wants to be buried, but Respess says his experience is that some day people will be buried whether they like it or not, and they might as well get ready for it in an economical way.—[Baltimore Correspondence, Philadelphia North American.]

"Don Juan" a Good Pleader.

For the second time in a single term of court Byron's "Don Juan" has saved Martin Schleyer from a term in prison. Schleyer walked out of the courtroom in Kenosha, Wis., a free man late Friday night after a jury had decided he was insane when he shot Herman Koehler, alleged to have been the affinity of his wife.

A similar verdict freed Schleyer when he was tried recently on the charge of shooting his wife. At both trials his attorney read to the jury parts of Byron's "Don Juan," and on both occasions the verses so stirred the jurors that they brought in favorable verdicts.—[Chicago Dispatch to the New York World.]

A Clear Explanation.

A southern Congressman recently went into a barber shop in a small Tennessee town to get a hair-cut. The barber, after the usual flow of conversation, completed the job, and, turning to his customer, asked:

"Tennessee or Georgia?"

Somewhat mystified by the singular question, but determined not to show his ignorance, the Congressman replied:

"Georgia."

The barber then proceeded to brush his hair "dry."—[The Bohemian.]

American Architects "Blasphemous?"

A foreign observer, Mrs. C. N. Williamson, recently found in New York evidences of beauty suggestive of Venice. What particularly impresses Prof. Ferrero is the "barbaric hugeness" of the city and its "architectural blasphemy," solemn styles of old religious architecture being adapted to the profane uses of business. He notes the incongruity of vaulted cathedral roofs covering dining halls, banks, and shops "wearing the august crown which Agrippa and Michael Angelo placed upon two of the most sacred edifices of Europe," and vaudeville theaters masquerading as Mussulman mosques.—[New York World.]

Say They, Themselves, Must Settle
Rude Question by Becoming In-
dispensable to Community.
[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

EARTHQUAKE SURVIVORS COME TO AMERICA

No Place for Tramps.

HOW SWITZERLAND HAS SOLVED PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

From Nineteenth Century.

In Switzerland there is a strong feeling that any man who is out of work must be helped to find work, and this not so much for his own sake as for the sake of the whole community—to guard against his becoming a cause of expense to it instead of being a source of income.

There is, however, an equally strong feeling that when the work is found the man must if necessary for his own sake as well as the sake of the community be made to do it; to do it well, too.

No toleration is shown to the loafer, for he is regarded as one who wishes to prey on his fellows and take money out of the common purse while putting none into it. On the other hand, what can be done is done, and gladly, to guard decent men from all danger of becoming loafers through mischance or misfortune.

In this country a man may deliberately throw up one job and without ever making any effort to find another remain for months in the ranks of the unemployed, steadily deteriorating all the time into an unemployable. Meanwhile no one has the right to say him yea or nay unless he applies for poor relief.

In Switzerland, however, it is otherwise. There is no resorting to workhouses as to hotels there; no wandering around the countryside extorting alms while pretending to look for work. For begging is a crime and so is vagrancy; and in some cantons the police receive a special fee for every beggar or vagrant they arrest.

If a man is out of work there, he must try to find work, for if he does not the authorities of the district where he has a settlement will find it for him, and of a kind perhaps not at all to his tastes—tiring and badly paid. He cannot refuse to do it, for if he does he may be packed off straight to a penal workhouse, an institution where military discipline prevails and where every inmate is made to work to the full extent of his strength, receiving in return board and lodging with wages of from a penny to three pence a day.

When once he is there, there he must stay until the authorities decree that he shall depart; for as a penal workhouse is practically a prison he cannot take his own discharge, and the police are always on the alert to prevent his running away. No matter how long his sojourn lasts, however, it does not cost the community a single penny; for in Switzerland these penal institutions are self-supporting. Some of them, indeed, are said to be a regular source of income to the cantons to which they belong.

There is no classing of the unemployed by casualty or misfortune with the unemployed by laziness or misconduct there; no meting out to them of the same measure. On the contrary, considerable trouble is taken to distinguish between the two classes, so that each may be dealt with according to its merits. The man who is out of work through his own fault and because he does not wish to be in work is treated as a criminal and sent as a prisoner to a penal institution; while the man who is out of work in spite of his earnest endeavor to be in work is helped without being subjected to humiliation.

It is much more easy there, however, than it is here, it must be admitted, to distinguish between unemployed and unemployable, as there every workingman has his papers, i. e., documents which are given to him by the authorities of the district where he has his settlement and which contain full information as to where and by whom he has been employed in the course of his life.

Then relief in kind stations, i. e., casual wards, organized on philanthropic lines, are now maintained in every part of industrial Switzerland for the exclusive use of the respectable unemployed, and drunkards, criminals and loafers are never allowed to cross the threshold of these places. No one is admitted to a Swiss relief in kind station unless his papers show that he has been in regular work within the previous three months and out of work at least five days, unless they show that neither the police nor his own district authorities have any reason for looking on him askance. He who is admitted, however, is made welcome and is treated with consideration as a respectable man whom misfortune has befallen.

Let men but relax their efforts and show signs of a willingness to remain without it, and they are at once thrown on their own resources. The police, who are in close co-operation with the station officials, always keep a sharp watch on the unemployed, especially on such as are sojourning in these refuges, and if they find them refusing work when it is offered under reasonable conditions or accepting it and losing through carelessness, laziness or any other fault of their own, or lounging by the wayside or in public houses instead of being taken themselves where they have been told there is a chance of a job the fact is made on their papers a note which prevents their ever again crossing the threshold of any station. At the end of three months from the day they leave work they forfeit in any case their right to go to any station, as by the law that prevails in these institutions, it is only men who have been in regular employment during the previous three months who are eligible for admission.

Besides these stations, there are in Zurich, Berne, Basle, Geneva, Neuchatel and St. Gall Herberge zur Heimat, i. e., home inns, where workingmen, if without lodging, may stay with their wives and children for a time at very small expense or even in some cases gratis. There are also in the chief industrial centers Warmestuben (warm rooms) provided either by the authorities or by some private society where the unemployed may pass their days while waiting for work.

FIRST MASS SAID.

SHEPHERDS WATCH.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

REGGIO, Jan. 17.—For the first time since the earthquake disaster of the

plates a twelve-story, steel frame structure, besides a roof and two basements. The classic will be treated in granite, marble,

A 500-Foot Meteor.

GOVERNMENT SCIENTIST REPORTS ITS FALL IN ARIZONA.

EXPLOSION BLASTED A CRATER THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILE WIDE AND 600 FEET DEEP—BY FAR GREATEST PHENOMENON OF KIND KNOWN TO SCIENCE—POUNDED ROCK TO POWDER, FUSED SAND INTO GLASS, TURNED ITS OWN IRON INTO DIAMONDS, AND, EXPLODING AS IT FELL, HURLED ITS OWN FRAGMENTS TO A DISTANCE OF EIGHT MILES AWAY. JUST STUDIED BY SMITHSONIAN EXPEDITION TO SOUTHWEST.

By a Special Contributor.

THAT a gigantic meteorite, perhaps 500 feet in diameter, once fell in our Arizona desert, tearing out a round hole three-quarters of a mile across and over 600 feet deep, is announced as a probability by Dr. George P. Merrill, head curator of geology in the National Museum. Under a grant from the Smithsonian Institution he has examined the region thus apparently struck by such tremendous iron projectile hurled from the heavens, and a summary of the results of his expedition was the other day presented to the agents of the institution by its secretary, Charles D. Walcott.

Nowhere else on earth has science ever found evidence of such awful havoc wrought by a missile hurled from our neighboring heavenly bodies. Indeed, that these neighbors are equipped to make such terrible assaults upon us comes as a surprise to the reading public. Im-

walls, profoundly shattered, surrounding on every side a broad, deep pit accessible only by the steepest of trails, barren of all but the scantiest of vegetable life and gashed by torrential action, present a picture which, when one reflects on its probable origin, is never to be forgotten.

Old settlers have ever been satisfied in their belief that this crater was caused by volcanic action. But the fact that no other volcanoes were near this region and the further fact that its sedimentary rocks have not been disturbed by any upheaval caused geologists to indulge in no little speculation as to the source. That a great meteorite might have been the cause was considered some thirteen years ago, but abandoned for insufficient evidence. But lately Daniel M. Barringer, a well-known mining engineer, and Benjamin C. Tilghman, an expert on projectiles, who had held to the belief that a giant meteorite caused the great depression, proceeded to sink shafts in and about the crater with a view of locating the fallen body and of exploiting it as a source of meteoric nickel, iron and platinum. As a result of their borings they became satisfied that a great meteorite produced the crater and it was their report to this effect that led Dr. Merrill to investigate.

The great hole measures 3950 feet across, from east to west; 3850 feet, from north to south, and the depth is now about 600 feet from crest to rim. It was considerably deeper at one time. The crater rim rises to from 120 to 160 feet above the surrounding plain. The floor of the crater is a nearly level plain of over 300 acres.

Dr. Merrill saw that the crater could not have been

formed by any other meteorite than the one which has been found scattered far and wide on the surrounding plain, one large piece being discovered as far as eight miles eastward and another being found twenty miles to the southward. Ten other pieces of this material have been carried away by Indians who purchased from an Indian trader in the neighborhood who hired men and boys to plow the ground in search of it.

Diamonds Found in the Fragments.

These fragments of the exploded projectile have weighed anywhere from 1013 pounds to 1000 kilograms, that of the maximum weight given being now in the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago. The National Museum, Washington, has two weighing respectively 900 and 746 pounds. Some fragments have been found to contain small colorless octahedral diamonds, also yellow and black particles having the hardness of diamonds.

The great projectile appears to have come from a direction a little north of west, though dropped perpendicularly from an angle perhaps not less than seventy degrees. This is indicated by the greater turning of the eastern walls of the crater and the greater distance to which the débris was thrown on that side.

The great hole is of the same form as those produced by heavy projectiles moving at high velocity, according to Mr. Tilghman, the projectile expert above mentioned. All signs which might be expected of the impact of a great projectile he finds present. Dr. Mer-

rell says that any other meteorite has been known to penetrate is eleven feet. This was a 600-pound stone which fell in Kayahinya, Hungary. It produced an impact crater, illustrating almost perfectly what is supposed to have happened in Arizona. Peary's great 27½-ton iron ball on a bed of boulders and was found only partially covered. But it is not unlikely that the ground at the time was thick with ice and snow that checked its speed.

A few feet of light snow will check lead bullets from a modern rifle without abrading it. The twenty-ton meteorite was found in soft soil and but a few feet below the surface, while the 15½-ton Willamette meteorite was found scarcely buried in a primeval forest. But these other great meteorites might have arrived in a direction following earth in her course, while this vast Arizona meteorite might have come in the opposite direction and thus at a much more terrific velocity.

Thus a meteorite with a velocity of twenty-five miles per second, overtaking earth (which travels nineteen miles per second,) would enter our atmosphere with an initial speed of but six miles per second, and the friction of the atmosphere would reduce this to about the velocity of an ordinary falling body. But with the same initial speed of twenty-five miles per second, should the meteorite meet the earth traveling in an opposite direction, its speed would be forty-four miles per second, or its own speed plus that of earth—nineteen miles per second. With such a velocity—forty-four miles per second—the meteorite's friction against earth's air cushion would be tremendous and in a few seconds of its passage through the latter would destroy large quantities of its material. In fact, our meteors are believed to be mere cold masses until they enter our atmosphere, when friction sets them on fire.

Where Came It?

And whence came this colossal projectile? Dr. Merrill does not speculate upon this point, and we must leave the question to others. Laplace suggested that meteorites were thrown to earth by the volcanoes of the sun, but since those volcanoes appear to be no longer active astronomers and geologists alike refuse now to tolerate this old theory.

Mr. Robert Ball suggested that they were fragments sent up by our own volcanoes in bygone ages; that, having gotten away from earth, they had taken up paths around the sun and that they have met earth again after these paths have intersected earth's orbit. But since the material of meteorites differ from any known earthly material this explanation was not accepted.

That they are portions of some lost satellite of earth or fragments thrown off by planets in collision are other explanations that have been offered. But science has simply given the problem up as a too-hard job. It is believed by some authorities, however, that comets are made of meteorites shining partly by reflected light from the sun and partly by the electric glow or incandescence from them by the sun's heat.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

(Copyright, 1909, by John Elfreth Watkins.)

CHEER UP.

Cheer up, chappie; don't you fret. Smile, for that's the way to do. Not a bit of use to get Blue.

Care's an easy thing to whip. If you give it biff for biff. Try to keep your upper lip Stiff.

Nothing like a grin and grit To repel a hard attack. Laugh at mealy luck and hit Back. Better than to lose your grip. Nothing's apt to hurt you if You can keep your upper lip Stiff.

Worry never makes you score. Hopelessness will never pay. Always darkest just before Day. Your day's coming, take my tip. Don't with fate get in a tiff. Just you keep your upper lip Stiff.

—[Chicago News.]

Longevity Among Jews.

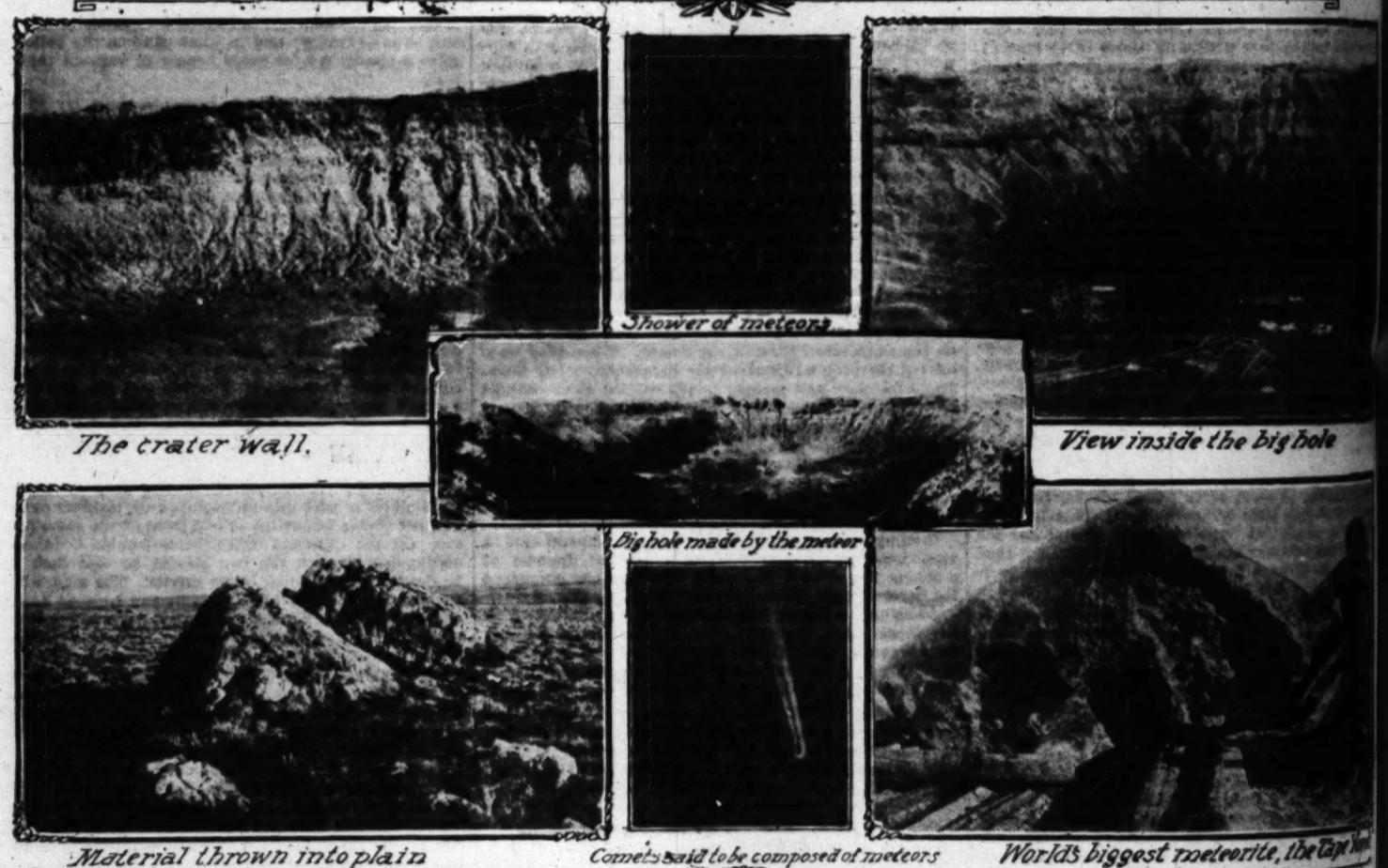
Superficial scrutiny of the vital statistics yields the following results in the sanitary world, if any serves as an index of hygienic living. With an average length of life for all Christian people placed at 26 years 11 months (1900) the Jew may hope to reach 28 years 9 months.

According to (1885,) inquiring into the comparative duration of life and causes of death of Jews and Christians in Frankfort, learned that one-fourth of the Jewish population was living beyond 71 years, while only one-fourth of their neighbors was living beyond the age of 70 years 10 months. Abbott claims that "they (i.e., Jews) are much less frequently the subjects of tuberculosis and acute epidemic diseases than any other race mankind."

Why should this seeming vital superiority exist? According to Richardson, "the causes are simply summed up in the term 'soberness of life.' The Jew drinks less than his 'even Christian,' he takes, as a rule, better care of himself; he marries earlier; he rears the children he has with greater personal care; he is more thoughtful; he takes better care of his poor and he takes better care of himself." To

which might have been added that through religious customs and hygienic tendencies became an inheritance. [D

—[Chicago News.]



imagination at once sets to work to picture the awful results which would have followed had this enormous mass—with a diameter nearly as great as the Washington Monument—is high—fallen upon some great city, mashing to powder hundreds of thousands of unsuspecting mortals within the immediate area of impact and maiming others for miles around. But the mind disturbed by such fancies finds solace in the fact that a barren, desert spot, probably uninhabited by man at the time, was selected as the target for these experiments in interplanetary bombardment.

Region Where It Fell.

This spot where the great meteorite struck lies down in Coconino county, Western Central Arizona, some twenty miles out in the desert, westward of the Navajo reservation and a few miles from Cañon Diablo—Cañon

formed by any volcanic action, since all evidence of the disturbance was near the surface. The surrounding plain consisted of some 300 feet of limestone, under which was about 500 feet of sandstone. This had been so thoroughly shattered by some powerful blow from above that quartz particles in the sandstone had been in part fused into glass. Since the high degree of temperature necessary for this melting of quartz had not disturbed the sandstone further beneath, it was seen that the heat could not have come from below.

Like Flour Poured Out of Barrel.

The masses of limestone and underlying sandstone once beneath the sand of the plain, were thrown as high as 300 feet above their original resting-place. These formed the crater rim, some of them weighing thousands of tons. Part of this débris spread out, in gradually diminishing quantities for distances varying from a quarter of a mile to as high as three and a half miles. One block of stone, ten feet high, was hurled a half-mile beyond those forming the crater rim. On nearly all sides powdered rock was thrown out and all the material thus deposited upon the once level plain appears to have been in the air at the same moment. The sharp and tremendously powerful blow of the falling body powdered the sandstone to the consistency of white flour down to a depth of 500 feet below the crater bottom. In some places the stone had been fused into glass resembling that sometimes formed when lightning strikes sand.

The appearance of the powdered rock outside the crater indicates that it welled out of the big hole like flour poured out of a vast barrel.

But what became of the tremendous meteorite which produced this crater, according to Dr. Merrill? The next largest known is the great "Cape York" Commander Perry brought from Greenland and weighs 37½ tons. Then come the "Bismarck" twenty tons, and the "Williamette," of 115 tons.

says that the sand grains were crushed by a shock "such as might possibly be imparted by an explosion of dynamite."

Its Probable Size.

How big was the great meteorite? According to Dr. Tilghman, a 500-foot projectile would produce a shock of this size in rocks as brittle as those of this particular vicinity. Dr. Merrill suggests that if a meteorite of this size fell upon the spot at a speed of 25 miles per second, the impact upon the moist soil would produce steam with an enormous explosive power, a result quantities of débris, including even portions of the meteorite itself, would be thrown back above the crater rim and scattered widely over the plain. In this case, this explosive action seems to have occurred some little time after the meteor came to rest. Possibly thus was thrown out such of the meteorite mass as was not converted into vapor by the intense heat generated at the moment of striking the ground. What little remained within the crater has probably been destroyed by oxidation. Some remains of the meteor may yet be below the crater floor, however, the methods of boring are not such as would reveal them if present. It is possible, however, that the meteorite may have been considerably smaller in size than 500 feet, and that the outrush of vapor caused its enormous expansion in passing from a solid to a gaseous condition would have served to tear away the rock and increase the diameter of the resulting crater.

Vastly Bigger Than the Biggest.

No known meteorite can compare in size with this which produced this crater, according to Dr. Merrill. The next largest known is the great "Cape York" Commander Perry brought from Greenland and weighs 37½ tons. Then come the "Bismarck" twenty tons, and the "Williamette," of 115 tons.

According to Richardson, "the causes are simply summed up in the term 'soberness of life.' The Jew drinks less than his 'even Christian,' he takes, as a rule, better care of himself; he marries earlier; he rears the children he has with greater personal care; he is more thoughtful; he takes better care of his poor and he takes better care of himself." To which might have been added that through religious customs and hygienic tendencies became an inheritance. [D

A Weird Scene.

"The view from this point, particularly about sunset or by moonlight, is weird and impressive in the extreme. The inwardly steep and even overhanging

half-concealed by the ill-fitting other small children played on the floor. Radiant bly, but she ate some of the rye bread and butter will be published next Sunday.

Miss Florence Maybrick declares she will devote her life to prison reform in her country.

FORECAST—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Cloudy; light west wind.

For San Francisco and vicinity: Cloudy; light southwest wind.

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REPORT—For Los Angeles and vicinity: light west wind. Cloudy; light west wind. Windy and vicinity: light southwest.

KILLED IN WRECKS

Say They, Themselves, Must Settle
Rude Question by Becoming In-
dispensable to Community.
[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]
ANGUETA (Ge.) Jan. 17.—Introduced

EARTHQUAKE SURVIVORS COME TO AMERICA.

January 17, 1909.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

71

In about that any other meteorite has been known to fall, it is eleven feet. This was a 660-pound stone found in Kishinev, Hungary. It produced an impact crater, indicating almost perfectly what is supposed to have happened in Arizona. Peary's great 37½-ton iron meteorite was found in a bed of boulders and was found only partially melted. But it is not unlikely that the ground at the time was thick with ice and snow that checked its speed. The heat of light snow will check lead bullets from a bullet without abrading it. The twenty-ton meteorite was found in soft soil and but a few feet below the surface, while the 15½-ton Willamette meteorite was found scarcely buried in a primeval forest. These other great meteorites might have arrived in a direction following earth in her course, while the Arizona meteorite might have come in the opposite direction, and thus at a much more terrific velocity.

Arrived a meteorite with a velocity of twenty-five miles per second, overtaking earth (which travels nineteen miles per second,) would enter our atmosphere with an impact of but six miles per second, and the friction of the atmosphere would reduce this to about the velocity of an ordinary falling body. But with the same velocity of twenty-five miles per second, should the earth travel in an opposite direction, it would be forty-four miles per second, or an even greater velocity of earth—nineteen miles per second. At such a velocity—forty-four miles per second, the meteorite's friction against earth's air cushion would be tremendous and in a few seconds of its passage through the latter would destroy large quantities of material. In fact, our meteors are believed to be all burned up until they enter our atmosphere, burning them on fire.

What does this colossal projectile? Dr. Merton gives his opinion upon this point, and we must refer to other. Laplace suggested that meteors thrown to earth by the volcanoes of the Andes. These volcanoes appear to be no longer active, and geologists alike refuse now to accept this old theory.

Others suggested that they were fragments of our own volcanoes in bygone ages; that, having come from earth, they had taken up paths of their own and that they have met earth again in their course. But these hypotheses have intersected earth's orbit. But the elements of meteorites differ from any known elements, and this explanation was not accepted.

Other portions of some lost satellite of earth may have been thrown off by planets in collision are the hypotheses that have been offered. But science has not yet given the problem up as a too-hard job. By some authorities, however, that comets are of meteorites shining partly by reflected light of the sun and partly by the electric glow or incandescence from them by the sun's heat.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.
Drawing, 1909, by John Elfreth Watkins.]

CHEER UP.

Now, chappie; don't you fret.
Goddam, for that's the way to do.
It's a bit of use to get
Now.

It's an easy thing to whip
If you give it biff for biff.
Try to keep your upper lip
Now.

Smiling like a grin and grit
It need a hard attack.

Look at me only luck and hit
Now.

Never than to lose your grip.
Nothing's apt to hurt you if
You can keep your upper lip
Now.

Worry never makes you score.
Happiness will never pay.
Always darkest just before
Day.

Your day's coming, take my tip.
Don't with fate get in a tiff.
Just you keep your upper lip
Now.

—[Chicago News.]

Longevity Among Jews.

An annual survey of the vital statistics yields the Jewish people in a prominent position in the sanitary world, if not in the world at large. The survey serves as an index of hygienic living. With the average length of life for all Christian people placed at 21 months (1900) the Jew may hope to reach 25 months.

Dr. Abbott (1900) inquiring into the comparative duration of life and causes of death of Jews and Christians, learned that one-fourth less, the Jewish people were living beyond 71 years, while only one-half of their neighbors was living beyond the age of 70 months. Abbott claims that "they (i.e., the Jews) are much less frequently the subjects of tuberculosis and acute epidemic diseases than any other race."

Why should this seeming vital superiority exist? According to Richardson, "the causes are simply summed up in the term 'soberness of life.' The Jew drinks less beer, eats less meat, and is more temperate; he takes less tobacco; he wears the children he has into the world with greater personal care; he takes care more thoughtfully; he takes better care of his wife and he takes better care of himself." To this may be added that through religious customs and hygienic customs became an inheritance. [Daily and Hygienic Gazette.]

Congress Not Cowardly.

IT IS MERELY CAUTIOUS, SAYS THE HOTEL CLERK.

By a Special Contributor.

"I'VE been reading about the doings of Congress," said the Hotel Clerk of the St. Reckless. "Only there aren't any to speak of."

"It gets past me how you can fall for dry stuff like that," said the House Detective.

"There are too many like you, alas!" said the Hotel Clerk. "The greatest curse of this country, except eight or nine thousand other curses that any Socialist would be glad to tell you about, is that it's full of ignorant slant-heads like you, Larry, that are through with a daily paper when they've read the sporting page to see whether any of their friends got licked and then read the crime department to see if any other friends got pinched. But as for me, when I'm tired out by the cares that infest the day, just let me put my feet up on a heater and turn to the Washington specials, and before you'd hardly notice it, I'll be drifting off into a peaceful slumber that any babe might envy. Nothing gives me more real pleasure than spending an evening with Congress, and I know of nothing more restful to the mind. If it stays quiet and nobody comes in and wakes me up I can spend many a refreshing hour that way over the proceedings of the great law-giving body from which we derive so much wise and beneficial legislation that the Supreme Court knocks in the head as soon as it can get around to it. For Congress giveth and the Supreme Court taketh away, and thus the course of government takes its away, except, of course, when T. Roosevelt happens to be President."

"Yes, sir, Larry, I like to keep posted on Congress. There used to be an up-State member of the House that sent me all his printed speeches on the great economic topics of the day, such as the Panama Canal and the tariff and the bill to appropriate \$2,000,000 to make Mink Creek navigable at all seasons of the year, except from May to October, when it goes dry, and from December to March, when it is frozen up. They were great speeches, too, Larry, take it from me, with interruptions like this (laughter) or else this (continuous applause) stuck through them, like the studs in a dress shirt. I got to thinking that the Honorable Wilbur J. Sidewinder must be the greatest orator this country has produced since Daniel Webster, until one time when I happened to run up against him addressing the Rutland county Chautauqua and Live Stock Breeders' Association. He had one of those cream-separator mustaches, you know the kind that hangs down in thin drooping lines like those warnings for a low bridge that you see at railroad crossings, and his eyes were bright, quick orbs that looked something like a couple of steamed clams, and he seemed to have about one separate and distinct thought every change of the moon. After listening to him for a few minutes my heart went out in a great burst of pity to his private secretary and members of his immediate family. And I don't enthuse any more when I strike those continuous applause things, in a franked copy of his latest discourse, because I know now he must put 'em in with a patent button-hole machine."

"I notice a lot of people here lately have been sayin' Congress wuz cowardly," ventured the House Detective.

"That's a base libel," said the Hotel Clerk. "Congress is not cowardly, Larry. It's merely cautious, in the extreme. You take the House for example. There's a great cautious, deliberative body for you. About all the members of the House are afraid of is the President and the W.C.T.U. and Uncle Joe Cannon and the Committee on Rules and the Ways and Means Committee, and the general public, and each other and the opposition, and what the papers will say and what the papers won't say, and their constituents, and the canteen question and all other questions whatsoever, and the young fellows that are growing up back home with hankering for office, and the district, State and national organizations, and the first, second, third and fourth-class postmasters, and the local bosses and some other things like that. With those few exceptions, the members of the House are so courageous that they actually verge on the dare-devilish, and the Senators are even more so, being elected for a longer term and having nothing to distract them from the performance of their high and sacred duty, except to keep one eye at all times carefully on the home Legislature and the other on the nearest storm cellar. Those Senators are certainly the derring-do lads for you, Larry, make no mistake about it. Nick Carter had nothing on them when it comes to innate courage, but, as I say, they are cautious at times."

"To be sure, I wouldn't go so far as to say that Congress, for innate dash and total disregard of consequences, is quite up to the impetuous standard of an Old Maids' Home. I doubt even if it has quite as much of that reckless contempt for peril as characterizes a girls' high school, or marks the course and conduct of the inmates of the incurable ward of a hospital for paralytics. But this much I will say, that I regard Congress as being every bit as foolhardy and defiant of danger as the bold and hardy buccaneers of Wall street, and those same Wall-street parties are, I may add, about the gamiest buccaneers that ever did buccaneer-and-wing dancing on the lid of a serious situation. I suppose you know something of finance, Larry. When dread panic looms upon the horizon or crawls out of a crack in the wainscoting, what does Wall street do? Jumps on a chair and pulls her skirt up to her knees and shrieks for help. And when deposits begin to shrink and the populace takes its foot in its hand and lights out for the deep woods, with its spare change in its shoe, don't we find those fearless bankers and brokers and railroad promoters all standing bravely out in the open urging everybody to show renewed confidence by putting their savings right back into the banks, to replace the private accounts which the said bankers, brokers and railroad owners have care-

fully withdrawn previously and buried in the back yard. We sure do.

"And in its particular sphere Congress is just as game and gritty as Wall street, and just as much imbued with the same indomitable spirit which prompts it to never say die or anything else that is liable to bring on complications. Just look at what happened when the W.C.T.U. came along some time back and called upon Congress to abolish the canteen, which was an institution where a private soldier might go of an evening and sink his soul in the hideous debauchery of seven-up at 5 cents a corner, and 10 cents setback, meanwhile poisoning his system and destroying his better nature with as many as two long glasses of that accursed brew which is commonly known as lager beer, except in the spring of the year, when many refer to it as bock. The enlisted men thought pretty well of the canteen and the officers said that if it was a secret alliance with the devil, as stated, they couldn't figure how the silent partner was making much profit out of the business. But Congress took counsel with itself, looking at the proposition from both sides, which is an easy thing to do when you are sitting straddle of it, watching which way to jump—which is Congress's customary position in such cases; and Congress says to itself: 'These ladies have no votes, it is true, but many of them have husbands, and if we're any judges of human nature, which we must be or we wouldn't be here, those same husbands will vote the way their wives want them to vote or else go to the hospital. And, anyway, what rights has a guy who works for \$16 a month and his grub?'

"Being thus emboldened, the W.C.T.U. called on Congress to abolish its own little canteen down in the bowels of the Capitol. And the House passed the buck right back to the Senate, and the Senate passed the buck right back to the House in accordance with its usual courageous yet cautious custom, and that explains why, Larry, that a snug corner of the Capitol basement which was formerly quite popular is now comparatively deserted and also why so many members bring a hot-water bottle or a flat, dark half-pint flask labelled 'Cough Syrup' to their labors with them of a morning and leave it in the cloakroom in the care of a trusted attendant that had taken the Keeley cure. While as for the humble enlisted man, down at the Fort, any time he feels the need of a slight refreshment, all he has to do is to run the guard line and he'll find a quaint little chalet nestling just beyond the reservation, that is presided over by a hospitable member of the Red Lear 'Brien gang, who keeps a private prescription out of wood alcohol and brown sugar, that will bring the results almost instantaneously."

"But I doubt if Congress was ever so wrought up as it was here a few weeks ago, when the President handed out one of his characteristically short and concise messages in which he stated that in his humble opinion Congress was opposed to an increase in the secret service staff for the same reason that the Humpty Jacksons abhor the idea of a larger police force. There was tremendous excitement. It seemed certain that Congress would do something desperate. It was freely predicted that Senator Tillman was going to utter a few remarks that would make 'The Last Ravings of John McCullough' sound like a young child cutting his milk teeth on a rubber teething ring, while over in the House, everybody felt certain that the janitor would have to take down the chandeliers and reinforce the skylight from the outside when Congressman Oily James arose to give vent to his sentiments and the sentiments of his outraged and indignant colleagues, irrespective of party ties. In the aroused condition of Congress no one could safely foretell what the next twenty-four hours would bring forth."

"What did the next twenty-four hours bring forth?" asked the House Detective.

"Well," said the Hotel Clerk, "the Senate met pursuant to adjournment and dispensed with the reading of the minutes and the House omitted the roll call and took an adjournment out of respect for a deceased member from the State of Florida.

"It's a great system down there at Washington, Larry. A young member comes up with the idea that about the second day he'll kick the Committee on Rules in its esteemed bread basket, and that if Uncle Joe Cannon tries to thwart him, he'll swarm up his frame just the same as if Uncle Joe was a grape trellis. He has a mental picture of himself climbing Uncle Joe like he was an extension ladder and sitting on the top round with his feet hanging gracefully over. Instead of which he's taken in hand right away and taught more different ways of lying dead and jumping over and begging for bones than the clown in Gentry's Troupe of Trained Poodles ever learned."

"There may have been a time, Larry, when Congress declared war to the knife on somebody or something, but now—"

"Now wot?" asked the House Detective.

"But now we live in the era of the safety razor," said the Hotel Clerk.

IRVIN S. COBB.

Heartfelt Thanks.

Roland D— who resides in the vicinity of Trinity Church and is now in the beginning of his third year, had his second call from Santa Claus last Christmas. He had been expecting the old fellow with his reindeer for a long time, and was arranging to meet him with open arms, but the Sandman got into the house before Santa, and Roland had only the evidence of the saint's presence by the goodly array of toys that greeted him in the morning. His mother, who was with him when the vision of the gifts burst upon his view Christmas morning, asked him if he knew how they got there.

"Certainly," said the young man, "Santa brought them."

"Then," said his mother, "are you going to thank good old Santa Claus for remembering you so nicely?"

The boy dropped on his knees and lifted his chubby hands in prayer. "Oh, dear Santa Claus," he said, "thank you, sir, for all these pretty toys. Come again soon. Amen."—[Washington Post.]

the train, as far as we can see, many more would have been injured and possibly killed. The train crew of the freight were fortunate enough to leave their train before the crash and escaped injury.

I groped about and found two boxes of figs, some onions and a jar of water. We ate and drank very little because we did not know how long we would be there. Then I found some matches and by the light we found

FIRST MASS SAID.

SHEPHERDS WATCH.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

REGGIO, Jan. 17.—For the first time

the building, which contains a twelve-story, steel frame, fire-proof structure, besides a roof garden and two basements. The classic facade will be treated in granite, marble and

Edgar Allan Poe.

(1809-1909.)

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE POET BY HIS SECOND COUSIN.

By a Special Contributor.

[NOTE—Miss Elisabeth Ellicot Poe, who has written the present article especially for The Los Angeles Times is one of the most relatives now living of America's greatest poetic genius. Strangely she is the only other member of the Poe family who has depended upon the pen for a livelihood, although she has a younger sister, Mrs. Nelly Wilson, who is beginning to write with considerable success. She is a professional writer, furnishing from Washington daily news for various outside newspapers, Sunday stories, etc., and some of her poems have been widely published. Miss Poe is the Baltimore branch of the family and is a direct second cousin of the poet.]

Much of the material here used has never before been published and is more authoritative than that available from other sources. In the pages of this very interesting story one thing will be noticed by the careful reader, and that is the singular internal construction of the story which suggests the mental peculiarities of Miss Poe's distinguished ancestor.

ONCE asked Mark Twain to give his opinion of the genius of Edgar Allan Poe. "Why," rejoined the "Wizard of Wit," "Poe is remembered after a hundred years. That is fame enough for any man, and

an educational institution. The celebration will not be merely local, but national, and even international, in its character.

The university has always taken deep pride in the fact that Edgar Allan Poe was a student within its walls, distinguishing himself by marked proficiency in Latin and French and in Italian translation; well known to the librarians as a free user of his books, with discriminating taste in the selections made; and noted among the students for athletic prowess and gift of narration.

No. 13 West Range, the room designated by a little bronze tablet as the "small home of a great poet," will be used as a museum. This museum will be kept open from January 16 to 23, inclusive. In this, through the energetic efforts of Prof. James A. Harrison, author of the Virginia edition of Poe's works, have been placed not only all of the mementoes of Poe available in the university, but also such as may be borrowed for this interesting occasion.

On Monday evening, January 18, the Raven Society, the undergraduate society of the university, named for the most celebrated poem of the school's most famous poet, will have charge of the local exercises. This programme will include musical rendition of some of Poe's poems, an organ interpretation of "The Raven,"

in the library at West Point Academy, where he once a student.

And so extolled by sage and bard, Poe will be day at last. His wonderful genius, so ill-appreciated the time of his death, is recognized at last. His brightness every day. He is acknowledged as the author of the modern short story, the creator of the terrible in imaginative literature. Poe lovers have formed a Poe cult, and fame is among the dilettanti of literature, imitation of

is a favorite pastime.

The manuscripts Mrs. Clemm hawked about art shops, glad to sell for two or three dollars, bring hundreds of dollars at auction. The grave of Poe is shrine and Mecca of literary pilgrims. From the corners of the globe they come, following the lead of Tennyson, who said the only thing he wanted to see in America was the grave of Edgar Allan Poe. One learned British peer traveled to America to see Poe's grave in Westminster Churchyard, London. The fame of Poe is founded upon rock. The beauty of his creations withstand analysis and imitation. He is the American man of letters. His pen, Shakespeare, the English voice, he is as timely in century as another. The destiny of misfortune

January 17, 1909.]

ILLUSTRATION

De La Poer, is an old Italian one, antedating the name of the River Po, which followed the ancient spelling of the family for which it was named. The family, like other Anglo-Norman settlers in Ireland, passed through Normandy from Italy and thence through England and Wales into Ireland, where for a long period they retained hereditary Italian traits. Descendants of the family were found in Ireland as early as 1327, but now the name was in Gallic form—Poe.

Where was Edgar Poe born? I have been shown the house in Norfolk, Va., where he is supposed to have come into the world. Bostonians have assured me, with an awful emphasis, that his first worldly home was in their quaint town. As a matter of fact, Maryland, not Virginia or Massachusetts, can justly claim "the weird spot of the night" as her own.

In January, 1809, the Hopkins Theatrical Company, of which the poet's parents were members, was filling an engagement at the Holiday-street Theater, Baltimore, famous playhouse, where the best talent of the nineteenth century performed, and which was the first theater in the United States to be lighted by gas. On the evening of the 19th of the month, Edgar Allan, the second child of David and Elizabeth Poe, was born in a boarding-house at No. 9 Front street, two doors from the shot tower. The place was kept by a Mrs. Beers, who afterward asserted that she had to provide clothes for the little stranger. The place is now utilized as a German drinking saloon. This spot, where the lovers of "The Raven" and "The Bells" should worship and revere, is now desecrated by the clinking of beer glasses and the hilarity of their devotees. Boston says Poe was born in that city on that eventful night which meant much for American literature. But the "Hub of the Universe" must grant that many a poet has never breathed the combined fragrance of cod and salt air on her classic Back Bay.

The infant Edgar was seen by relatives of the Poe family when he was but a day and a half old, and on such occasions grandmothers and aunts are not apt to be mistaken. There is every proof of his Baltimore birth. The Baltimore Sun, in comment upon his death, says: "Mr. Poe, we believe, is a native of this city (Baltimore).") There seemed to be no question of it during his lifetime; it was only when his fame was assumed that other cities, awakening to a realization of his merits, demanded a share of the spoils. The world

knows the history of his life until his tragic death. He was not so much a victim of drink as a victim of circumstances. Old friends and neighbors, mother-in-law

teachers, boyhood and college mates, have refuted this statement. There is a legend in our family that stimulants in the lightest form would excite him and act almost instantly on his nerves. A cup of coffee has been known to have had the effect of liquor.

"The Raven" was not written while in the madness of delirium tremens. No, delirium tremens does not have that effect; if it did, how many poets of nowadays would gladly indulge in fiery liquors in the effort to also write a "Raven" or an equal masterpiece? Addicted to the use of liquors he might have been, but he was not known as a drunkard at all during his lifetime. To be unfortunate is not to be evil. To my mind, the quality of evil is never to be applied to the unfortunate. Their actions are beyond their volition. They, too, would be honorable, but physical cravings deny them this privilege. Crime is a moral starvation that should be nourished and fed until the spirit reborn casts away the crust of crime and grasps the crust of rectitude.

"The Bells," that haunting bit of word melody, was not the inspiration of Mrs. Whitman, but a Baltimorean written in one of those periodical visits to Baltimore after the death of Virginia, when with an increased love of the Maryland city he would return to the city-haunted retreats of youth and manhood. The house where this famous poem was written still stands, and a visit to it last week awoke many reminiscences from its occupants. Judge Guiles, who was Poe's host that memorable night when the wild resonance of the sleigh-bells awoke like music in the poet's heart, is dead. His room Poe quitted so quietly after the divine spark had left him, is still utilized as a law office, and strange wells and Simple Simons all unfit and unready for self-appointed tasks.

But in this mire of biographers, the work of Mr. Lloyd, a pension attorney of Baltimore.

Near Hollingsford street, on Pratt, it was not difficult to locate the oyster shop of the Widow Meathers, where the prize story, "The Gold Bug," was written on the top of an oyster barrel for a desk, and the noise of outgoing and incoming customers was powerless to

stop the divine flow of Poe's inspiration. True to tradition, the place is still a grogery, but how surprised the present habitués would be if they knew who preceded them in frequenting the quaint tavern!

The circumstance of the drugging of Poe has ever been shrouded in mystery. No one could tell them but Poe himself and members of the Plug Uglies gang. They were members of a secret society, and their lips are forever sealed.

The poet never regained consciousness long enough to relate the truth. The tales of besotted men have no value, for in all probability they were not thought of.

Finally after years had rendered any story plausible, the traditions and records, however, have this authority. The finding of Poe on the night of October 2, 1849. My grandfather, the first cousin of the poet, was passing down Baltimore street on the night of the 3rd of October, when he saw lying under the steps of the Baltimore Museum, corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets, a man in what he thought was a broken stupor.

It was election night, and his first thought was that it was some one overcome with indulgence of the day. But to his amazement he saw it was his cousin Edgar. Quickly sending a message to Neilson Poe, another cousin, who lived near, he took a carriage and, placing the still unconscious poet in it, took him to the Washington University Hospital, now the church home

on North Broad Street, worked to a standstill. The exposure, cold, On Sunday, ringing all out into the air, by his attention reported, however, some one who

The following day the city of Baltimore was going to his church, minister David Poe, he was placed in the committee of Clemm, a distant relative of the poet, who

in after years, being dead, the Central Fire was aroused by his small monument with imposing sides of the side of Virginia.

"Poor Edgar! The rewards are genius itself; he thinks? Its a

ERE'S

How Baltimore

By

"H

headed

paper and struc

to keep out of

earth."

"I read that Pittsburgh, and the scientist's now out what the file idea opens up g

"Develop the them," suggested

"Er—yes," said

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harmony. Certain

Why not, then, in

operas. They ha

all of us know, a

vocal talents. C

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"Say," interposed

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I'd like to bet an

I wanted to and

"I am inclined

man in the corner

in that line."

"You're guessin

eyed passenger. "

vaudeville perform

trainin' way once

for one thing."

"How was that?"

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railroad operator.

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to Kansas City. W

a pass to "Hatchie

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"It's down on the

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conductor'll put you

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stopped if he hadn't

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feet high, some

down a few posts, a

put a tent about 12

office. Not a house

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many more would have been in

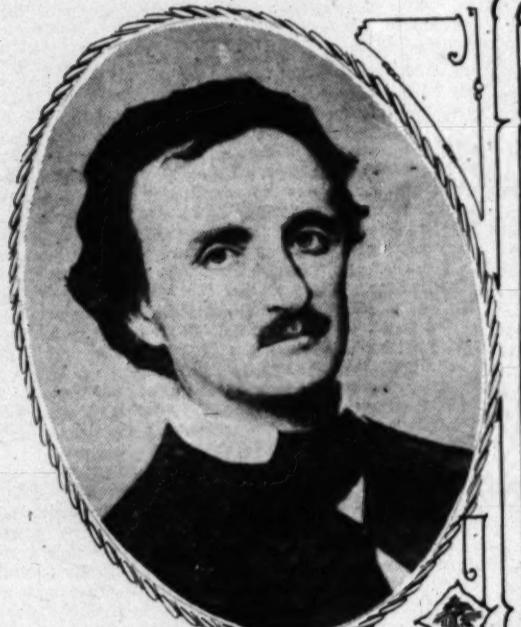
and possibly killed. The train cr

fort were fortunate enough

leave their train before the crash

escaped injury.

The passenger Steven



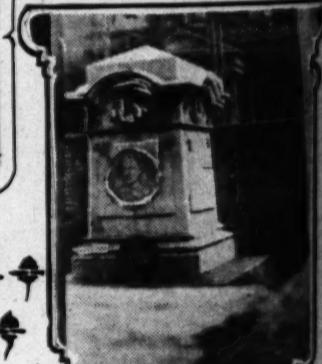
Edgar Allan Poe,
from an unpublished
portrait.



No. 9 Front St. Baltimore,
where Poe was born.



Virginia Clemm,
the child wife of
Edgar Allan Poe.



Poe's grave in Westminster
Churchyard, Baltimore.



Elisabeth Ellicot Poe.



Sarah Helen Whitman,
the "One Woman"
in Poe's life.

testifies the height and depth of his genius. If the creations of a man's mind, art, poetry, letters, science, outlive a century, then they are good for the millennium."

On January 19, 1909, the sum of Edgar Allan Poe's existence living and dead will round out its century mark. It will be the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, and the literary world has prepared a festival of Poe lovers who will gather around noted literati and bring the offering of devotion to the altar of this man's genius.

The most elaborate celebration of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe will occur at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, his Alma Mater, and for four days, proud of Poe's distinction in the world of letters, she will do honor to his memory, not merely for his sake, but in gratitude to him for spreading wide her reputation as

illustrated recitations from his best-known works, possibly the play of "Politician," and a short address from a distinguished Virginia speaker.

The next morning, that of the 19th, international tributes to the genius of Poe will be given. There will be an address in French by Dr. Alcee Fortier of New Orleans, on Poe's influence on French literature, and an address in English by Prof. George Edward, recently of Munich, on Poe's influence upon German literature.

A contemplated souvenir of the occasion is a beautifully-printed Fest-Schrift. This will contain nine letters hitherto unpublished in full and an introduction prepared by Prof. Harrison. A number of distinguished men and women have been invited to the exercises, and the event will be notable in the history of American letters. It is said that a monument to Poe will be placed

ever, has followed his memory. Traduced and reviled in life, a rabble of hackmen and critics have blackened the white lily of remembrance after his death.

Even the birthplace of Poe is disputed. He is the son of sharks who devour him; of Judas Iscariot who would betray him for thirty pieces of silver; of Mr. Wells and Simple Simons all unfit and unready for self-appointed tasks.

But in this mire of biographers, the work of Mr. Lloyd, a pension attorney of Baltimore.

Near Hollingsford street, on Pratt, it was not difficult to locate the oyster shop of the Widow Meathers,

where the prize story, "The Gold Bug," was written on the top of an oyster barrel for a desk, and the noise of outgoing and incoming customers was powerless to

stop the divine flow of Poe's inspiration. True to tradition, the place is still a grogery, but how surprised the present habitués would be if they knew who preceded them in frequenting the quaint tavern!

The circumstance of the drugging of Poe has ever been shrouded in mystery. No one could tell them but Poe himself and members of the Plug Uglies gang. They were members of a secret society, and their lips are forever sealed.

The poet never regained consciousness long enough to relate the truth. The tales of besotted men have no value, for in all probability they were not thought of.

Finally after years had rendered any story plausible, the traditions and records, however, have this authority. The finding of Poe on the night of October 2, 1849. My grandfather, the first cousin of the poet, was passing down Baltimore street on the night of the 3rd of October, when he saw lying under the steps of the Baltimore Museum, corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets, a man in what he thought was a broken stupor.

It was election night, and his first thought was that it was some one overcome with indulgence of the day. But to his amazement he saw it was his cousin Edgar.

Quickly sending a message to Neilson Poe, another

cousin, who lived near, he took a carriage and, placing the still unconscious poet in it, took him to the Washington University Hospital, now the church home

of the Rev. Dr. Florence Marbrick, who has devoted her life to prison reform in this country.

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FOR LOS ANGELES AND
CLOUDY; LIGHT WEST WIND.
WINDS AND VIOLENCE;
LIGHT SOUTHWEST.

KILLED IN WRECKS

TAFT TALKS TO NEGROES.
Says They, Themselves, Must Settle
Race Question by Becoming In-
dispensable to Community.
ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.
AUGUSTA (Ga.) Jan. 17.—Introduced

EARTHQUAKE SURVIVORS COME TO AMERICA

JANUARY 17, 1909.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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is an old Italian one, antedating the name of Edgar Poe, which followed the ancient spelling of the name for which it was named. The family, like many Anglo-Norman settlers in Ireland, passed through Italy and thence through England and into Ireland, where for a long period they retained their Italian traits. Descendants of the family were found in Ireland as early as 1327, but now the name was in Gallic form—Poe.

Edgar Poe was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1809, the Hopkins Theatrical Company, of which the poet's parents were members, was filling an engagement at the Holiday-street Theater, Baltimore, a famous playhouse, where the best talent of the nineteenth century performed, and which was the first theater in the United States to be lighted by gas. On the evening of the 19th of the month, Edgar Allan, the second of David and Elizabeth Poe, was born in a playhouse at No. 9 Front street, two doors from the theater. The place was kept by a Mrs. Beers, who asserted that she had to provide clothes for a stranger. The place is now utilized as a beer drinking saloon. This spot, where the lovers of "The Raven" and "The Bells" should worship and revere, is now desecrated by the clinking of beer glasses in the vicinity of their devotees. Boston says Poe died in that city on that eventful night which made him a poet of American literature. But the "Hub of the Universe" must grant that many a poet has never had the combined fragrance of cod and salt-air and Atlantic Back Bay.

Edgar was seen by relatives of the Poe family when he was but a day and a half old, and on the names of grandmothers and aunts are not apt to be mentioned. There is every proof of his Baltimore birth. The Baltimore Sun, in comment upon his death, says: "He, we believe, is a native of this city [Baltimore]. There seemed to be no question of it in his lifetime; it was only when his fame was established in other cities, awakening to a realization of his worth, demanded a share of the spoils. The world has known his life until his tragic death. He was a victim of drink as a victim of circumstances. Old friends and neighbors, mother-in-law, stepmother and college mates, have refuted this claim. There is a legend in our family that stimulants in the lightest form would excite him and act powerfully on his nerves. A cup of coffee has always had the effect of liquor.

"Edgar" was not written while in the madness of tremors. No, delirium tremens does not affect; if it did, how many poets of nowadays could indulge in fiery liquors in the effort to also "drown" or an equal masterpiece!

Edgar was not known as a drunkard at all during his life. To be unfortunate is not to be evil. To my knowledge, the quality of evil is never to be applied to the actions of Edgar Allan Poe. His actions are beyond their volition. They would be honorable, but physical cravings would be the privilege. Crime is a moral starvation. Crime should be nourished and fed until the spirit reborn shall sweep away the crust of crime and grasps the spirit of nobility.

"The Raven," that haunting bit of word melody, was the inspiration of Mrs. Whitman, but a Baltimore woman in one of those periodical visits to Baltimore after the death of Virginia, when with an inclination to the use of liquors he might have been, was not known as a drunkard at all during his life. To be unfortunate is not to be evil. To my knowledge, the quality of evil is never to be applied to the actions of Edgar Allan Poe. His actions are beyond their volition. They would be honorable, but physical cravings would be the privilege. Crime is a moral starvation. Crime should be nourished and fed until the spirit reborn shall sweep away the crust of crime and grasps the spirit of nobility.

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on North Broadway. For over three days the doctors worked to at least restore him to consciousness, but in vain. The case was diagnosed as drug poisoning, and exposure, combined with a weak heart, proved fatal. On Sunday morning, October 7, as the angelus was ringing all over the city, his soul passed with the bells out into the surging sea of death. Followed to the end by his attending guardian, his last words have been reported, how accurately I cannot say: "Would to God some one would blow my damned brains out!"

The following day a little funeral train went through the city of Baltimore. No one turned to look after it, and yet it was the Monumental City's most gifted son going to his long rest. Not a bell tolled except those bells of fancy he had immortalized. Reaching Westminster Churchyard, where his ancestors were buried, he was placed in an open grave in Lot 27 by the side of David Poe, his grandfather, a Revolutionary patriot. The committal service was read by the Rev. W. D. Clemm, a distant relative of Virginia Clemm. Even in death the silence he claimed was denied him, for the noises of the city surged outside the gates—but they do not mar the peace of the grave.

In after years, the monument provided by the family being destroyed, Miss Sarah S. Rice, principal of the Central Female High School, having her sympathies aroused by his neglected grave, collected funds for a small monument under which he was reinterred in 1875 with imposing ceremonies, and forever laid at rest by the side of Virginia and Mrs. Clemm.

"Poor Edgar Allan Poe!" the world says. How poor? The rewards and pleasures of genius lie in the soul of genius itself; what does it matter what the world thinks? Its after remorse is enough.

ELISABETH ELLICOTT POE.

The Frog Chorus.

HOW BATRACHIANS SAVED THEIR TRAINER'S LIVES.

By a Special Contributor.

"HERE'S a story about a scientific chap who trains flies to do acrobatic stunts," said the red-headed man in the corner, as he laid down his paper and struck a match. "Now, if he'd just train 'em to keep out of the butter he'd be the greatest man on earth."

"I read that story," remarked the passenger from Pittsburgh, "and was much interested in one feature of the scientist's method of training. He says he just finds out what the flies want to do, and lets them do it. That idea opens up great possibilities in the training of animals of all kinds. If we can just—just—"

"Develop the talents with which nature endowed them," suggested the bishop.

"Er—yes," assented the Pittsburghian, "that's it. There is music, for instance. Nearly all animals love music, and some have knowledge of the principles of harmony. Certain birds have been taught to sing tunes. Why not, then, train cats to warble arias from Italian operas. They have voices of great power and range, as all of us know, and they delight in the exercise of their vocal talents. Caruso himself cannot develop the high notes with as great ease as a tomcat of my acquaintance. Fancy what a sensation the sextette from 'Lucia' would make if sung by a company of well-trained felines. Of course, they couldn't bring out the words, but that makes no difference. Nobody ever has discovered what that sextette is about, but it's great, and just imagine—"

"Say," interposed the little man with the squint eye, "you think you're gettin' off somethin' funny, but I want to tell you, my friend, there's more truth than po'try in what you're sayin'. I don't believe a cat could learn to play the fiddle like that one in 'Mother Goose,' but I'd like to bet any money I could teach one to sing if I wanted to and had the time an' patience."

"I am inclined to think," insinuated the red-headed man in the corner, "that you have had some experience in that line."

"You're guessing about right," admitted the squint-eyed passenger. "I'm not a scientific investigator, nor a vaudeville performer, but I did a little stunt in the trainin' way once that would have made my fortune, but for one thing."

"How was that?" asked the sorrel-topped person.

"Well, I guess I'll have to begin at the beginnin' or you wouldn't understand it, an' maybe you wouldn't believe it. I'm a telegraph operator. Been at the business for thirty years, and expect to be poundin' a key, as we say, for the rest o' my life. An operator, especially a railroad operator, gets into queer places sometimes. He's got to go where he's sent, and he can't be sure today where he's goin' to be tomorrow. Back in the eighties I was workin' at a nice town in Kansas. I'd been there three months, and was beginnin' to think I was livin' there, when I got orders to report immediately to Kansas City. When I got there the chief handed me a pass to 'Hatchie Coon.'

"Where in the Dickens is Hatchie Coon?" says I.

"It's down on the Arkansas division," says he. "Taint much of a place," says he, "but you can't miss it. The conductor'll put you off when you get there."

"And he certainly did. He had to. I wouldn't 'a' stopped if he hadn't. It was down in the sunken lands in the northeast corner o' the State, about sixty miles from Memphis, an' it wasn't any town at all. It was right in the middle of a big swamp an' the only dry land in sight was under the railroad tracks. On both sides o' the road, close up, stood big cypress trees, hundred feet high, some o' them. The company had drove down a few posts, laid a platform, an' on top o' that put a tent about 12 feet square. That was the telegraph office. Not a house in ten miles. Straight up I could see a narrow strip o' the sky, below was a narrow strip

o' dirt, an' all the rest was black water an' cypress trees. Gee! but it was lonesome! Most o' that country's been drained since then an' they say it's gettin' to be the garden spot o' the world, but this was twenty years ago.

"The only company I had was the water snakes, the frogs an' the mosquitoes. I never did like snakes very much, an' the mosquitoes down there weren't a bit friendly, so for the lack of anything else to pass away the time I got to takin' a great interest in the frogs. There was all kinds there an' some o' them was as big as my hat. The noise those big fellows could make was somethin' terrific, and when the big ones an' the little ones an' the middle-size ones got to croakin' at once, it was a regular concert. An' that's what put the idea in my head.

"I know a little somethin' about music, an' I had a concertina then that I could play on pretty well, if I do say it myself. Hearin' all those frogs a-croakin', each one with a different note, I got to imaginin' that I was leadin' an' orchestra, an' I'd stand up there on the track an' try to beat time like Sousa. Man gets funny notions in his head when he's all alone. But that crazy notion led to another that looked crazier, but wasn't. Why not, thinks I, why not get a bunch o' 'em an' train 'em. It wasn't any trouble at all to catch as many as I wanted, an' after a lot of experimentin' I picked out eight that had voices runnin' right up the scale an' makin' a complete octave, as they call it.

"Now, every frog has just one note. He knows that one by heart, and he likes to play it, but there ain't much use tryin' to get him to sound any others. I didn't try. My scheme was to get them to work as a team. In that way, you see, all I had to do was to train each one to holler at the right time, just like the piano key'll sound one note an' only one when you hit it. I petted 'em and fed 'em until they got so they'd hop right up to me whenever I'd call, an' then I commenced teachin' 'em the first principles of harmony. I'd get 'em in a row an' then I'd sound C on the concertina until I got the big bullfrog at the foot of the line to croak. Then I'd take D for the next frog, and so on up the scale. After days an' days they begin to catch onto the idea and would run up an' down the scale as fast as I could play it on the concertina.

"Then I commenced to teach them simple little tunes, and it would 'a' made your eyes water to see how the poor things enjoyed it. I'd git so interested sometimes that I wouldn't hear my call on the wire an' the train dispatcher 'crawl' all over me he'd be so mad. After a while they learned to sing without the concertina, and every once in a while little snatches of music would come up from the pen I'd fixed up for them down in the swamp beneath the telegraph office. I tell you what, I was proud of 'em.

"A man never knows how big a little thing's goin' to turn out," pursued the operator, after he had paused to relight his cigar. "I trained those frogs just to pass away the time, not knowin' that they was goin' to save my life."

"To save your life!" exclaimed the bishop. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I said, parson. An' not only my life, but maybe a lot of others. One day a couple o' niggers dropped off the blind baggage on the Memphis Express. I didn't see 'em at first, bein' busy at the wire. I'd just closed my key when I felt somethin' cold stuck against my head an' somebody said, 'Hands up, boss!' I didn't stop to argue the point. My hands went up. They trussed me up with a rope a' put a gag in my mouth, an' then commenced lookin' for my switch key. From what they said I learned that their scheme was to throw the switch and run the Kansas City fast train onto the siding and into a string o' flat cars that was standin' there. Whether they was goin' to rob the wreck or just wanted to do some devilment, I don't know, but as soon as they found the key they commenced to argue as to whether they should kill me at once or wait awhile. They were agreed that I had to be put out o' the way, but one o' 'em hesitated. The other one insisted on immediate action, and my finish seemed to be pretty close, when out of the swamp there came the question, musically rendered:

"Where-did-you-get-that-hat?"

"The niggers' eyes widened. They looked at me and then at each other. Out of the depths came another refrain:

"'Granny-will-your-dog-bite-dog-bite-dog-bite.'

"'Fo' Gawd's sake, Eph,' one o' 'em gasped, 'what's dat?'

"The other, the one who wanted to make quick work of me, didn't answer. He was scared almost white, but he went outside and looked around. There was, of course, nothing in sight, but Hatchie Coon at any time was enough to worry the superstitious and it was growing dark. He came back in, still trembling. Then there came the warning, seeming to be much closer:

"Run-nigger-run-pat-er-ol'-ll-catch-you. Run-nigger-run-you'd-better-get-away."

"And run they did. For all I know they're runnin' yet. The train dispatcher couldn't get an answer from me, and he had the express stop there to see what was the matter. They untied me and I resigned by wire. I had all of Hatchie Coon I wanted."

"But what became of the frogs?" asked the redheaded man.

"Oh, I took 'em to Chicago," answered the squint-eyed passenger, "expectin' to make a million out o' 'em, but the climate was too much for 'em, or they was homesick or somethin'. Anyhow, they never sung a note again."

CASPER S. YOST.

A doctor spending a rare and somewhat dull night at his own fireside received the following message from three fellow-practitioners:

"Please step over to the club and join us at a rubber bridge."

"Jane, dear," he said to his wife, "I am called away again. It appears to be a difficult case—there are three other doctors on the spot already."—[London Opinion.]

FIRST MASS SAID.
SHEPHERDS WATCH.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.

REGGIO, Jan. 17.—For the first time

since the earthquake, Reggio, a twelve-story, steel frame, fireproof structure, besides a roof and two basements. The classic limestone.

Up the Incline.

AN EXPEDITION INTO THE ARCTIC REGIONS OF THE MOUNTAINS.

By a Special Contributor.

WE have been in the habit of putting away our mountains with the summer. With the first shimmering line of white they have settled back comfortably as mere scenery—mocking the native-born Southern Californian with visions of snowballs never thrown, ice ponds never skated on, and ghosts of snow men.

Finally some one asked why. More questions judiciously placed brought to light the fact that the government Trail above the "Arrowhead" could be used practically all the year round, and "Squirrel Inn," at the head of the trail, was to be kept open during the winter.

So we laid our designs against the snow by means of the inn and the trail.

Is there any top?" as the heavyweights groaned up the last flight.

Hesitatingly we plowed forward, and were mightily relieved to see two distinct wheel tracks curving away to the right. We trusted that they led to Skyland. Thinking of the four miles of snow that lay this side of "Squirrel Inn," and of our four unsteady horses, we planned to ask the Hansens to keep us overnight. Presently the snow-covered cabins of "Jenkins Camp" and the "Crooked-back Pine" assured us that we were not lost.

By this time we felt we had lived in zero weather all our lives. We found there was a good deal of moisture and temperature mixed with the poetry of California snow.

As nearly as we could make out, it was 7 o'clock when we rounded the point where, in poetic justice, the windows of Skyland Inn should have blazed out welcome with a promise of a log fire within. But they flatly refused to blaze or furnish forth the tiniest spark of light. Grimly we expected the worst—the family had gone to town. Downheartedly we knocked.

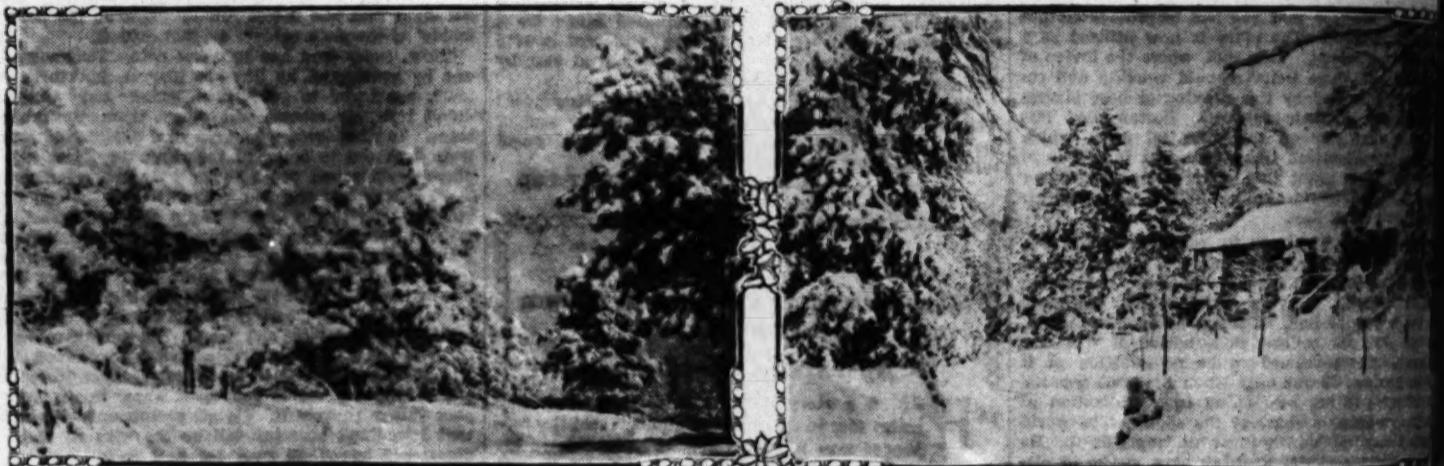
Slowly some one opened the door, and good Mrs. Hansen nearly took leave of her seven Danish senses at sight

for "The Inclines." The Man brewed a hot punch. While we sipped it about the stove, the retired kitchenward. Presently we were seated at table." All this we could have stood, but we were even allowed to wipe the dishes afterward. 8 o'clock when the last supper rites were over.

The Man and Uncle John had been mysterious for some time. Now we were lined up, assigned a bed according to height. The five fell heir to the little room off the living-room we found a terraced bed ending with chairs.

The west half of the living-room was taken up in a mammoth resting-place made up of a collection of wraps, and quilts. The longer ones were animal. One elected to sit up in a chair. Uncle John and Man retired amicably to the single bed in the corner, and the driver was given all the hay in the stable to sleep in.

The people in the terraced bed were fairly able, but in the long bed the middle ones were the outsiders froze. To complicate matters, the chair spasmodically decided that the room was too cold, and an Arctic current swept over it raising a howl of protest.



On the road to Squirrel Inn.

At Skyland.



Scene at Squirrel Inn.

With the first line of white in December came a message from "Squirrel Inn": "Eighteen inches of snow and the storm is over. Come on."

At the last moment the Tramps gave up their plan of walking to join forces with a jolly company who were going to drive up. "You won't need to walk a step," promised some one gaily.

There was a giant of a driver with a bearskin coat. We eyed the coat respectfully, feeling thankful for our several suits of woolens, and congratulating ourselves on the fact that we had borrowed all the sweaters of all the college boys we knew, and all the overcoats possessed by our families.

But we would rather the driver's superfluous proportions had extended to his horses. They were gaunt and shaggy, and stood with drooped heads at the start.

We rumbled merrily along, however, until we came to the last watering trough in Waterman Cañon. There the driver cheerfully informed us that one of his horses was sick, and looked confidently to the assembled company to solve the problem. There was dismay in camp. We had started out with such a flourish of trumpets that we could not go back without setting both feet in the snow, and making the personal acquaintance of a snow man.

With one accord the eyes of the Tramps fell upon "The Incline." This is a short railway built for the transportation of the supplies used in the construction of the Arrowhead Dam in "Little Bear." It is a most innocent-looking stairway. Barring four humps, it goes straight up to the top of the mountain, and looks to be a twenty-minute climb.

The Only Man had walked on. The driver made a feeble protest, but there was no one to forbid. We watched the shifting of the horses. The seven left-overs piled in with our superfluous sweaters, coats, and kodaks. The white horses began to crawl up the switchbacks. What happened to them we do not know—except that afterward they raved of purple shadows and sunsets.

But there weren't any purple shadows or sunsets on "The Incline." It had looked straight up, but now it turned over backward. We bent all the way over and laid hold of the middle rail. A steady wall came from the stouter ones in the rear: "Wait for me!" "I can't take but four steps at a time!" The light steadily lessened, and the top steadily receded. "They've moved the peak," groaned somebody. "I can't see anything to hold to," came a melancholy voice from above.

Patches of snow lay along the bank. It was strangely uninteresting. No one moved an inch aside to put a hand in it. Life held just one thing—the top of that incline. The walls from the rear sounded this note: "Can you see it?" We lied cheerfully.

Then for a long time everything was curiously still. We dragged along in the dark, calling to those in the front and rear, but getting no answer. We wondered, rather indifferently, if anything had happened.

Then a ghostly voice interrogated: "Can you walk a plank?" as if there were a pirate airship handy. We found we could, and did it all the better that we could see nothing in the depth of black below.

Another comparatively easy stretch up, and then we walked straight into a new country—a fairy world of white in long, soft curves and low mounds.

We were waked up by the voices we had not heard in half an hour. "Where are you? Are you at the top?

of eight girls dropped out of the snow. In a minute there was a light and a fire. We were slowly thawing out and getting back our power of speech and sociability, nearly annihilated by "The Incline," when we heard voices calling from down the hill.

We surmised this was the other division of the expedition. From the back porch we shouted and called, but only a confusion of sound came from below. Finally a shadow detached itself from the mass in front. It proved to be The Only Man.

He brought the news that all the horses had given out. "Squirrel Inn" was out of the question, but "Uncle John," the road overseer, whose cabin lay just at the foot of the hill, had already gathered about his stove the first detachment and was ready to welcome the second.

The Man held a consultation with Mrs. Hansen, which resulted in a side trip to the store, where we were loaded down with butter, ham, eggs, canned peaches, tea, coffee and "Silver Cow."

Cheered mightily by the prospect of something to eat, we headed down the Orchard Trail. This proved a new adventure, for it was the iciest, slipperiest trail any Southern Californian ever traveled. Feet refused to stay placed and tobogganed into those in front and started the whole procession to sliding. The "Silver Cow" took a header into a drift. A second relief expedition had to be sent after the butter.

Finally we slid under the wire fence and stood upright in the road before a cabin fairly bursting with light and heat and the welcome of gay voices.

We found ourselves, rather undeservedly, transformed into eight individual heroines. Nothing was too good

Fifteen people in two rooms with an open door and moonlight outside—the night refused to be its usual blankness.

The next morning the two most dependable were hitched up to Uncle John's light wagon and of the party packed in. The rest of us rolled along like animated snowballs.

Two hours later we puffed up "Squirrel Inn" and thankfully pulled the latchstring of "Ye Ancien."

In a few minutes we were experiencing the dry stockings, slippers, and peaceful rocks. Steaming decorations hung from the mantel. The gloomy One, meeting the inquiring eyes of "The Little Squirrels," murmured drowsily: "You may not know this is Christmas, but it is."

CLARA D. KELLY

How Paris Washes Its Clothes.

A second glance showed that there was not one whole line of them, stretching between the Pont Philippe and the Pont Sully. A broad walk, rounded each construction, and blossoming plants, as well as climbing vines, were placed attractively in various niches and along the walls. A wooden gangplank was stretched from the bank to the entrance, and a sign over the entrance announced, "Bateaux Lavois (Wash Bots)."

It is here, then, that the Parisian's washing is to be laundered, for as yet the institutions of laundry between school football teams. Contests have

—[Scribner's].

FORECAST—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Cloudy; light west wind. For San Francisco and vicinity: Partly cloudy; light southwest wind.

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January 17, 1909.]

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Real Spelling Reform.

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By a Special Contributor.

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Ever since man needed help in his business, he has lamented the fact that his employees have been poor spellers. "Give us young people who can spell," has been a constant cry.

Warren E. Hicks, assistant superintendent of the Cleveland public schools, has undertaken to supply this demand. And his record for two years indicates that he will be remarkably successful in his effort.

So much complaint was made a few years ago against the schools of Cleveland that an educational commission, composed of a large number of the most prominent men of the city, headed by Prof. Elroy M. Avery, a distinguished author and educator, was appointed to investigate courses of study and the inherent defects of the school system and make recommendations for improvements. Among the members of the commission were Presidents Charles F. Thwing, of Western Reserve University and Charles F. Howe of the Case School of Applied Science. The commission worked for a year, beginning its labors in 1905. Early in 1906, it filed its final report with the Board of Education. Its most drastic criticisms were directed toward the systems of teaching orthography.

During its investigations, the commission through Prof. Avery, gave a list of fifty words in a spelling contest to the eighth-grade pupils. Each of the thousands of children averaged thirteen words out of the fifty misspelled.

A few months ago the same list of words was submitted to the children of the same grade. At the test, the average number of the fifty words misspelled by each child was less than three. A reform in the methods of instruction introduced by Hicks is given credit for the vastly improved result.

Hicks has gone back to the fundamentals in teaching spelling. He ties his faith to contests. These contests take of the flavor of the old-fashioned "bees," but they differ widely in many of the essential details. Privately, these contests are between all the schools of the same grade, and the standing is obtained through oral and written tests four times a year. The names of the schools are conspicuously bulletin in the city of their merit, and the rivalry is keen.

When the educational commission made its scathing judgment of the inefficiency in spelling, Hicks was superintendent of schools out in Fargo, N. D. A shift in the management of the Cleveland educational system brought him East to be assistant superintendent and supervisor of spelling. He began his work in March, 1906. In July, 1908, a team of children from the Cleveland schools challenged the country to a spelling match before the National Educational Association Convention in session in Cleveland then, and won from teams representing cities as far away as New Orleans. Credit for that success was freely given Hicks and his new method of teaching.

Since the convention, educators have apparently been thinking of Hicks and wondering how, in the face of the educational commission's report, Cleveland could develop a championship team of spellers in two years. This fall and winter, since the opening of school, he has had hundreds of letters asking him to explain his methods of teaching.

From the first, Hicks insisted that the children of all grades were given too much work in spelling to do it well. From the days of the log schoolhouse, spelling has been looked upon as something that would come to us easily and naturally and without much instruction. That to most people it never came was considered merely an incident. The spelling books, since such volumes have been, have been made up of lessons containing fifteen, twenty, thirty words, unsystematized and with no scientific grouping. "Take the next lesson," the teacher would say at the conclusion of every recitation.

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Every day, every child was expected to learn all these words and review them at haphazard or perhaps on Friday afternoon at a class "spell-down." Hicks has changed all this. His first thought has been "system," not "chaos;" second, a method with system that would hold a child's attention and make him as interested in spelling as in history or any other study.

Immediately after he came to Cleveland, the new supervisor sent out word to every grade teacher in the city asking that he send him a list of from fifteen to twenty-five words most persistently misspelled by the children. Since the elementary schools employ over 2000 teachers, the combined lists made a formidable volume. But Hicks took the reports and went through them. He classified the words missed generally in the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades, and a list of forty words for a written contest and eighty words for an oral contest were prepared for each grade.

A time was set apart the same day for these contests. Every elementary school took part. Careful account was kept of the words missed and publicity was given through the newspapers of the schools that had the highest percentage of words correct through all the grades.

That was Hicks's start in making the children in the schools better spellers, and he made it by centering the children's attention on the work. He didn't tell them how to spell, but he made them interested in the work. He didn't tell them the importance of being good spellers, but he aroused their interest by arousing their pride and competition. Through the newspapers of the schools that had the highest percentage of words correct through all the grades.

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January 17, 1909.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

75

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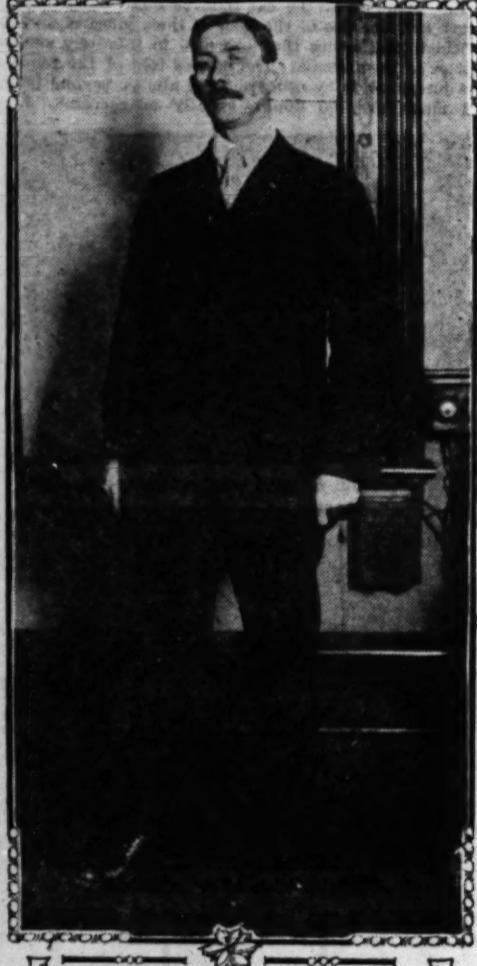
Thus was Hicks's start in making the children in the schools better spellers, and he made it by centering the children's attention on the work. He didn't tell them the importance of being good spellers, but he aroused their interest by arousing their pride and creating a rivalry that grew to be not unlike the rivalry between school football teams. Contests have

been held ever since in the schools, an inter-school contest is being held four times a year. In the first contest, the eighth grade of one school missed an average, per pupil, of one and one-half words out of the 120 words to be spelled orally and in writing. Since that time the number of words given in each contest has been doubled and in the corresponding contest in 1907, one year after the inauguration of the idea, the same grade missed 482 words per pupil, less than a half-word.

"Catch words," the delight of the old-fashioned teacher, have been eliminated in the new system. Hicks believes that the child should be first taught a vocabulary of words in ordinary use—taught first how to spell a word correctly, then taught its meaning, its derivation, its use in sentences, until all of its forms are instantly familiar. That is the basis of his system.

To illustrate his method, Hicks has written a spelling-book in which only 312 words are intensively taught each year. That, he says, is all the average child should be expected to learn thoroughly. These words are the words in common use that are most commonly misspelled. The book covers six school years, making only 1,872 words a child is expected to give real attention to it in a full elementary course. More words are in the book. In fact, the book provides a vocabulary of almost 8,000. But the remainder are given for practice work only. Unworthy easy words and unworthy difficult ones are eliminated.

In compiling this book Hicks took the words he found



WARREN E. HICKS.

the children in the schools most generally misspelled. And instead of teaching ten to thirty words a day as the old methods prescribed, he teaches two. These two words are emphasized in his system. They comprise the lesson. They are taught thoroughly by the instructor. Eight words are given for review the same day. Next day the two words intensively taught the day before go into the review column, and two new words are emphasized.

Every Monday morning, the ten words, two each day, taught the week before, are put into one review lesson and the process is repeated. In eight weeks of school days, the child has been thoroughly taught eighty words, and a contest is held in which these eighty words are used. The records show that in these contests practically every child has a perfect mark. This is accounted for by the fact that the brain is not crammed with new and strange words every day. The new words do not tend to frighten a child where ten would, and he is sure to know the two when he finishes with them, while he might be utterly confused when confronted with ten, is the Hicks argument.

The efficacy of the system was proved recently in Cleveland when a list of words was given the pupils of all the seventh grades of the city. It was found that the words gave the pupils in two schools, largely composed of Jewish children, 12,800 chances to make mistakes. When the results of the test were tabulated, it was discovered that one boy in each school made one error.

As an aid in keeping trace of the work of the children in the schools, Hicks has in his office in school headquarters complete lists of the words with which the children have trouble. In the inter-school contests, held four times a year, a portion of these words form the list given for oral and written spelling.

When the team of Cleveland children won the spelling championship at the N.E.A. Convention, they had to

Says They, Themselves, Must Settle Race Question by Becoming Indispensable to Community.
[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]
AUGUSTA (Ga.) Jan. 17.—Introduced

spell a list of what is considered by educators the best collection of ordinary words ever prepared for test purposes. The list was compiled by Prof. L. C. Lord, president of the State Normal School at Champaign, Ill.; Miss Adelaide S. Baylor, superintendent of the city schools, Wabash, Ind.; President H. B. Brown of the University of Valparaiso, of Valparaiso, Ind., and Hon. M. S. Stone, State Superintendent of Instruction of Vermont. Hicks has taken this list as the finest that can be compiled, and has made it the final test of the pupils that will use his new book.

RAE D. HENKLE.

QUEER DREAM EXPERIENCES.

STRANGE RAPIDITY WITH WHICH EVENTS HAPPEN IN NIGHT VISIONS.

[Outing:] A characteristic of dreams which, as the rather materialistic Dr. Clarke says, "hints at a life that has neither beginning nor end, and is bounded by no limits which human thoughts can compass," is the rapidity with which events happen in the dream world. Thus, when asleep and dreaming, we live an entire lifetime in a minute—in a space of time that is scarcely more than a second, we pass through experiences that could not be duplicated in this objective sphere in hours, perhaps in years. Count Lavalette relates that one night, when imprisoned and under sentence of death, he dreamed that he stood for five hours at a Paris street corner, where he witnessed a continuous succession of harrowing scenes of blood, every one of which wrought his soul to the highest pitch of excitement. When he woke he found that he had been asleep less than two minutes. In a more recent experiment—made expressly to test the truth of these theories—the subject was aroused from sleep by a few drops of water being sprinkled upon his forehead. It took but an instant to accomplish this result, and yet, in that incalculable brief space of time, the man dreamed of going on an excursion; of an accident by which he was plunged into a lake, and, during the long struggle to escape death that followed, all the experiences of his life seemed to flash before him, just as they are said to appear to a person who is actually drowning.

Dreams are tricksters. Prof. Titchener, of Cornell University, tells with gusto of his experience. As a specialist in psychology he has interested himself in dreams. Like a true scientist, he once set about gathering data. He wanted to know what caused dreams, where they came from, what they meant, and all that. He determined to watch himself when he slept and to waken for several nights and to write down, while the dream impressions were vivid, his remembrances of the details, and by a study of the room, the bed and his physical condition to attempt to arrive at the positive causes of his dreams.

He was getting on famously. One night he had a particularly vivid dream. In accordance with his practice, he forced himself to awake and immediately write down clearly everything about it. Then went back to sleep again. The next morning he awoke and was astounded to see that his note sheet was blank. He remembered positively the notes he had set down thereon in the middle of the preceding night. The next night he again wrote down his notes after his dreams, only to have the same uncanny sensation the next morning at finding nothing recorded.

The strange circumstances set him to pondering. That night he impressed upon his mind before dropping off into slumber that he must awaken with his first dream, or if not with that with his second dream. Subsequently this strong ante-sleeping command delivered to himself was present all through his dream consciousness. When the first scenes of a vivid dream came before his fancy he felt himself awaken and he set about writing down the facts upon the pad at his table. It was then that from some source of inner consciousness he felt the command again to awake, although he seemed at the time to be in full possession of his normal faculties. His eyes opened and the secret was out. He found himself lying in bed, where he had been all that night. His rising after each dream had become so much a routine that he had dreamed that he had arisen and had made the notes and his dream was so clear that it seemed reality.

A Quick Change Artist.

Quick change artists of animaldom are the chameleons, the strangest of pets. Nevertheless, they are not always what they seem. Popular imagination has assigned to the chameleon the power of changing through all the colors of the rainbow, but its actual performance falls short of this, some colors being quite beyond its powers.

However, these bizarre little animals can pass through a series of yellows, grays, greens, browns to almost black. Moreover, they can accomplish that feat which is beyond the ingenuity of the leopard, for they can and do change the color of their spots. The main factors that cause the rapid changes are anger, excitement, fear, warmth, cold and death.

In the full blaze of the summer sun the chameleon assumes a blackish hue, with pale, pinkish yellow spots, and a central stripe. A quaint, archaic appearance, the creation of some monkish sculptor, is presented by the chameleon, which looks like some stone devil of Notre Dame or some survivor of a remote geological age. His toes in their arrangement of three on one side and two on the other of each hand and foot are singularly suggestive of a bird, as is also the manner in which they grasp the bough upon which the chameleon is resting or climbing.

The constantly changing facial expressions are quaint and laughable. There always lurks an aspect of sardonic humor around the lines of the mouth. And this is greatly increased by the weird effects of the independently moving eyes.—[Chicago Tribune.]

FIRST MASS SAID.

SHEPHERDS WATCH.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

REGGIO, Jan. 17.—For the first time

since the earthquake, survivors came to America.

The building as designed, contains a twelve-story, steel frame, fire-proof structure, besides a roof garden and two basements. The classic facade will be treated in granite, marble and limestone.

The California Lion.

INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING THE BIG COUGAR.

By a Special Contributor.

ROBABLY no animal in America, large or small, is known under so great a variety of names as the cougar, or mountain lion, of California. In the Northwest he is called lion and "sneak cat;" in the East and Southeast, panther and "painter;" in the Southwest and Mexico, Mexican lion; and in Central and South America, puma, tiger and a variety of Spanish names.

This assortment of names for the cougar is possibly due, as in the case of his human brother, to his notoriously bad character; for it is a fact that the police dockets show that the criminal with the worst record is almost invariably the one with the greatest number of aliases. Certain it is that his character is bad; not the big, bluff, open badness of the grizzly, nor yet the cunning, half-playful badness of the fox, but a mean, sneaking, cowardly and often vindictive badness that is strictly his own.

Almost impossible to hunt by stealth and take unawares, he is himself the most stealthy of hunters, and never takes his prey but by surprise. He is admirably fitted to pursue and avoid pursuit. So soft of foot is he that he runs over the dried leaves of the cottonwood and sycamore without making a sound. He has none of the jerkiness of other quadrupeds in walking, but moves with a stealthy, gliding step that carries him on with the swift, smooth, undulating movement of a

persist in its attack. A big black-tail buck will make a good fight if its horns are out, but without them, or if they are only in the velvet, his shrift is but short. In Montana and Wyoming, lions occasionally attack elk, moose and mountain sheep. The males protect themselves without much difficulty, but females and young of all three are killed in great numbers. It is estimated, in fact, that in recent years, since the stringent enforcement of the game laws, more game is killed by mountain lions than by men in these States.

As the male cougar always hunts alone, except at mating time, it has not the opportunity to display the "team work" in running down its prey that has been observed in bands of coyotes. Rather, it must depend upon its own individual agility and strength. The latter, strange as it may seem from the build of the animal, is in proportion to the former. They have often been seen carrying off animals larger than themselves, sometimes carrying the burden in the mouth with the head held high, or if too heavy for that, slinging it back across the shoulder and trotting off with it as a man carries a sack of potatoes. Not long ago a rancher in San Luis Obispo shot a female lion that weighed in the vicinity 100 pounds, that had killed and was carrying off a calf of more than double that weight. The plucky animal had covered two miles—all uphill—with the carcass before she was shot, and just after starting with this burden she was seen to leap cleanly over a five-rail fence.

Scientists have declared that the wonderful agility of the members of the cat tribe is due to the unusual length and fineness of the fiber of their muscles, in both of which particulars they are said to infinitely surpass man or other animals. The stories told of the remarkable jumps made by cougars seem almost beyond belief, and many are, no doubt, grossly exaggerated. It is



Study of California Lion.



Tame South American cougar.



Mountain lion of Alaska.

snake. Of a uniform color from tip to tip, save for a slight shading on back and belly, he presents little to distinguish him from the fawn and brown of the rocks and dead grasses and leaves over which he prefers to move. But the greatest difficulty in the way of hunting him by ordinary methods lies in the fact that he almost never goes by day from his lair in a cave or dense thicket. Often, when he has gorged himself on a cow or deer, he will lie for three or four days without seeking food or drink. His ability to endure hunger and thirst is remarkable, particularly in the arid regions, where scarcity of water makes scarcity of prey. It is asserted by close observers that on the desert he will often go for a week without either food or water, and yet show the lack of neither in his appearance.

On the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and in fact everywhere in California where the cougar makes his lair in striking distance of a settled country, he feeds principally upon stock killed and carried from the foothill ranches. Young pigs are his favorite piece de resistance, and it is due to his weakness for them that he is most often detected and shot. Owing to the fleshiness of a pig's neck, its wind is not so easily shut off in the grip of the powerful jaws as is that of many larger animals, and squeals and commotion in the pig pen will bring out a mountain rancher with his shotgun more quickly than any other alarm.

Lambs and calves also suffer heavily from cougars, and even the old animals are not exempt from his attack. Where the animal killed is too heavy to carry off, the lion drinks his fill of blood, usually sucking from the jugulars in the throat. If there is not enough blood to satisfy him, he will lunch further upon the carcass itself, picking about and eating only the choice portions. Once leaving a carcass he rarely returns to it except in seasons of scant food conditions, and many a lion-killed cow and deer is left for the coyotes to banquet on. In fact, if anything at all is caught in a trap set upon the carcass of an animal killed by a cougar, nine times out of ten it will be a coyote.

Deer are usually killed from ambush, most often being sprung upon from a tree and borne down to their deaths with a pair of cruel jaws biting through their spines and the claws of an equally cruel pair of legs tearing their flanks to ribbons. Deer are sometimes pursued in the open, and neither black-tail nor white-tail, nor even the fleet-footed antelope, can escape the dash of a full-grown male or female cougar. The latter's agility is reckoned no less than that of the cheetah, the famed Indian hunting leopard, and outweighing, as it does, all members of the cat tribe save the African lion and the tiger, the impact from its spring is something tremendous. Two Wyoming hunters tell of seeing a full-grown buffalo cow knocked to the ground by an infuriated mother mountain lion, whose lair the latter had unwittingly approached. The buffalo succeeded in shaking off its assailant, which was shot by the hunters.

In California the cougar is known to attack all kinds of big game with the exception of the grizzly. A long-horned steer will overmatch him, but an ordinary cow falls easy prey if the lion is hungry or fierce enough to

claim that a lion running from the hounds in the mountains back of Santa Barbara leaped a clear sixty feet from the brink of one side of a ravine, which was perpendicular, to the other side, which was on a slope. The flying animal struck on a slide of rock at a point estimated to be about twenty feet lower than the one from which it jumped, and was so much jarred that it fell while endeavoring to climb into an oak a few hundred yards farther up the mountain, and was torn to pieces by the dogs. The fact that the jump was downhill would make it seem a possibility that sixty feet in a lineal direction was covered.

Almost all writers on the subject are agreed that cougars will not take the trouble to hunt small game, though they are said to feed occasionally on foxes and porcupines if nothing else offers. Chickens are generally considered immune as far as lions are concerned, and farmers only calculate on guarding against coyotes and wild cats. An exception to this rule, however, fell under my notice on a ranch in the Simi Valley of Ventura county last winter. The farmers in the vicinity were raising chickens and turkeys quite extensively, and with ten-foot meshed wire fences interlaced with barbed wire, and with the boards of their houses covered also with wire mesh, felt confident that their poultry was safe against any four-footed creature that might come down from the rugged, brushy mountains to the north. But one night great commotion was heard in one of the hen houses, and the men rushed out to find several dozen dead chickens, the yard and house intact, and nothing to show what was responsible for the trouble. This was repeated several times, always at different ranches, and still no clew was left as to what kind of a beast could get over a ten-foot fence without leaving some mark of its coming and going. Never once was a chicken found eaten, nor were feathers found near by to indicate that any had been carried off. The animal seemed to simply run amuck and claw and bite the terrified poultry for its own amusement. Finally the farmers took to covering with wire the portions of their hen houses inside the fence, as they had done with the exposed sides, and the depredations ceased.

About this time I was spending a week at one of the

ranches, hunting quail. One night, just as we had put out the lights, we heard the family dog, a young pup, come whimpering across the yard and scratch at the back door for admittance. A moment later there came a bump and a crash from the chicken coop, and the bedlam of squawks and cackles, rising above the sound of 200 pairs of wings beating against the sides and roof of the little building. I was still dressed, and picking up my shotgun, burst from the door, closely followed by the farmer and his son. The moon was now three-quarters full and shone brightly on the scene of war, revealing at once a board ripped from the side of the coop that opened into the wire-fenced yard. I rushed up to the fence, out of this opening shot a long yellow body and, without seeming to touch the ground, flew full into the side of the doubly-staked and wire netting. The latter threw the animal off like a catapult, and it darted back into the screaming folds of the coop, where we heard it land with a thump on the farther side. Out it came again, wild with fire, and this time I gave it both barrels of No. 6 shot. Once more the gleam of yellow flashed against the wire, and once more it was sent sprawling. Then it came straight at us, and we all three beat a hasty retreat with flattened itself against the wire and bit and clawed separately at the unyielding meshes. Suddenly the long yellow eyes caught sight of the top of the hen house, and it dropped back to the ground, crouched for a moment, and then went sailing—no other word quite justice to that easy leap—off, and out, and back to the hills.

There was a big hunt the next day in this whole countryside joined, but the midnight man was never again sighted. It had evidently scaled the yard by jumping over the coop, and in its efforts to enter the latter had clawed off a loose board. We discovered, it was unable, in its fright, to locate the wire to jump at, and as a consequence spent a disagreeable minute or two in the yard. Why the dog, small as it was, did not have more effect at the distance, I am at a loss to understand, unless it was most of it, owing to our excitement, went wild. I once saw a large dog accidentally killed by a charge of salt discharged at about the same distance at which I shot the lion, and unless we shot wide of our mark the latter must have been sorely wounded, which apparently he was not. About thirty chickens were killed in the brief space of time that the lion was in the yard. The inclosure was about twenty feet square and very high, and I have often thought since what a fine picture the biograph people missed in not having been able to expose a film on that fiend of a lion as he raged over and lashed about him in that almost solid mass of towering fowls.

There is a popular idea that the cry of the cougars resembles that of a child in distress. I have heard the cry of that animal on a dozen occasions in half a dozen different sections of the country, and if the popular belief is well founded, I will only say that the child may be in very great distress, and that I hope never to encounter a nursery full of them. The cry is really a piercing as the sound made by an electric car in reverse, a sharp and insufficiently-greased curve, and is almost as loud. The sound is of about the same quality as the wail of an ordinary tom cat on his native rounds, and bears about the same ratio in volume to that of the latter as its maker does to the tom. Any fear it will engender, however, must be imagined for danger to a man from a cougar there is none.

This brings up the question as to whether or not the cougar, unprovoked, will attack a man. There are practically no well-authenticated instances to show that it will. A case is sighted of a negro that was killed in Mississippi many years ago by a panther, and in Montana and Wyoming one often hears tales of how lone travelers for miles and finally catching up, ambushing, and killing them. It is difficult to trace one of these stories down, though it is a common occurrence for a cougar to dog a man's footsteps approach quite near if the country is rough or broken.

A butcher in Calaveras county, in this State, was carrying a quarter of beef behind him as he rode from one town to another, just at dusk. Suddenly there was a rush from the roadside and a cougar sprang upon the meat, and by its own weight and through the panache of the frightened horse succeeded in dragging it to the ground. As soon as the intrepid butcher could ride to his horse he returned to the spot of the attack and dispatched the foolish brute, who steadfastly refused to leave its plunder, with his cleaver. The animal proved to be a young one, hardly half-grown, and had not been learned where and when to fear.

There probably are cases where men have been attacked by cougars, but they are not numerous enough to do more than prove the rule to the contrary. The fact that the animal so often follows on man's trail is not likely due to an inherent desire to shed blood, but is somewhat more than neutralized by an inherent aversion.

Perhaps the favorite prey of the cougar is a steer either recently killed or totally disabled. On one occasion made down the Lower Colorado River I passed a couple of fine old steers that had become mired in the mud, and by their own weight and through the panache of the frightened horse succeeded in dragging it to the ground. As soon as the intrepid butcher could ride to his horse he returned to the spot of the attack and dispatched the foolish brute, who steadfastly refused to leave its plunder, with his cleaver. The animal proved to be a young one, hardly half-grown, and had not been learned where and when to fear.

There probably are cases where men have been attacked by cougars, but they are not numerous enough to do more than prove the rule to the contrary. The fact that the animal so often follows on man's trail is not likely due to an inherent desire to shed blood, but is somewhat more than neutralized by an inherent aversion.

FORECAST—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Cloudy; light west wind. For San Francisco and vicinity: For San Francisco and vicinity: light southwest wind.

Col. Torrence.

HE ATTENDS A REMARKABLE YEAR'S PARTY IN PASADENA.

By a Special Contributor.

COL. TORRENCE attended the Tournament of Roses; probably he went over to Pasadena in an automobile, for the colonel's rotund figure is a sort that occupies too much valuable space in a motorcar. He says he had a fine time—but who didn't? The races and sports in the afternoon aroused his interest, but it was over the morning ride that he waxed most eloquent.

"California flowers and California girls—you beat them! Every one that has lived in this woods a year knows that, but they know better to express their sentiments now. That parade has moved the Sphinx to speak. Yet I learned how to distinguish a recent easterner from a California."

"How?" The easterners used up all their expressions on the first quarter of a mile of the parade and thereafter simply stood with open mouth and eyes, looking what their tongues could not express.

"Which young lady in all that galaxy of beauties consider the handsomest—that is, which best your sensibilities the hardest, Colonel?" I asked general lead.

"You think you are rather a shrewd one, don't you? trying to pump me that way? Who put you wise? I know nothing except what your reputation makes me suspect. Come through with the story."

"I reckon I might as well; it grows better with a boy," he replied with a chuckle. "Somehow I got separated from my own friend whose machine I went over to the Tournament, the parade started, and so I wandered disconsolately through the crowd on Colorado street, seeking a place to bring up. Finally I found a bunch of boys, home on a vacation, I suppose, lined up along the curb—giving their yell and having general high jinks. It appeared an entertaining place to stop, so I went to them once or twice, and then joined in on the yell when I was instantly admitted to full membership of the bunch."

"We did full justice to everything in that parade especially to the pretty girls. It's a good bet none of them got a more rousing reception anywhere along the line. The girls returned the compliment by throwing roses to us. I, myself, captured a fine big red carnation and pinned it to my coat lapel."

"What was the most striking turn-out in the parade?" the colonel broke the thread of his narrative suddenly to ask.

"You mean the one decorated with red and white carnations?" I answered.

Silently we shook hands, and then the colonel went on.

"You have a discriminating eye. I wonder if it is the turn-out or the girl driving, which made you notice."

"Well, this rig came along and my boys went mad over their college colors, and they made a racket that would have put a boller factory to shame. The girl's eyes became almost as red as her carnations, and how her eyes did shine! She was mighty pleased, as well, it may sound like conceit, I think she was more pleased with me than with any of the rest. My white carnation contrasting with the red carnation on my coat."

"We did full justice to everything in that parade," he said. Reaching to the bottom of the carriage, he brought up a small bouquet of the red and white flowers and tossed them toward me, but one of the college boys was too lively, and caught them before I could. The red and white rig disappeared down the line of march, and the bunch gathered around the lucky man with the carnations. He had found a card in its center. On the card was a young lady's name and a number on Orange avenue. Something was written on the reverse side, but I could not read it. It said:

"Come and see me tonight. Come to the summer house in the garden at 8:10."

"That was enough to make any crowd of live boys do some scrapping for the ownership of the card—the only way they could finally settle the question was to decide to all go, myself included. We were to meet across the street from the girl's number at 8 o'clock and go over together."

"By this time the parade had passed, and as I heard one say part of it could be seen again by hurrying back to the Tournament Park, I rushed along on the back streets. Two young fellows just in front of me I saw walking were having an animated discussion about something."

"Let me see it again," one of them said, and the other handed over a white card, ladies' size.

"Eight-thirty, she says; at the summer-house. Why do you suppose she is so explicit as to time?" said one of them.

"A bit of an eye opener, wasn't it? Naturally I showed up close enough not to lose a word."

"That isn't the question," said the other. "The question is, which of us is going? I'll give you five dollars for your share in this pastebord."

"It isn't for sale. Let's flip a coin and settle the matter right now."

"I passed them as they were thus deciding the momentous question."

"Luckily I reached the door of the Tournament Park before the girl did. From my vantage point I saw her come a little bunch of carnations to a young buck

(CONTINUED ON 5TH PAGE)

you have reached the third. Its occupant lifts her eyes with a click of amazement. She has been pretty. This child of amazing beauty has brown eyes, half shy, half bold; roseleaf skin; ripe, red, delicate fingers—what a caprice! Her daily toll? She is stitching the buttonholes. The electric machine makes the cut cloth. She has another, then another. You can't lift the soft waist belt, it has gathered about her waist. The corners of her mouth, another, another, another; that with relief. But while on the other hand picks up the machine, which has now reached the third. The soft rounded chest is very young, this little

lissome form half-concealed by the ill-fitting. Other small children played on the floor. Radiant

will be published next

in the future for his department. She devotes her life to prison reform in this country. The Japanese paper of Yokohama, the *Asahi Shimbun*, has editorial to Ambassador. The Japanese government has sent a delegation to the United States to advise the American government on the subject. The Japanese government has sent a delegation to the United States to advise the American government on the subject.

BROADCAST—For Los Angeles and vicinity: light west wind, variable; light east wind, variable; light southwest.

KILLED IN WRECKS

Says They, Themselves, Must Battle
Rude Question by Becoming In-
dispensable to Community.
[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]
AUGUSTA (Ga.) Jan. 17.—Introduced

January 17, 1909.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

77

January 17, 1909

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ATTENDS A REMARKABLE NEW YEAR'S PARTY IN PASADENA.

By a Special Contributor.

Mr. TORRENCE attended the Tournament of Roses; probably he went over to Pasadena in an automobile, for the colonel's rotund figure is of one that occupies too much valuable space in a crowded motor car. He says he had a fine time—but then, so did I! The races and sports in the afternoon seemed to interest him, but it was over the morning parades that he waxed most eloquent.

"California flowers and California girls—you can't tell them! Every one that has lived in this neck of the woods for a year knows that, but they know better how to express their sentiments now. That parade was never so moved the Sphinx to speak. Yet I learned there was no distinguishment a recent easterner from a California boy."

"The easterners used up all their expressions of admiration on the first quarter of a mile of the parade, and thereafter simply stood with open mouths and wide eyes, looking what their tongues could not express. Suddenly the most beautiful girl in all that galaxy of beauty did consider the handsomest—that is, which bumped up the hardest, Colonel?" I asked as a general lead.

"I think you are rather a shrewd one, don't you—young to pump me that way? Who put you wise?" I know nothing except what your reputation leads me to suspect. Come through with the story."

"Indeed I might as well; it grows better with repetition," he replied with a chuckle.

"Now I got separated from my own friends, in my machine I went over to the Tournament, before the parade started, and so I wandered disconsolately through the crowd on Colorado street, seeking a good place to bring up. Finally I found a bunch of college boys home on a vacation, I suppose, lined up along the street, giving their yell and having general high jinks. I found an entertaining place to stop, so I immediately knew I am quite a boy myself. I listened once or twice, and then joined in on the yell; and I was instantly admitted to full membership in the bunch."

"I did full justice to everything in that parade, only to the pretty girls. It's a good bet none of them got a more rousing reception anywhere along the street. The girls returned the compliment by throwing flowers at me. I, myself, captured a fine big red carnation and pinned it to my coat lapel."

"That was the most striking turn-out in the whole bunch," the colonel broke the thread of his narrative to ask.

"I mean the one decorated with red and white carnations," I answered.

"After we shook hands, and then the colonel went

"You have a discriminating eye. I wonder if it was you that the girl driving, which made you say

"Well, this big rig came along and my boys went mad; it was their color, and they made a racket that would have put a boiler factory to shame. The girl's eyes became almost as red as her carnations, and her eyes did shine! She was mighty pleased, and it may sound like conceit, I think she was more pleased with me than with any of the rest. My white carnations contrasted with the red carnation on my coat lapel, the same colors as her tandem, and she noticed it. Reaching to the bottom of the carriage, she picked up a small bouquet of the red and white flowers and handed them toward me, but one of the college boys was so lively, and caught them before I could. The red and white rig disappeared down the line of march, and the bunch gathered around the lucky man with the flowers. He had found a card in its center. On the card was a young lady's name and a number on Orange street."

"Something was written on the reverse side of the card, but I could not read it. You better believe we were not long in finding out what it was."

"It said: 'Come and see me tonight. Come to the summer-house in the garden at 8:10.'

"That was enough to make any crowd of live boys start scrapping for the ownership of the card—the spot of the attack was to all go, myself included. We were to meet the girl at the summer-house at 8 o'clock and go together."

"At this time the parade had passed, and as I heard the girl and I went back to the summer-house. She explained that she had instructed Henry to take the gentleman to the billiard room. I saw the next two candidates through the first degree (they came at ten-minute intervals), and then went across the street to argue with the college boys, but I might have spared myself the trouble, for they had been shaking dice all afternoon and the winner was the only one in evidence. Every time a man had gone through the hand ceremony one of the pairs of hands dropped out of the game. By 9 o'clock we had fifteen impatient young men smoking in the billiard-room upstairs and eyeing one another with marked suspicion. It speaks well for the size of that Tournament crowd that not one of the fifteen knew one of his companions. When the last arrival had been on hand about ten minutes Henry pompously announced:

"'Yo' will fo'm in line and follow me.'

"They followed downstairs to the big room again. There awaiting them were fifteen masked young ladies standing in line. Miss Mortimer said:

"'Gentlemen, will you please endeavor to identify the pair of hands which you have previously chosen.'

"'Looks hard, doesn't it? But it wasn't; each girl wore a ring on which was the number she had previously given the young man. I never saw fifteen embarrassed boys in one room before. It was the biggest New Year's hoax that ever I ran up against. The girl saved fifteen lives when she said:

"'If the gentlemen will unmask their partners we will walk out to supper. You will know one another'

mounted on a beautiful horse. With equal interest I saw him read the card concealed therein and behold the smile he wore afterward. The plot was thickening.

"In the grand stand at the chariot races I sat next to Charley Hendricks. Charley is a nice boy, but he is rather too inclined to brag about his prowess with the ladies. Said he:

"'I made a mash on the prettiest girl in the parade, today.'

"'You're a lucky boy,' I answered. 'But how do you know you made a mash on her?'

"'Because I've got a date with her at 7:50 this evening.'

"'Was it the girl who drove the rig decorated with red and white carnations?' I inquired.

"'How did you know?' Charley was somewhat surprised at the old man. Wonder if he thought I was responsible for the date?

"Evidently festivities were to begin early. At 7:15 that evening I climbed the steps of the girl's beautiful home and sent my card up to the young lady. She received me, and, I saw, recognized me as one of her gallants of the morning. I went straight to the point.

"'I hope you will pardon my audacity, Miss Mortimer,' I said, 'but if you have ever heard of me you know I am an interested observer of the heart affairs of the young. I have called to ask if you will not allow me to be present at a few of the receptions this evening.'

"'I see you have detected my coquettish industry of this morning and I saw those boys deprive you of your invitation,' she answered, laughing; 'so as a special reward you shall see the whole proceeding. It begins at 7:30.'

"'The bunch of boys I was with this morning will all be here on their schedule time,' I said.

"'Oh mercy!' she exclaimed, 'only one of them can come or it will spoil everything. Can't you stop them?'

"'I made my own position more secure by saying I would see that only one came. Then the girl and I went out to the summer-house, the girl saying, as we went along:

"'I shall use you for a special purpose, so be sure to play up to my cues.'

"'We had only a moment to wait before we heard soft steps coming up the path and some one whistled.'

"'Is it you?' was Miss Mortimer's non-committal question.

"'It is. Oh fair one!' answered a male voice—here was a man who could enter into the spirit of the thing.

"'Come, come quickly to the steps,' this from the girl. 'You would know me, be my friend?' she went on.

"'I would, most lovely creature!'

"'Are you prepared to undergo a test as to your fitness?'

"'Any test,' came the firm answer.

"'You will obey all my commands?'

"'I will.'

"'You may then enter, place yourself before my god-father, who is within, and if he nods acquiescence, you will follow whither I lead.'

"The first victim came in and stood before me. I looked him over with theatric attention and nodded. The girl led the way out the other entrance and toward the big house, I bringing up the rear. There she led us into a long room across one end of which hung a heavy black curtain. Through the curtain projected innumerable pairs of feminine hands. Miss Mortimer explained:

"'You now behold the hands of fifteen of my maids. You will choose here the pair of hands which you consider most resemble my own. When you have found your choice, which you must do in exactly three minutes, you will take those hands in your own and give three squeezes. A number will then be given you by the maid whose hands you have squeezed, which number you will keep. If you have chosen the proper pair you will have passed the first test for a further acquaintance with me.'

"It took the victim less than a minute to find a pair of hands which suited him. The girl rang a bell, and a negro flunkie came in.

"'Henry, you will conduct this gentleman to the place which has been prepared,' she said, while Henry grinned all over. 'And you,' she went on to the victim, 'will there wait the decision of this question, which will take some time. I charge you solemnly, lest you break the charm, that you say nothing of this to any one whom you may chance to encounter.'

"Man Number One went off in Henry's charge while the girl and I went back to the summer-house. She explained that she had instructed Henry to take the gentleman to the billiard room. I saw the next two candidates through the first degree (they came at ten-minute intervals), and then went across the street to argue with the college boys, but I might have spared myself the trouble, for they had been shaking dice all afternoon and the winner was the only one in evidence. Every time a man had gone through the hand ceremony one of the pairs of hands dropped out of the game. By 9 o'clock we had fifteen impatient young men smoking in the billiard-room upstairs and eyeing one another with marked suspicion. It speaks well for the size of that Tournament crowd that not one of the fifteen knew one of his companions. When the last arrival had been on hand about ten minutes Henry pompously announced:

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"'If the gentlemen will unmask their partners we will walk out to supper. You will know one another'

by numbers tonight, instead of by names."

"But who took the girl of the red and white out, Colonel?" I inquired.

"My boy, the colonel is not too old a bird to find favor with a young lady of spirit enough to carry through a party like that." And the old sinner went off with a self-satisfied smile.

BOB FOOTE.

UNDER FIVE FLAGS.

IT TAKES THAT MANY TO RUN SMALL BUT TURBULENT CRETE.

To the southward, its green-clad, snow-capped mountains rising from a turquoise sea, lay Crete, the island of mythology and massacre. It was a picture of sunshine and animation, of vivid colors and strange peoples such as one seldom sees except in some gorgeously-staged comic opera.

But even as this was in my mind, says a writer in the Travel Magazine, a gun boomed out from a crumbling bastion and five little balls ran up five flagstaffs standing in a row on the uppermost ramparts and broke out into five flags.

The morning breeze caught up their folds and held them straight out as though for our benefit, so that we could make them out quite plainly. Four of them were old friends that I had encountered on all of the seven seas—the Union Jack and the Tricolor and the St. Andrew's cross of Russia and the red, white and green banner of Italy—but the fifth flag, which flew somewhat higher than the others, was of unfamiliar design; the single blood-red square, however, bounded by the Greek cross and bearing the gleaming star of Bethlehem, told its own story, and I knew it for the flag of Crete.

I knew that there was deep significance in the design of that unknown flag and in the position of the four familiar ones that flew below it, for they signalled to all the world that the Turk had been driven out, never to return; that Christianity had triumphed over Mohammedanism and that the cross had indeed replaced the crescent; that the centuries of massacre were now but memories; that peace in the guise of foreign soldiery had for a time at least found an abiding-place in Crete, and most significant of all, that the strange flag with the single star would be upheld if necessary by the mightiest array of bayonets and battle-flags in all Christendom.

Canea, which is the seat of government, is the most picturesquely cosmopolitan spot west of Suez. It is equidistant from the shores of Europe, Asia and Africa, it has a mild and equable climate, living is cheap, there is a large garrison of foreign soldiery, there are no extradition treaties in force, and trouble of one kind and another is always brewing.

Like a magnet, therefore, Canea has attracted the scum and offscouring of all the Levant—needy soldiers of fortune, professional revolution-makers, smooth-spoken gamblers and confidence men, rouged and powdered women of easy virtue from east and west, Egyptian donkey boys, out-at-elbows dragomen who speak a score of tongues and hail from no one knows where—all that rabble of the needy, the adventurous and the desperate which follow the armies of occupation and are always to be found on the fringe of civilization.

Autocrat of Paris Flat.

The "concierge" is considered to be the bane of the Parisian flat dweller's existence. His functions are supposed to be the following:

The first and most important is to collect the rent on quarter day; after that he must see that the tenants do not surreptitiously remove. The latter precaution seems to be somewhat unnecessary, as rents in Paris are always paid in advance.

He should also bring up your letters at least twice a day, but as the concierge is generally a stout, middle-aged woman who has a decided objection to climbing stairs, the latter regulation remains somewhat of a dead letter.

In Paris, the front door of most houses is generally closed at 10 o'clock; after that time, admittance can only be obtained by ringing a bell. The concierge is obliged to open the door, and she does this, as soon as she is awake, by pulling a rope which hangs by her bedside.

If she is a sound sleeper and you are accustomed to come home late at night, the best thing to do is to look for another flat, as the concierge will put you down as a "bad tenant," and make things as unpleasant for you as possible.

If you never stop out late at night, receive very few friends and fee her heavily at Christmas, the concierge will consider you as a "good tenant" until you give notice to leave, when her interest in you suddenly vanishes.

As there is nothing more to be expected from you and the incoming tenant is obliged to give a substantial tip called a "denier à Dieu," she is anxious to "speed the parting guest" as much as possible.

The concierge does sometimes make a final effort to extract something more from you by attempting to make you pay one franc for every nail knocked in the walls of your flat, but this has been decided to be illegal and may be safely resisted.

But the Parisian concierge is really unpopular because she represents a landlord.—[London Daily Mail].

THE MIRROR.

Reflecting faces hour by hour,
Reflecting tempers, sweet or sour;
Reflecting life as it passes by,
Reflecting smiles—perchance a sigh?
Reflections only—no imprint made;
No subconscious cell to be its aid;
No resurrections—only blanks
For which it has our sincere thanks!

ALLIE M. HARRIS

I groped about and found two boxes of figs, some onions and a jar of water. We ate and drank very little because we did not know how long we would be there. Then I found some matches and by the light we found

FIRST MASS SAID.

SHEPHERDS WATCH.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]
REGGIO, Jan. 17.—For the first time since the earthquake

The building as designed

is a twelve-story, steel f

proof structure, besides a

and two basements. The clas

will be treated in granite,

The Fatal Card.**A STRONG AND THRILLING STORY
OF THE APACHE RANGE.**

By a Special Contributor.

THE regimental band had ceased its serenade. The soldiers were moving rapidly across the parade ground. They wanted the genial seclusion of their cosy quarters.

Far out across the arid waste of alkali came the lingering echo of a wolf howl. Down the row of the barracks was heard the thrumming of a mandolin—fainter and fainter—till its sound died away.

The peaceful hush was broken by the wild fury of a fractious horse and its accompanying and picturesque profanity.

Col. Mortimer opened the rear door impatiently, and almost fell over the body of an Indian that crouched just outside the door.

Silently and stolidly the Indian gazed at him.

"Oh, it's you, White Wolf, is it?" said the colonel. "What's the matter now?"

The Indian straightened himself like a lithe, cat-like animal, and stood erect.

"White Wolf friend of great paleface. One more sun and Geronimo's warriors take warpath. Big ghost dance tonight."

The Indian looked, with strange calmness, beyond him all the while. In that fine air of stolid indifference, he threw his great blanket about him and strode out across the parade grounds to the stables.

A little later, the colonel stepped into the shadows of the front veranda and said: "Lenox, are you there?"

Two figures rose from their chairs out in the shadows, "Yes, daddy, won't you join us?"

"No, I reckon not—I was wondering what you had planned for tomorrow."

"We were just talking about that very thing. Mr. Lennox suggests that we take an early start and picnic in the foothills tomorrow."

"It would suit me charmingly," said Lennox. "If it is agreeable."

"What's the matter with making a start early enough to take in the old Aztec ruins? It's half-way up the range, but you get a view of the country for miles and miles around."

"That's great!" said Lennox. "Tell me more about that, please." Moving all the while, they found themselves now inside the living-room.

"There's nothing more—only that tradition says this high plateau is where the Aztecs offered their human sacrifices. I'll give you an escort. You must rise early, for the place is thirty miles away."

One hour later the colonel found his daughter alone in her room. The lights shimmered in the soldiers' quarters.

"Well, girlie," as the indulgent father turned her to the light where he could look into her sweet face—"what have the days brought you?"

She smiled out of the depths of her fondness. "The days couldn't bring me any more, so far as you are concerned, daddy."

With an abstraction in his face that Lenox had never seen before, the colonel stammered out: "I wonder—I was just wondering if you are going to be very, very happy."

"Well, now—did you ever? Daddy!" and Lenox laughed wildly. "My big old soldier boy—my dear old daddy is getting jealous. Mr. Lennox went with us everywhere in Europe. I met his people over there, and—and, I am fond of him. Daddy, take those old creases out of your chin and kiss your baby a great big good-night."

Halting for a moment at the foot of the stairs, Lenox suddenly asked: "By the way, who is going to escort us?"

"I have told Lieut. Marsden and Corporal 'Dutch' Sweeny to go with you."

Idly picking a stray thread from her skirt, she ventured to ask: "Why Lieut. Marsden?"

"He's a brave, good officer—and knows every foot of the trail through the mountains. Why not, child?"

"Oh, nothing, daddy. I just wondered if you had any special reason for choosing him. Good-night, daddy."

In the far east the first sapphire glow was beginning to tinge the hill-tops. The glistening stars still shone out—cold and steadfast. The high ranges held the valley in the clasp of their deep shadows. Across the desert came the yawping of the coyotes now slinking back to their hiding-places. Two men stood like impassive statues in front of Col. Mortimer's quarters.

"There's a light upstairs. It's time they were up," growled the corporal.

"No rush, 'Dutch,'" replied Marsden. "They're up sooner than I expected."

"Is that the fellow what Miss Lenox is going to marry?"

"I believe so. But why do you ask?"

"Well, I'm sorry—that's all."

There was a pause. "Dutch" Sweeny seemed to feel the officer's questioning gaze, and he continued:

"He may be a gentleman and all that, but I don't believe he's got the real British spirit. I'm thinking it would kill Miss Lenox to find a cowardly streak in her lover. She's bred in the purple—the kind what dies with a grin. I believe he'd hide if a danger pinched him."

"Dutch," you seem to be a whole lot interested in Miss Lenox."

"I am—and you used to be."

"So I did," laughed Marsden. "When I was at West Point she was in need of a playfellow. Now she will be

wealthy, have position, and all that sort of thing. I don't see—"

"Are you waiting, Lieutenant?" called a voice out of the morning gloom.

"All ready, Miss Lenox." Turning to Corporal Sweeny, he said: "Get the horses."

Gathering up her riding skirt, she hastily descended to where the lieutenant stood, silent and erect. Her companion followed. He took her dainty, gauntleted hand, and dropped it hastily.

"How are you, France?" she asked, with graceful ease. Had he been less nervous he might have noticed her forced calmness.

"Quite well, thank you," he replied. "May I hope for you a happy day?"

"Oh, I thank you. Lieut. Marsden, may I present to you Mr. Lennox?" They made a very formal bow just as "Dutch" came up with the horses.

"Isn't this a weird and wild adventure?" she said laughingly, "and leaving at such an unearthly hour?"

"Beastly, I call it," said Lenox. "What kind of a mount have they put off on me—one of those bucking broncos, I guess. Ah, is this it?" gazing at the little saddler that "Dutch" had brought him.

"Well, here goes," and he gracefully swung Lenox into the saddle.

She kept looking at the officer while he listlessly whipped the dust from his leggings. A sudden flush came to her cheeks, as though they were kissed by the first rays of the morning sun.

They had cantered for several miles. They stopped to give their horses a breathing spell. Out of the east the dawn was softly stealing. As with magic hand it kindled its glow fire on the heights. The distant gray-hooded peaks wore crowns of gold like the holy after splendor of a divine benediction.

The journey was resumed. "Dutch" had noticed the occasional glances of the girl toward the lieutenant as though she would speak to him. He, for some reason, got some distance in the lead.

"We'll be the same old friends, won't we, France?" she almost whispered for fear Lenox and "Dutch" might hear. But her face seemed pale now.

"Why—why of course, Lenox."

"Then, will you tell me why—why—why you don't like Mr. Lennox?" There was a challenge in her eyes. A deep crimson had stung his face. He gazed until under its piercing her countenance fell.

"I have just met him. Lenox, aren't you taking a good deal for granted?"

"Come, now," she demanded under her smiles. "I can tell something is wrong."

"Well, Lenox, since you force me to speak—I am insanely jealous of Lenox."

His eyes sought hers with a mocking smile. She surveyed him with a pretended indifference and spurred her horse on ahead.

The sun was now high in the heavens. Far above them a golden eagle screamed in its upward flight. There was not a breath of air. The—but look—

Marsden was dismounted, apparently examining his horse's fore foot, when his subordinate came up.

"Dutch" knew the meaning of his superior's look. He began to examine—their eyes met. It was a moccasin track. Lenox and Lenox were now some distance ahead.

"Hurry and join them," said Marsden. "Watch out sharply. I want to think this out."

He made no reply to Sweeny's inquiring gaze when he joined them. They toiled up the steep trail. They halted on a plateau. It was a level space about thirty feet in diameter, guarded on every side by granite walls about fifty feet high, except for the narrow entrance from which a gully ran and that was overgrown with brush. Under the silent guidance of the lieutenant, they descended slowly into this covert—for he knew the reason.

To the left a column of black smoke was ascending from the recesses of a wooded cañon. They had dismounted. Lenox and Lenox were lost in ecstasy over the beauty of the place—but Marsden and "Dutch" were talking in subdued tones.

"We ought to get out of here at once," said Marsden. "That smoke yonder is from the cabins on the placer claims in the Gulch. That's where those Apaches are. I guess they've broken out again. White Wolf told the colonel about that ghost dance. We must—"

Sweeny's horse leaped into the air with a human-like shriek. He sank to his knees again, rolled over—dead. A whisp of brown hair fluttered to the ground—cut from over the brow of Lenox. Two horses, without riders, flew backward over the trail. Marsden barely saved his horse by a wild clutch at the bridle.

"Run for those rocks!" he yelled. Seeing that Lenox's face had turned like ashes, he wheeled quickly and said: "Take my horse, 'Dutch'; I'll look out for her!"

In the wild rush for the covert, there was a series of unearthly screeches and a perfect hail of bullets. They reached it.

Just in the opening, trained soldier-steed that he was, Marsden's war horse straightened out flatly on the ground in obedience to his master's order.

Two painted forms came dashing toward the opening, two quick reports, and the two redskins rolled far down the mountainside.

"That will stop the others for a while," said Marsden as he slipped the smoking revolver into its holster. He turned and saw Lenox gazing at him out of a new depth he could not fathom. Her face had grown white—but she seemed not afraid. Lenox had leaned against the rocks and covered his eyes with trembling hands. She caught Marsden's glance at Lenox. For the moment the wild war whoops had died away.

"Oh, you damned Injuns!" cried "Dutch" in an unusual volley of scenic words, quite forgetful of the girl, "ye've killed the best pony a soldier ever rode. Wait till I—"

"Never mind that now, 'Dutch,'" ordered Marsden qui-

etly. "There's much to be done and at once. They can scale those rocks—they must come through that entrance. I'm going to ride to the post for help. Lenox and you—I'll leave my gun—can hold this place till I return. If I'm shot going through the gully—well, the horse will fly for the post—and they'll know."

"Do you intend to ride out in the open, Fraser?" tremblingly asked. "Out there! Out there—it means—don't, you shall not!"

With straining eyes that looked through tears, he stepped toward him.

He smiled: "I do—I must ride in the open."

"Then I'm going with you, France," and he began to strip her gauntlets and unbuck her riding skirt. He was going to ride for life.

"Now listen to me!" cried "Dutch." "What the lieutenant says is the only thing to do. One of us must have me cards with me—" for "Dutch" was Irishman in the fort. "We'll cut for it. 'Tis hard to ride. Miss Lenox, you hold—just so!"

Lenox, with the face of a dead man, stepped forward. Marsden remained motionless.

"Me first," "Dutch" kept on. He carefully cut a hole from the top, gazed at the bottom card and yelled joyously. "A tray!"

Marsden drew the next—king—and threw it into the air with unmistakable annoyance.

"Dutch" had already jerked off his coat and unhooked his revolver, when the girl said calmly: "Mr. Lenox has not yet told us his cut."

"Oh, I beg pardon—it was a jack. There it is—a pointed to a card lying on the ground face down."

Just as the men moved toward the entrance, Lenox grabbed up Lenox's card and thrust it into his hand.

At the same instant a black pony shot out through the underbrush like a whirlwind. On his back "Dutch" wildly lashing the frenzied beast. The Indian rifles began to crack—he was discovered not fifty paces in the lead. He was seen to sway several times as bullets pierced no vital spot—and then he disappeared over the ridge.

"We must get ready for the Indians now," said Lenox. "They'll come in a bunch. Here is 'Dutch's' revolver." He held it toward Lenox.

He shrank, and cried: "Really, I never shot on the accursed things!"

In silence Lenox grasped the weapon and, with Lenox, faced the opening.

"Pardon me, Lenox," said Lenox with an air of authority, "it is my wish that you do not stand in this posited place."

She shrugged her shoulders and remained where she was.

"Lenox," he spoke unpleasantly, "I demand she is my promised wife."

"Pardon me," she said, with eyes straight ahead.

The next instant the redskins poured down from the great stone pile.

Again and again the Colts in the hands of Marsden and Lenox spoke with deadly effect. They roared and fired with terrible precision. Marsden's last surges in a spasm of uncontrollable rage. He pressed the trigger each time, dimly conscious that Lenox leaned against him. For once his lips moved in prayer. It was a prayer that Infinite Power might help him to save her.

It was the crushing sense that the end had come. He cared for her alone. In their minds, Lenox had since ceased to exist.

"Will they try again?" She did her best to steady her words.

"Yes." His voice seemed far away.

"How many cartridges left, France?"

"Only two!"

There was a strange compelling gaze in her eyes.

"Well?"—and Marsden knew that question was a command.

He had endured to the utmost—now he held his inevitable fate. His eyes brimmed with tears, but he pulled his arms across his face.

"There—there, that's all right, France—don't be afraid," she said bravely, though her voice did somewhat.

"What a fortune that there are two of us left! A soldier's daughter knows how to do. I am ready any time, France. Don't cry, France—only if your aim be true."

And in her sweet love glance was a look that no one gets but from one woman.

Marsden looked once more through the opening to see the Apaches were amassing for the last assault. It was a question of only a second.

Quickly, and with a face all-over deadly pale, he snatched a handkerchief from his pocket. He stepped forward and tied it over Lenox's eyes. With a determination born of a desperate hour, he stepped back and ran his unerring eye down the gleaming barrel of his revolver to a spot that rose and fell over a horse he loved.

"France—" he caught the whisper—"I'm afraid; I'll die with you, but haven't you something—just one last, loving kiss?"

"Listen!" shouted Lenox.

Sharp and clear, in the mountain air, came the shrill blare of a bugle. And over the ridge came the roar of the Indians. "Halt!"—and two Brule warriors. An experienced buffalo hunter would ride beside each visitor and instruct him.

The Apaches heard the thunder of the guns and their coming brought death to them that they forgot their victims.

And in that brief moment Marsden snatched the handkerchief from Lenox's eyes, and amidst wild tears and crumpled card. She handed it to Lenox. "I'm afraid," she said, "that jack—the deuce of spades."

And from that hour Lieut. Marsden became the bodyguard of Lenox Mortimer.

J. MARVIN NICHOLS

FORECAST—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Cloudy; light west wind. For San Francisco and vicinity: Cloudy, with moderate winds; light southwest.

January 17, 1909.]

The Buffalo Hunt.

KILLED IN WRECKS

Says They, Themselves, Must Settle
Race Question by Becoming In-
dispensable to Community.
[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]
AUGUSTA (Ga.) Jan. 17.—Introduced

January 17, 1909.

and at once. They can't come through this open post for help. Let me hold this place till I get the gully—why, the they'll know."

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shed through tears, she in the open."

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RVIN NICHOLS.

January 17, 1909.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

79

The Buffalo Hunt.

A ROYAL RUSSIAN'S SPORT ON THE AMERICAN PLAINS.

By a Special Contributor.

THE death of the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, November 14, revives interest in his visit to the United States nearly four decades ago. Few persons now living remember him as he was then, and still remember that he spent a portion of that summer about the plains of Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado, roughing it with army officers and plainsmen, and killing buffalo with his own hand.

So far as the writer is aware, but five participants of the celebrated hunt now survive, and of these but two are with the party from start to finish.

The special train of the Grand Duke left Omaha over the Pacific Railroad, January 12, 1872. The Muscovite sisters who accompanied their prince were: Grand Poussin, commanding the Russian fleet in American waters; W. T. Machen, councilor of state; Count Bodisco, Russian consul-general at New York; Count Shouvaloff of the Imperial Guards; Count Todor and Storckhoff, and Vladimir Kadrin, naval general; all of the Russian navy. Secretaries, and servants made an extensive retinue.

In the train west from Omaha were the following: Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, E. O. C. Ord, Gen. Custer, James W. Forsythe and Innis N. Sibley; Col. George A. Forsythe, N. B. Switzer and Capt. T. Sheridan, and Maj. Morris J. Asch, medical officer in Sheridan's staff. At North Platte were Col. John F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), and quite a number of men and gentlemen of less note. Here arrangements were carefully made for the comfort and amusement of the nation's guests. An extensive camp had been made about forty miles south from the railroad and had been gathered guides and buffalo hunters, who were expected to make themselves useful. Soldiers were few, too, detailed for special service, and the impudent Custer was eyeing them with increasing displeasure. There was no time to mend the fractured memory, so Cody simply placed the Prince on his own trained buffalo horse, "Buckskin Joe." "There," said he, "you don't need instructions. When Joe picks one out for you, shoot."

On reaching the herd, sure enough, the horse quickly placed Alexis alongside a fine young bull and the Grand Duke began to shoot into its side with an elegant revolver somebody had given him. Custer and Cody hovering near, saw six shots fired point-blank into the animal without even arousing its curiosity. They couldn't stand that, so both spurred forward.

"Take this," said Bill, handing him "Lucretia," his own buffalo rifle.

"Now turn old Letty loose," shouted Custer, and just then Cody brought his quirt across Buckskin Joe's hind quarters.

The astonished claybank leaped forward and swiftly placed his rider alongside "good meat." Alexis fired one shot behind the buffalo's shoulder and was galloping beside it preparing to shoot again, when to his great surprise the animal fell. Puzzled to know what could make it do such a "funny thing," he was about to ask for help when it flashed into his mind that his own shot had killed it.

"Then," said the general, "the circus opened. In a transport of astonishment and joy he leaped to the ground, turned the horse loose, threw down the gun, cut off the tail sat down on the carcass waving the dripping relic about him, all the while letting go of howls and gurgles reminding one of dying foghorns and suffering calliope. The Russians heard the cries and came galloping to learn what was the matter. Seeing his countrymen approach, the Grand Duke poured out excitement in a strange and northern tongue with such rapidity that Cody reeled in his saddle and even Sheridan, there, case-hardened sinner that he is, vis-à-vis flinched.

"But the men of Muscovy stood it manfully. They solemnly embraced their Prince one by one, then fell upon one another's necks and were preparing to weep there when an ambulance came into action on the gallop and stopped the rioting. Sheridan's foresight had thus provided champagne, and tears were not needed. During the séance that followed, that first buffalo's narrative was passed from hand to hand till all were so thoroughly plastered with blood and dirt that they were in danger of becoming strangers to one another in a foreign land."

The next day the hunt was resumed with fair success. In the two days at Camp Alexis the Grand Duke killed nine buffalo.

The dinner on the second day, January 15, was also a great ceremony. Afterward Spotted Tail's warriors fought a sham battle and gave a war dance. The big dining tent was cleared and a pow-wow was held. The pipe of peace was sent on its silent rounds. Sheridan made the first speech and Spotted Tail followed, begging for everything under the sun. The Grand Duke refused to "make talk," though generously informed that his "luck" would be eternally bad if he didn't. In place of "tongue work" he presented the bucks with 100 silver half-dollars, and every warrior, head of a tepee, received either a beautiful blanket or a fine hunting knife with ivory handle. Custer gave Spotted Tail a scarlet cap and a gaudy dressing gown, which the big chief at once put on and strutted around to the astonishment and amusement of the visitors.

In the chief's tepee were a squaw and two marriageable daughters. There were other young women, and quite a flutter was caused during the evening by the marked attention bestowed on two dusky maidens by Gen. Custer and the Grand Duke Alexis. The former talked to one of Spotted Tail's daughters while Alexis successfully toiled to one side the dark-visaged daughter of an unusually greasy old rascal named Scratching Dog. The girls were evidently impressed, for each chewed the end of her finger, both giggled incessantly and threw glances at each other as if to inquire: "How is this?" Though the half-breed interpreter heard all the sentimental passages, envious companions chose to regard this conduct as flirtatious and culpable, and remonstrated accordingly. Both gentlemen, however, declared with great solemnity that their intentions had been "strictly hon'able."

The party again reached the special train, January 16,

at 5 o'clock p.m., and left at once for Denver via Cheyenne. Col. Cody and other invited guests remained in Nebraska while a few left the party at Denver, where a great ball was given in honor of the distinguished visitors. The special train started east over the old Kansas Pacific Railroad about 4 p.m. January 19.

Having learned that a large herd of buffalo was to be seen near Kit Carson, 130 miles east of Denver, the visitors were eager to try another round at hunting. Superintendent E. S. Bowen of the railroad offered to transport a troop of cavalry, with all its horses, from Fort Wallace, Kan., to Kit Carson, about seventy miles, by next morning. Sheridan hesitated to give the order, for few troopers were broken to buffalo work. Green horses in the presence of a roaring buffalo stampede became frantic, and it required more than common horsemanship to manage them. The general disliked to subject his country's guests to such peril, but the order was finally given.

I reached St. Louis but a day after the Prince's party. Their stories of the Kit Carson hunt indicated lively times. Some horses ran away with their riders, and one herd of buffalo escaped altogether, in consequence. The party attacked another herd—every man for himself—all shouting and shooting in the thick dust. Nobody was hurt, for a wonder, though a horse or two were marked, a forage cap was shot away, and Col. Mike Sheridan, the general's brother, got a ball through his coat near enough to sting his shoulder and leave its mark for a day or so. Count Bodisco manfully confessed that he fired that unhappy shot, and apologized.

The hunt crossed prairie-dog town, in full cry. Instinct carried the bison over with great credit, but many of the frenzied horses went down, throwing their riders far toward the future. The Grand Duke got two falls and even Custer's horse went down. Help was always near, the horse caught, and away went the rider, wiping blood and dirt out of his eyes as he sought new adventures. Not a horse's leg was broken.

In spite of it all, the hunt was fairly successful, the Grand Duke securing four buffaloes, making thirteen in all killed by his hand. Returning to the train, it was discovered that during the day the camp servants had broken into the Grand Duke's choice stock of liquors and most of the men were hopelessly drunk. Little progress had been made toward dinner, and the hunters were hungry. It is said that the language of Gen. Custer that evening was remarkable. He picked his words and idioms with such precision and fine discrimination that most of the camp people grew suddenly sober, and even the "old soaks" lying in complete stupor promptly sat up and asked: "What is it?"

The Grand Duke's party was received formally on the 22nd at Topeka by Gov. James M. Harvey and the Kansas Legislature. Those of the hunters remaining were photographed there in a group, few copies of which have been preserved in this country. Next day, January 23, after a brief reception by the Governor and Legislature of Missouri at Jefferson City, the Grand Duke and his friends reached St. Louis. Here the party broke up. Gen. Sheridan and his staff returning to Chicago, Custer only remaining.

It is a fact worth remembering that though Alexis was the guest of the United States and our government was paying his expenses, he himself insisted on paying the cost of that special train. It was the most magnificent thing in the way of railway travel ever attempted in this country, up to that time, and was costly.

Alexis went from St. Louis to Louisville, which was then Custer's headquarters. Here Mrs. Custer joined the party, and she and her brilliant husband remained the Grand Duke's guests during the short southern tour and until he sailed from Pensacola, February 19, 1872.

JAMES A. HADLEY.

California's High Muck-a-Muck.

Climate is the High Muck-a-Muck, the Grand Panjandrum, the Dalai Lama, foremost in thought and talk on sidewalk and portico, in parlor and bedchamber. But the obvious fact that the idol does not smile with uniform benignity night and day, in the house and out of the house, on both sides of the street and at the corners, causes a loud-voiced dissatisfaction. Savage worshippers berate their god when he fails to fulfill their expectations; and this species of ingratitude is very common in California, where the weather is oftener perfect than in any other of the United States. Visitors, after a few months of surprise at the prolonged stretch of magnificent days, begin to pick flaws in these "Daughters of Time," and end by becoming weather cranks like the rest, forgetful of what they came away from in the East.

Travelers may leave California with a feeling of dissatisfaction, disappointment, for one reason or another; but its grip is upon them nevertheless; some day they will return, if they can, and meanwhile they will look back regretfully to features of its life and climate that cannot be enjoyed in the East. Primeval man knew nothing of houses; and his descendants retain subjectively a leaning toward an out-of-door life and a climate that permits it. The artificial charms of civilization never wholly counteract this bias.—[Frances Albert Doughty in Putnam's for January.]

Weights of Women.

Faneuil S. Weisse of New York gives a table of weights for women, compiled from an analysis of 58,855 examinations of women for insurance by the examiners of the Mutual and New York Life Insurance companies. The average height was five feet and four and one-quarter inches; the average weight was 133 pounds. The average height of males is five feet seven and three-tenths inches, and average weight 151½ pounds. The tendency in the female is for the weight to increase during the years from 20 to 30 more rapidly than it does in males.—[Medical Record.]

MISS MARY MASTRICK declares she

wants to return to prison reform in

Japan.

YOKOHAMA, Jan. 17.—A Japanese

train by Engineer H. H. Lewis, many more would have been injured and possibly killed. The train crew of the freight were fortunate enough to leave their train before the crash and escaped injury.

The passenger train, L. O. Carr,

proped about and found two boxes of figs, some onions and a jar of water. We ate and drank very little because we did not know how long we would be there. Then I found some matches and by the light we found

The building as designed

first mass said.

SHEPHERDS WATCH.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

REGGIO, Jan. 17.—For the first time

since the earthquake disaster of

Lisbon by the Bay.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF A TRAVELER
FROM THE WEST.

By a Special Contributor.

THE open market of a foreign city always fascinates the stranger. There the pulse runs high and novel scenes are many and varied. There the taste is legion and one may study him at ease and at large. The big market by the Tagus marks the condition of trade and prosperity for the capital. It is the center of daily commerce; it is also the rendezvous for the loafer and the gossip. In their season, delicious fruits smell afar off. Peaches and pears, grapes purple and yellow are piled in mountains, for the epicure. Melons there are by the ton, and white squash a yard long and two feet in circumference, which look like large rolling pins. Everything is prettily placed, with an eye for attractive effect. Tomatoes, squashes and carrots are fringed with spinach, lettuce, and curly chicory. The "middler" bears away her pannier on her head, with a color scheme that the artist might envy. Clumsy scales, four feet high, weigh the provender in ugly balances, and the dealers are shrewd bargainers. Tinware dazzles in piles on the cobbles, and the stuff tumbles in a clatter if we brush too near. Crockery and pottery in pretty patterns, rival fluttering paper flowers, and chalky toy animals.

It is in the vast fish market that we catch the mean-

tencies, which the accustomed women grab without repulsion. Pavement and stalls are piled with funny creatures whose scales fly beneath the fishmonger's sharp knife. There are barrels of scallops, vats of shrimps, hampers of crabs. Lobsters sprawl and crawl over each other in general confusion. The merry-minded urged on me the sturdiest monsters of the lot, knowing that I am a homeless stranger.

Wholesalers, retailers, casual buyers, hotel commissioners, clamor for the best bargain. Pandemonium makes triumphant outcry. Men figure in the minority, as the great fish market is chiefly in the hands of the women, a brave and comely lot, quite equal to their charge. If the tollers of the sea have reaped the waterways by night, the women will relieve them of duty, and care for the harvest by day. They are black-eyed, brown-skinned, kindly. But be sure you deal on the square. Fire flashes in the keen eye, and a volley of violence greets any offense. They stand decked with tinsel which would befit a Christmas tree, and their color scheme is punctuated by glaring ornaments. Huge, glittering hoopoes are heavy in the ears. Rings, chains, brooches are conspicuous, making a dizzy outfit of brass and tin and glittering glass. The market is a noisy scene of barter, and when trade slackens in the later hours, the fisher folk read or snooze at their post: Men are tangled up, fast asleep in their vats, women knit, and nurse their babies, or loll drowsily in their big baskets. Theirs is a hard life and a busy one, but the workers seem cheery, and the back is fitted to the burden.

The street dairies of Lisbon, odd to the stranger, are reminders of Holland. They are open to inspection dur-

through as in a greenhouse. Ninety-five feet above street is the city reservoir, the great water-tower, whose big tank contains 12,000 cubic meters. A large valve regulates the supply, admitting or suppressing the water as desired.

A gallery surrounds this silent water-tower, which is impressive and imposing, whose walls tested by water pressure, were built in the days when good construction was the aim, and greed and graft were unknown. We wander through the gallery, hardly daring to express the thoughts which come, as from a reverie, when we admire the artistic finish of the stately, Ionic, Corinthian, and Ionic columns, and watch the handsome, crested dragon pour plenteous streams from his mouth, over a fine rockery on the farthest wall. The rough stone gurglers like old gold beneath the waves, and it shimmers in deep ripples and heavy corrugations, like coral reefs of wonderful glow. Iridescent hues flash on the water and sparkle in the waters, with sunshiny, brilliant effect. The humble people poetically call the great aqueduct the "mother of waters," and surely the children in generous measure.

The student of English, who follows the evolution of the novel, feels interest in the adventurous life of the storm-tossed author who made Tom Jones immortal, and fitful Fate had sent me to the grave of Henry Fielding, a spot which gives fame to a certain corner of the capital. To Lisbon the erratic genius came, who in middle life, to undo the follies of wild youth, but airs and genial climate could not save the invalid here the man found death and burial place.

The first Protestant cemetery of Portugal is a kempt tanglewood of weeds and scraggly vines.

FORECAST—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Cloudy; light west wind. For San Francisco and vicinity: Partly cloudy; light southwest.

January 17, 1909.]

and he let time test the character of the dear. Perhaps no scholar had come to the gallows, with Taylor, himself an ancient worthy, decided on moral to his esteemed master.

Fielding's tomb is plain and massive, rising in several grades from a broad foundation. On the top rests a sarcophagus with an urn, and the lamp set in granite flames. Four sides reveal in Latin inscriptions, telling that the author came to Lisbon for his health, that he lived for others, not for himself. The record of his virtues is pompously made, with regrets of the British community who did not see them sooner. Evidently procrastination is a fatal vice in this graveyard. The Latin which I could decipher was packed with fulsome flattery, that I was overjoyed with the goodness which must lurk in the remains, mystery, and I wondered if Fielding or anybody would find his own grave and recognize himself, or the spirit return to the graveyard, by reading the elaborate eulogy of his tombstone. More praise in life, flattery after death, might ease the pathway of the grim here below. But ants and other relatives of the dead dispelled my reverie, and the frowsy-headed waited at the gate to pocket my coin amid many diction, and to hand me out a glad smile which had a promissory note on the eternal bank.

Lisbon's houses, done in colored tiles, give the impression that the walls have been turned inside out with the inside linings of wall paper used as stencils. The facades are gay in shades of blue, yellow or soft pink. The designs are frequently plain, often they are geometric patterns or conventional drawings, and occasionally we see Greek borders. There are floral effects in other varieties of color, where the glories, roses and fuchsias ramble over the front. The wealthy villas do not break out in detail of the whole face, but reserve their beautiful and full decorations of flowers and Greek figures for the doors and vestibules. When the sameness of the exterior green and red and blue of geometric frontage on the humble homes grows wearisome, we rejoice in the variety displayed on the richer homes.

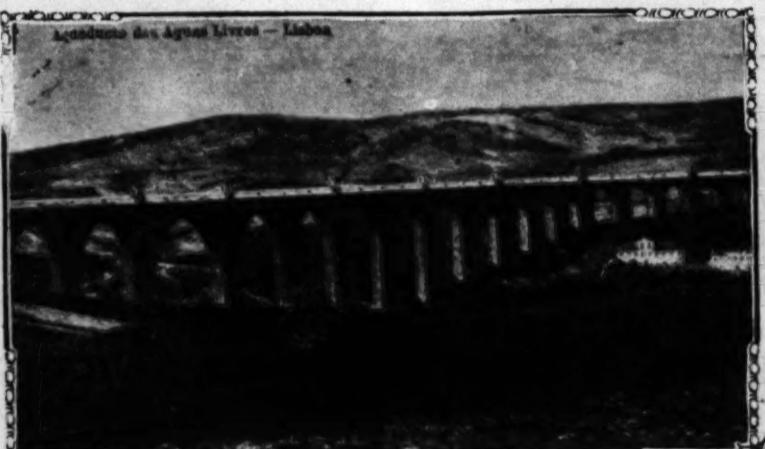
Lisbon offers many an object lesson in civics, through its beautiful fountains, statues, parks and gardens. Ornamental pavement laid in mosaic is most effective. The central "Square of the Rolling Motion" formed huge coiled, or black and white serpents of rough stone, aptly named. The term sounded Dantesque, as was prepared to roll and writhe among the dragons. No premonition can forewarn the novice for that sensation on the coils of snake-like stone. Every head of Medusa's seemed about to entwine me with serpent lock. The big mottled dragons fairly lie in their forms and curled their great bodies up to snap. I shut my eyes from the seasick sensation, as the stony billows rolled up to engulf me. With brutal practice we grow used to the odd pavement, and we realize that the trouble is imaginary, all in mind, "there is no sensation in matter," as the stone is hard and quiet, despite their roly-poly suggestion, and we walk firm-footed through the square, which is the city's active center. Here beautiful fountains play and a noble monument rises in memory of heroes. Their lines focus here, for numerous routes. Streets are narrow and twisting that lines are single and can make a detour, going and coming in a circuit, by different routes, a performance which perplexes the simple stranger, and makes him lose numerous trams in his earlier trips, till he has learned the whims of the city. Conductors are kind, and every one tries hard to serve the dull foreigner who cannot pronounce the name of the street he seeks. Cars stop at certain points only, but we soon learn to recognize the sign Paragem. After a few days, I was recognized and dropped at the corner nearest my hotel, while the good man frantically waved me the turn which I should take.

The great Rocio, or central railroad station, rises beside this busy square, which offers quite a hint of bustling Paris. Drinks of all sorts are served the thirsty crowds, at little tables along the walk. Vendors plant their stands and offer small wares. Here a glorious avenue starts for the country, with a breathing place of several miles of palms and flowers and shade trees with rivulets and lakes and fountains, with nymphs and fauns peeping out of ivy mounds, and great Neptune statues. This is the famed Avinida, the pride of Lisbon, one of the fairest sights of Europe, with its wealth of fancy landscape, and lined with legations and the palatial homes of rich gentry. On Sunday, when the favorite bull fight is on, every sort of conveyance crashes through here, packed with the populace bound for the great round building which rises at the end of the line.

The city is wonderful in natural beauty. It has nothing if not views, and leaving the crowded town, I climbed through by-ways populated with dogs and cats and children, reeking with smells, drifting with dirt, to the massive fortress of St. George, where the austere guard gave a kindly "Si, sefiora," to my request to pass. A Johnnie fast oozing to grease beneath his army uniform piloted me over the historic soil, where 2000 years ago stood the Roman city. On this brave outlook, the Moors fixed their fortress which was wrested away in the twelfth century by that intrepid fighter of the Arabs, Alfonso Henriques. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, kings crowned this magnificent outlook with their royal palaces. This was history-making ground, and every inch of soil has its record. The terrible shake of 1755 tossed the kingly castles from their foundations, and now the soldiers' barracks and the prison occupy the lofty height above the sturdy walls.

The round world has few such views as we get from the esplanade, which commands the surrounding country. Gardens and vineyards climb the terraces just beneath. The dense city lies below, its neighborly roofs spreading over vast extent, while domes and spires push their way to greater height. Further inland, climb

Liquidation des Aguas Livres — Lisbon.



Mercado da Praça da Figueira — Lisbon.



Aqueduct, Lisbon.



City market, Lisbon.

Bull-ring, Lisbon.



Portuguese fish woman.

ing of the word activity, in this busy realm. Small wonder that the hotel gave us lobster fit for the gods, each day, and may the maître d'hôtel forgive my solemn joke: Was that luscious lobster fresh or canned? I had come from the land of tinned fish! He looked hurt, when I meant he should be amused. It is difficult to joke airily with a downtrodden subject of a monarchy. He is too apt to take life and lobsters seriously. He thought the joke was on the tenderfoot not born on the banks of the Tagus.

From 5 a.m. the fishmonger's tread pounded over the square like the tramp of a marching army, as the sturdy bare feet trod the sharp cobbles. For hours I could watch this type and tide of humble life, as the women sought their innings from the harvest of the sea. A gay-colored petticoat, and a flowery kerchief on the head made bright flashes emerging from all the dark alleys, and a soft thick pad on the head supports the shallow basket loaded with the spoils of the deep. From the market-place, each woman plunges on, straight as an arrow for the bullseye, and all day long we may meet her, calling her wares in the heart of the city, or on the topmost windy height. Heads and tails flop on the basket's rim, as the vendors stride along, rejoicing in that priceless blessing, good health. They are a plump and stocky lot, the picture of animal life, and we may envy them the bare brown feet, so broad and strong, which the horrors of civilization have never twisted out of shape.

A marvelous choice the fishwomen have at the market, which is one of the world's rare sights. What riches would be mine with one cent, cash down, for every trophy of the sea piled up on the quay, one morning. Acres and acres are spread with fresh hauls. Thousands and thousands of tiny sardines, silvery smelts, squirming eels, unlovely swordfish, monsters long and giants fat, that only a piscatorial Solomon could name. Piles of cuttlefish show their flabby, inky

ing our tour of the city, and the stalls are clean and attractive, duly named and numbered for the six or eight sleek creatures contentedly chewing their cud, and reflecting on municipal privileges, as their big thoughtful eyes would indicate. The scene is attractive, and the quiet kine rebuke all fretful ambition. They are fat and comfortable and glossy, well fed and well groomed, with every reason for contentment, though seldom do they leave the stalls to feed in fields of living green. Iced milk is sold here, or we get milk warm from the cow, with ocular proof that the pump handle is not a special feature.

Street fountains are numerous in Lisbon, where the poor, who have no modern plumbing, may draw water free. The daily groups are fascinating, as they gather with jars and barrels, and linger for confab and gossip on the steps, ere they cart and carry away the water for home use. These clusters of the poor give a most vivid and animated picture of humble life.

The imposing arches above us, diminishing in the far distance, and growing in beautiful effect as we approach, are the important water carriers which bring the clear streams from the country, twenty-five miles away. King John V did well by his people, in 1729, when he attempted this splendid structure, which was a quarter of a century in building. Mounting toward the mammoth basin which sustains a mighty pressure, I stopped on the slope, at the people's public wash tub, where women scrub the linen on stone slabs and rub it in the vats which measure twenty feet by ten. More than thirty women were making the strong fight against dirt, that omnipresent enemy of us all. Each paid 2 cents a day for her right of way; and her soap, scrubbing brush and elbow grease must atone for lack of hot water, which we think so essential to clean laundry. The woman has only cold water here, but at home she would have none, in quantity, and the washing is her livelihood. The goods are dried under glass, where the sun strikes

towly-headed little woman, wreathed in mud, answered the dilapidated bell sunk in the wall of an inclosure, knew just why I wandered here. O si, sefiora, mocha gente. Feedem. She knew about the other party I should visit. No! he was labeled in the hand-book, and my note was plain. I must find the tomb of the unknown, and shed a grateful tear for them if possible, but that duty done, I could take up my conscience my literary pleasure. Hunting the remote and great becomes rather a joy to the faddist.

The smiley old lady said that many people here sometimes visit another grave which might be liking. There I read that the tomb of Pedro IV, erected by the sole survivor of his many brothers, admiring pupils. Even this survivor did not dare risk with the teacher's character till seventy years of death. Evidently no taint or blemish there. But the hosts of admiring pupils seems to have been rather tardy in any recognition of the dead. Hunting the time to consider carefully the merits of the

train to the department.

Florence Maybrick declares she gave her life to prison reform in her country.

Japanese paper of Yokohama.

Editorial to Ambassador.

</div

CAST—For Los Angeles and
Cloudy; light west wind.
Clouds and visibility:
Cloudy; light southwest.

KILLED IN WRECKS

says They, Themselves, Must Settle
This Question by Becoming Indispen-
sable to Community.
[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]
AUGUSTA (Ga.) Jan. 17.—Introduced

January 17, 1909.

Ninety-five feet above the
great water-room where
meters. A huge wheel
or suppressing the water

ent water-room; which is
the walls tested by decades
when good construction
and graft were unknown,
hardly daring to whisper
as from a remote corner
the stately, lonely, water
crested dragon pour its
mouth, over a fantastic
The rough stone gables
waves, and it stands on
towers, like coral reefs
hues flash on the rocks
with sunshiny, brilliant
especially call the gables,
and surely she looks

follows the evolution of
adventurous life of the
Tom Jones immortal
the grave of Henry Fielding
a certain corner of the
genius came, while yet
of wild youth. Did not save the invalid,
burial place.

of Portugal is an
and scraggly vines. The

and be set time test the character of the dear departed.
no scholar had come to the gallows, when Mr.
himself an ancient worthy, decided on this
to his esteemed master.

Fielding's tomb is plain and massive, rising on seven
grades from a broad foundation. On the summit
a sarcophagus with an urn, and the lamp of life
in granite flames. Four sides reveal in Latin inscriptions,
telling that the author came to Lisbon for
his health, that he lived for others, not for himself.
The record of his virtues is pompously made, with the
spirit of the British community who did not enumerate
them sooner. Evidently procrastination is a failing of
the graveyard. The Latin which I could decipher was
so packed with fulsome flattery, that I was overwhelmed
with the goodness which must lurk in the remaining
mystery, and I wondered if Fielding or anybody else
would find his own grave and recognize himself, should
the spirit return to the graveyard, by reading the elaborate
epitaph of his tombstone. More praise in life, less
honor after death, might ease the pathway of the pilgrim
here below. But ants and other relatives of creation
dispelled my reverie, and the frowsy-headed woman
waited at the gate to pocket my coin amid many
benevolences, and to hand me out a glad smile which was
a prophecy note on the eternal bank.

Lisbon's houses, done in colored tiles, give the impression that the walls have been turned inside out,
on the inside linings of wall paper used as street decorations.
The facades are gay in shades of blue, green,
yellow or soft pink. The designs are frequently Moorish,
when they are geometric patterns or conventional
drawings, and occasionally we see Greek borders. There
are effects in other varieties of color, where morn-
gins, roses and fuchsias ramble over the entire
face. The wealthy villas do not break out in designs
of the whole face, but reserve their beautiful and taste-
ful decorations of flowers and Greek figures for borders,
and vestibules. When the sameness of the eternal
blue and red and blue of geometric frontage on the
poor homes grows wearisome, we rejoice in the variety
displayed on the richer homes.

Lisbon offers many an object lesson in civics, through
beautiful fountains, statues, parks and gardens. Or-
namental pavement laid in mosaic is most effective.
The central "Square of the Rolling Motion" formed with
serpents, or black and white serpents of rough stone,
is named. The term sounded Dantesque, and I
prepared to roll and writhe among the dragons, but
imagination can forewarn the novice for that first
on the coils of snake-like stone. Every hair
of his head seemed about to entwine me with its
lock. The big mottled dragons fairly lifted
themselves and curled their great bodies up to snatch
I shut my eyes from the seasick sensation, as the
gray billows rolled up to engulf me. With brave,
and practice we grow used to the odd pavement,
realize that the trouble is imaginary, all in the
"there is no sensation in matter," so the stones
hard and quiet, despite their poly-poly suggestion,
we walk firm-footed through the square, which is
the city's active center. Here beautiful fountains play,
a noble monument rises in memory of heroes. The
the focus here, for numerous routes. Streets are
narrow and twisting that lines are single and cars
a detour, going and coming in a circuit, by diffi-
cult routes, a performance which perplexes the stu-
dier, and makes him lose numerous trams in
his earlier trips, till he has learned the whims of the
bus. Conductors are kind, and every one tries hard
to move the dull foreigner who cannot pronounce the
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A few days, I was recognized and dropped
at the corner nearest my hotel, while the good man
casually waved me the turn which I should take.
The great Rocio, or central railroad station, rises be-
tween the busy square, which offers quite a hint of bustle
of Paris. Drinks of all sorts are served the thirsty
at little tables along the walk. Vendors plant
stands and offer small wares. Here a glorious
starts for the country, with a breathing place
several miles of palms and flowers and shade trees,
and lakes and fountains, with nymphs and
peeping out of ivy mounds, and great Neptune
pouring the water pour from the urn in his

This is the famed Avinida, the pride of
one of the fairest sights of Europe.
the wealth of fancy landscape, and lined
avenues and the palatial homes of rich gentry.
Today, when the favorite bull fight is on, every
of conveyance crashes through here, packed with
people bound for the great round building which
is at the end of the line.

This is wonderful in natural beauty. It has nothing
but views, and leaving the crowded town, I
dashed through by-ways populated with dogs and cats
and children, reeking with smells, drifting with dirt,
and massive fortress of St. George, where the austere
and gave a kindly "Si, señora," to my request to pass.
I made fast oozing to grease beneath his army out-
fit placed me over the historic soil, where 2000 years
ago stood the Roman city. On this brave outlook, the
have fixed their fortress which was wrested away in
the ninth century by that intrepid fighter of the Arabs,
King Henriques. In the thirteenth and fourteenth
centuries, kings crowned this magnificent outlook with
royal palaces. This was history-making ground,
and every inch of soil has its record. The terrible
of 1755 tossed the king's castles from their
foundations, and now the soldiers' barracks and the
lofty height above the sturdy walls.
The world has few such views as we get from
the ramparts, which commands the surrounding coun-
try. The dense city lies below, its neighborly roofs
over vast extent, while domes and spires
realizing—

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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the rugged, ambitious ranges. The city is washed by
the winding Tagus, where steamers and sloops and tiny
craft border the banks. Stretching toward India or
toward South America, outspreads the broad ocean where
the brave Portuguese explorers floated their tiny barks
in zealous effort to find new waterways for the traffic
of a growing world, and to extend the kingdom whose
power in those opulent days was not to be rated by cir-
cumscripted home territory. One is impressed that this
is earthquake country. The city is all hills, and further
inland and the mighty mountains zigzag across country,
gnawing the skyline with their giant saw teeth.
The earth's crust was pushed with ponderous force to
make these ragged peaks. There are slits and scars on
Dame Nature's face, which betray momentous struggle.
With almighty force the river rushed into dents and
cracks, when jar and commotion tore the crust apart.
In the cathedral below, a monster tidal wave swallowed up
worshippers on that fatal All Saints' morning.

We wonder at the sublime courage, the reckless, fearless
daring of a people who tried to rebuild and live
again upon that treacherous land. Man is light-hearted
and forgetful. Probably few along the coast today give
a thought to the tragedy of 1755. We who have a part
in earthquake history think reverently of that superb
character, Marquis de Piombal, looming like a mighty
fortress, strong in the city's need. "What shall we do?"
cried the King, fearful and despairing. "Sire, bury the
dead and care for the living," was the practical answer
of the Marquis, terse, laconic, comprehensive, proving
in a sentence the man's good sense and heroism. He
grasped the awful situation, he was sane in the emergency.
When, on the coast of the western continent,
in 1906, history repeated itself with days of disaster,
the brave words of the Marquis lived again in the heroic
conduct of the loyal American people.

ADAMS FISHER.

Told by the Stars.

A DRAMATIC COMEDY SKETCH IN ONE SHORT SCENE.

By Geoffrey F. Morgan.

THE rising curtain discloses the grounds of a university campus. The time is about 10:30 p.m. and a crescent moon shows in an appropriate quarter of the sky. Strains of orchestra music are heard from time to time, coming from a well-lighted hall in the distance. It is, in fact, the night of the annual Junior Prom.

In the foreground, well screened in the rear by shrubs and flowers, a bench has been placed by a thoughtful committee on arrangements. So secluded is it, in fact, that a dim Japanese lantern has been erected to mark the haven of refuge.

After a short pause, the Man and the Girl enter. Both wear the conventional costume of formal evening functions. He carries a filmy shawl over his arm. They step carefully, having an eye to the damp grass.

She: I'm afraid this grass is awfully wet.

He (reassuringly): Oh, I don't think it's very bad. It's quite a clear night, no fog.

She: I wonder if there's a seat anywhere about. Oh, yes, here's one.

He: By Jove! the very thing. The fellow who put this here had a bright idea. (They seat themselves.) Wait a minute—have a cushion; this back's pretty hard.

She (protesting conventionally): Oh, please don't bother, I'm perfectly comfortable. Well, that is better, certainly. Thanks—that's just how I want it.

He: You'd better have your shawl around you; it wouldn't do to catch cold. (Adjusting it.) Is it a shawl? I'm not sure.

She: Why, of course. What did you think it was?

He (vaguely): Why, I don't know. Doesn't seem to me there's enough of it. I thought shawls were great woolly things, heavy as anything.

She (laughing): Oh, no, not all of them. There are different kinds, you know.

He: Yes, I suppose so.

She: Isn't it a lovely night? This is certainly better than that hot, crowded room.

He: That's right. I'm strong for holding this bench, now we've got it.

She: So am I—unless some one else comes.

He: No one's likely to, unless—Say, we don't want that lantern burning, do we? I'll blow it out. (Rises and does so.)

She (interrupting too late): Oh, no, you'd better not do that—! Well, I suppose it's all right.

(He seats himself again.)

She: There's the music beginning for the next dance.

He: Oh, let's not go. Who've you got it with?

She: A Mr. Gully, I think.

He: Oh, that's all right. He's only an assistant in the English department. You can cut it, just as well as not.

She (evidently intending to): I don't think I should. He's probably hunting all over the place for me.

He (complacently): It's all right—he won't find you. (He leans back contentedly.)

She (on the defense): Well it was YOU who blew out the lantern, anyhow.

He (sentimentally): There was no need of it—the light of your eyes—

She (interrupting quickly): Jack, don't be silly.

He: Is it silly to tell the truth?

She: Yes, when there's no need of telling it.

He: But there's a need in this instance.

She: What is it?

He: There's a danger that modesty may prevent your

realizing—

She (interrupting again): Have you been reading Robert W. Chambers lately?

He: No, why?

She: I thought I recognized the style.

He: That's rather complimentary. Not many people can talk like Chambers's characters.

She: Well, not many people find themselves in the same situations.

He: Few of them are fortunate enough to find themselves in as pleasant a situation as this—

She (heading him off once more): How wonderfully clear the stars are, aren't they?

He (hopefully seizing the new opening): Yes, aren't they. Do you know anything about astronomy?

She: Not very much, I'm afraid. Do you?

He (lying cheerfully): I used to be quite a shark at it. I got a book once, and studied up telling fortunes by stars. It's awfully interesting.

She: I should think it must be. You know the names of the principal stars, then, I suppose?

He: Oh yes. Now you see that big star over there. (Pointing.) She leans forward, somewhat across him, then evidently remembers something, and draws back hastily.

She (coldly): I think I've heard of this game before.

He (surprised): What game? (The light breaks.) Oh! I say, come now, Cicely, of course I didn't—mean that. (He looks huffy.)

She (relenting): Well, I wasn't sure, you know, just at first—(changing the subject) What was it you were going to say about that star?

He (refusing to be sidetracked): Besides, I wouldn't play a trick like that. If I were going to kiss you, I'd do it right out, in the open, and not—

She (freezing up again): I really think we ought to be going in again. It must be awfully late.

He (humble again): Oh, I'm sure it's not late at all. Quite early, in fact. We've only been out here a minute. Besides, I was going to tell you about the horoscopes.

She (relenting): Did you learn to cast them yourself?

He (warming to the work): Oh, yes, it's not difficult. Now, you see, every one is born under a certain star.

She: Yes, I suppose so.

He: No; what I mean is, each person is under the influence of some certain star. It's according to the month you were born in. Now I was born under—under—Orion.

She: But I thought Orion was a constellation.

He (surprised): Is it? (Recovering himself) Oh yes, of course. You can be born under a constellation just as well, you know—in fact, it's all the better. Well, starting from that, you can figure out what you're going to be, and—er, whom you're going to marry, and everything.

She: You've got it all worked out, I suppose?

He: Yes, indeed.

She: Can you find out what the girl is to be like?

He (with enthusiasm): Yes, and she's a winner, too!

Got dark hair, dark eyes and eyelashes; tall, slender, and lots of complexion.

She: Real, I hope.

He: Yes, of course.

She: And do you think you could cast my horoscope?

He (eagerly): Yes, indeed. All you have to do is to tell me when you were born.

She: Oh Jack, what a question! Don't you know a lady never tells—

He (quickly): Only the month, of course, only the month.

She: Oh, well, that's different. It was—do you really want to know?

He: Of course.

She: Why, I'm sure you know already.

He: Indeed, I don't—honest.

She: Well, it's September.

He (delighted): September! Why, that's the same as mine. Then you must have been born under Orion, too.

She: Fancy that! Then I suppose you can read my fortune all the easier.

He: Sure. You'll marry a tall, kind of a heavy-set fellow, with fair hair and sort of blue eyes.

She (suspiciously): Curly hair?

He (putting hand to head unconsciously): Why—yes, sort of curly.

She (severely): Are you sure you are reading this in the stars? (She rises.)

He (rising): Of course. What makes you—er (realizing the trick is discovered) Oh, come, Cicely, what's the use of my going on like this. You know what I mean, don't you?

She: Suppose I do?

He: Then you know what answer I want. Oh, don't say no. You don't know how much I love you. Why, I've always loved you. Of course I know I'm not worthy of you, and all that—I don't see how any man can be, but—

She (interrupting him): I'm afraid there's not much use in MY giving you any answer.

He (dreadfully taken aback): No use! Why not?

She (with just a little quiver in her lips): Because—because—it seems to be already written in the stars.

(He pauses a moment. Then she turns, holds out her arms, and with a sudden burst of comprehension he strides forward masterfully and takes her in his arms.)

[Quick curtain.]

A Difficult Position.

A young captain, who was drilling the awkward squad, commanded thus: "Now, my men, listen to me. When I say 'Halt!' put the foot that's on the ground beside the one that's in the air, and remain motionless." [Success Magazine.]

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

FIRST MASS SAID.

SHEPHERDS WATCH.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

REGGIO, Jan. 17.—For the first time

since the earthquake disaster

The building as designed, con-
tains a twelve-story, steel frame
structure, besides a roof and
two basements. The classic
marble.

The Cherub.

HIS LIFE'S ROMANCE AND ITS MELANCHOLY ENDING.

From London Chronicle.

HEAVENS, what a name!" exclaimed Miss Silvertre. "It is pretty awful," her brother admitted. "But Buggles is quite presentable. I expect you will like him. They call him 'The Cherub' at the club—you'll understand why when you see him on Friday. By the way, it isn't necessary to give him an elaborate dinner; I want him to feel at home."

"Do you intend going to a theater afterward?"

"No. You might give us some music afterward, Hilda. It is some time since we've spent a quiet evening together—eh?"

"It is," Miss Silvertre assented, a trifle drily. "About two years."

For a moment the man looked disconcerted. Then he said, reproachfully, "I thought you understood, Hilda, how necessary it has been, and still is, for me to entertain people here and elsewhere, and also to meet as many new people as possible."

"I suppose it is necessary," she returned slowly, "though it sometimes seems to me that the entertaining and meeting people must cost far more than it can ever be worth. But"—her voice softened—"I daresay you know best, Jack. Tell me something about Mr. Buggles—I shall have to practice pronouncing the name until I can say it without smiling. Is he a new member of your club?"

"Oh, dear, no," replied Silvertre, laying his cigar on a tray and refilling his liquor glass with yellow chartreuse. "He was there long before I became a member. But it was only recently that I made his acquaintance. I had always been afraid of finding him stodgy—he always looks so internally happy and pleased with himself—however, I was agreeably surprised. I don't know that he has any close friends, but every one seems to have a good word for him. He practically lives at the club—does nothing—and I should say he is very well off. I've never been able to find out much about him; even his first name is a mystery. I daresay it might be in the club's book of the date of his election, but at present he signs himself simply 'J. Buggles,' and all his letters are similarly addressed. I fancy he is a wealthy bachelor without relations."

"But what is he like?"

Silvertre sipped his liquor. "Well, he's fair, fat, and, I should say, at least 40. 'Cherub' suits him."

"Is—is he a client of yours, Jack?"

"Not yet," answered the man, with a slight smile, picking up his cigar. "You must help me to make him one, Hilda."

Miss Silvertre suppressed a sigh. How often, how fervently, had she wished of late that her brother could do his business to a smaller accompaniment of eating and drinking—especially the latter.

She had been keeping house for him for nearly five years, having come to London from the pretty cottage in the country that had been her home until her mother's death. Then she had joined her brother at his request, first in a modest house in a northern suburb, but shortly afterward in a flat in Bayswater, the expensiveness of which had appalled her, even in the face of his assurance that it would be good for business. She was now in her thirtieth year, but scarcely looked it, having retained something of the freshness of her country existence in spite of late hours and what still seemed to her continuous dissipation. The men whom Jack brought to the house deemed her handsome, and wondered why she had not married. They were pleasant fellows in their way, "real sportsmen" her brother called them. As a matter of fact, they were the best of Silvertre's acquaintances; they could spend an evening without drinking more than was good for them. Hilda came to like several of them in a friendly fashion; in the company of others she could not refrain from wondering what their wives did in the evenings.

Since coming to the flat she had received three proposals of marriage, all of which she had rejected. Jack had expressed neither disapproval nor satisfaction, although he may have felt the latter. His natural selfishness had not yet got the better of his affectionate regard for his sister, his only near relative. After all, he would rather see his sister married to a good man than to a good sportsman, as he understood the meaning of the second phrase; at the same time, the good man, in order to gain his blessing, would require to be "good" in the commercial as well as the moral sense.

Mr. Jack Silvertre was a stock broker, but his sister was probably his only friend who was under the impression that he possessed the right to do business within the walls of the Stock Exchange. Under the same impression his mother had died. Why he should have posed before the two people who loved him for himself would be hard to explain. His mother, and later his sister, entrusted their affairs to him, not because they believed him to be a reliable insider, but because he was a son and a brother. Yet, somehow, in their case, he was not satisfied with the clear reputation as an "outsider" which he had so far retained. His clients—even those who lost—and they were, of course, in the majority—could not help liking the man; albeit they never suspected the extent of his personal operations, which were chiefly in the mining market.

At this time Silvertre was 35 years of age. In appearance he was tall, dark, well-featured, and smart—like so many men one observes in the city of London, the men who look as if they had been built to do something more than read, write, and talk in figures. It must, unfortunately, be mentioned that he looked best in artificial light; certainly, in the morning, his eyes too often lacked that clarity which the advertisements of patent

medicines inform us, denotes perfect health and bodily vigor. Nevertheless, he was blessed—or cursed—with a constitution that withstood remarkably well the combined assaults, night after night, of late hours, unlimited alcohol, and long cigars; and if he did appear to put pleasure first, he never forgot the business afterward. Occasionally a client, having looked upon—and, in a sense, through—the wine until the whole future was pleasingly rosy, and having, in the fullness of his satisfaction, somewhere about 2 a.m., given an order for the purchase of shares that seemed dirt cheap, would survive a frightful headache to wish that Silvertre hadn't such an infernally good memory, not to mention such a confoundedly strong head. Not that any client ever suggested, even to himself, that his own head was weak one, or that Silvertre took unfair advantages.

But though Silvertre escaped inebriation in one way, he suffered from it in another. He allowed himself to be intoxicated by success—with the usual results. When he set up in business for himself he had vowed to deal for his clients only; a year later he had vowed to keep his own operations within certain modest limits; and within the next six months he had extended these limits considerably. But all the time he had won, and he had continued to win, until shortly after entering the flat in Bayswater. Since then his luck had failed him, and the profits derived from his clients were now as nothing compared with his losses on his personal speculations. And his sister's money was gone with his own. His credit was still fairly good, but it would not last three months unless he could find money—a large sum of money. If he could do that, he felt convinced, as men in his position always feel convinced, that he could recoup his losses. He knew of several "sure things," if only he had the cash. The trouble was that he did not know where to find it. For several weeks he was at his wits' end, a desperate man. Then in the least expected quarter he fancied he saw a glimmer of hope. For years he had been in nodding terms with his fellow clubman, Mr. Buggles, "The Cherub." Now, in his pleasant fashion, he found a trivial excuse for improving his acquaintance. Mr. Buggles put no difficulties in the way, and never suspected that he was being closely and diligently studied. When Silvertre invited him to dine quietly at the flat, he was frankly pleased. When he accepted the invitation, Silvertre was pleased also, if not quite so frankly.

Mr. Buggles was one of those dear simpletons who imagine themselves to be wise because they are methodical. A trifle over 40, he had no near relations. His father had left him money—how much no one knew, but apparently sufficient to keep him in full comfort if not great luxury. For sixteen years the club had been his home. He had never done any work; though, to be sure, since his boyhood he had always intended to do something. He believed in work, although it might not be necessary in his case. Still, he thoroughly enjoyed his idleness. It gave him time to read of what other people were doing, to sleep for nine hours every night, to eat his meals without haste, to look out of the window on the busy street, fascinated, for a couple of hours at a stretch; to play an occasional game at billiards or cards (when the stakes were tiny); and to smoke innumerable pipes per diem. Once a year he subscribed £20 to a fund for poor children; if he was responsible for other benefactions, they were strictly private. Naturally of a happy and contented disposition, the club gave him all the physical comfort and mental entertainment he desired. He was not a prominent member, yet his fellows had come to regard him as a sort of institution. They chatted with him when, quite obviously, they had nothing better to do; they played billiards with him when plainly desirous of killing time; they offered him a hand at cards when So-and-so had failed to turn up. "The Cherub will do," they would remark casually on many an occasion. They held him cheap, and yet they liked him. They laughed at his methodical ways—his regularity in arriving at and departing from the club, his careful selection of his food, his deliberate choice of a chair, and so on; but they smiled with—not at—his smile which, along with his plump, youthful countenance, distinguished only for his particularly fine teeth, had earned him his nickname. He did not resent being made use of; possibly in his kindly, cheerful conceit he never thought of himself as being aught but vastly popular in the club which had become his little world.

If Mr. Buggles desired anything beyond that which he possessed, it was a friend's home wherein he would be a welcome visitor. Perhaps the desire had not troubled him greatly ere he crossed the border of middle age; possibly it might have remained merely intermittent but for Silvertre's informal invitation. Yet certain it is that he looked forward to the evening with an eagerness almost childish in its intensity. Not since his youth had he been asked out to dine in purely friendly and informal fashion—to eat a home-cooked meal and spend a homely fireside evening. He felt very grateful toward Silvertre, whom he had always admired for his charming manners and entertaining conversation. That the younger man's attention and conversation should have at last been directed toward himself did not puzzle him; rather it flattered him.

He wondered what Miss Silvertre might be like—surely like her name, beautiful. He knew very few women, but he enjoyed women's society, in which he was not bashful, though exceedingly gentle and modest in an old-fashioned way.

On entering the Silvertres' drawing-room he bowed so very low that Hilda felt tempted to laugh. Then he looked at her and smiled, and she felt a little ashamed. His smile was neither a polite smirk nor an amiable grin. There was something unusually attractive in its sincerity and pleasantness. It claimed and gained her friendship immediately. She did not notice that his hair was rather thin, his eyes rather small, his figure rather stout. At once she understood why he had been dubbed "The Cherub," and a moment later realized that he was quite different from the men she was accus-

ted to meet. The warmth of her welcome was a surprise to her brother. It also awakened in him a sense of compunction, which lingered until he had drunk a couple of glasses of champagne.

The evening, so far as Mr. Buggles was concerned, was a very happy one. He told himself that it was the happiest of his life. The kindness of the hostess, the genial jovial hospitality of the host, the domestic atmosphere, all combined to make him feel the most at home among men.

He enjoyed the dinner, the cigar that followed, the music in the pretty drawing-room provided by Miss Silvertre while he and his host luxuriated in easy chairs before the fire; but most of all, he enjoyed the last hour during which Silvertre strummed waltzes on the piano and the hostess clung just as if, he thought, she had known him all his life. He went over regretfully, but cherishing the thought of the invitation he had received for the very next week, and wondering whether he might venture to ask the brother and sister to dine with him soon at the best restaurant he could think of.

Among his many subsequent meetings with his friends it is doubtful whether he found any that had such unalloyed happiness as his first. Again and again after these meetings he called himself an old fool, wistfully, explicitly stating the nature of his folly.

In the smoking-room he found Silvertre. The stock broker was sitting in a deserted corner, alone, in no usual condition for him, though at first Buggles had to notice anything strange. "The Cherub" was unusually glad to see his friend.

"I called at your house half an hour ago," he said awkwardly, "but found you were out."

"Yes," returned Silvertre, passing his hand over his eyes. "I'm sorry I wasn't at home. You ought to have asked for Hilda. She would have been glad to see me. I meant to be home to dinner tonight, but—no, I couldn't face it. Old man," he said after a pause abruptly and without looking at the other, "I've had most ghastly day of it."

"How do you mean, Silvertre?" said Buggles anxiously. "Aren't you well?"

"Too well. I'd be better dead. I'm ruined."

Buggles stared at him helplessly. He had grown fat, Silvertre.

"I shouldn't have mentioned it," said Silvertre gently, in an apologetic voice. "My affairs are nothing to you. But—"

"You shan't lose my friendship, Silvertre," said Buggles, recovering from the first shock of his friend's announcement.

"Thanks," Silvertre replied in a low voice. "I'd be glad to think that is true. My god! what a disaster it has been! Forgive me. I am unversed, and would have kept my troubles to myself."

"If you care to tell me anything," began Buggles, halting uneasily, and gazed pityingly at the other.

Silvertre appeared to pull himself together, and took a long pull at a whisky-and-soda which he seemed to have forgotten.

"It's a short story," Silvertre said, setting down his glass. "I suppose you've noticed the awful fall we have been going on in mines for the last six months."

"No; I'm afraid I don't take much interest in mines," returned Buggles, whose capital was all invested in the edged securities. "Of course I've heard some of the talk."

"Well, I'm pretty sure they hadn't anything to do with it to talk about. The market has been going all to pieces, and there has been hammering right and left. I thought I was going to pull through, although I've been only hit through a lot of my clients; but today there was a fearful smash in coppers—it's in the late papers—my two biggest clients are broke, and I—I've got the baby to hold. Buggles, old man, I can't hold him thousands of pounds too heavy for me. You're my best friend, Buggles, but you don't know what I've been through the last few months. Hell! Mind you, it's not for myself I'm worried most. I daresay I could get out in time—years hence I'll pay all I owe and hold my head again. But there's—Hilda. Every penny I had was in my business. I suppose I was wrong to let her put it there—but one doesn't foresee such disasters as this. She hasn't been brought up to rough it, as I do. Say you, old man, can guess. I tell you, it's me and the thought of it makes me crazy. How am I to—home tonight and—"

"Silvertre," Buggles interrupted, and his voice was hoarse, "did—did you say it was thousands of pounds?"

The stock broker produced his handkerchief, snuffed and wiped his hot forehead. Buggles caught his breath, whiff of the perfume; it reminded him of Hilda, though that was unnecessary. He also wiped his hands, which was very cold.

Silvertre was playing his game—groping in the dark for a thing he believed to be almost within reach, could only keep his nerve.

"Yes," he muttered. "I'm sorry to say it is thousands of pounds. But I've sickened you sufficiently, I think."

"No; tell me. Is it more than—"

Silvertre groaned softly. They were alone at the far end.

"Buggles, it would take £7000"—he drew a long, slow, deep breath—"to save me from bankruptcy—to save Hilda from misery. Now, perhaps, you can guess what I suffer."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Buggles, feebly. "Seven thousand pounds! Oh, dear!"

Silvertre glanced covertly at "The Cherub," who had certainly not merited his nickname then, wonderingly. He had been too abrupt, if he had miscalculated his man if he had named too huge a sum.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Buggles once more.

"Of course, it might as well be seventy thousand million—for all the hope I have of raising it. My securities are pledged. But I've done my best. I've deceived my clients worthy of my confidence, and I've deceived you. That's all."

Silvertre lifted his glass to his lips.

FORECAST—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Cloudy; light west wind. For San Francisco and vicinity: Cloudy; light southwest.

January 17, 1909.]

Buggles, forgetting it was empty. He laid it down, closed—just like that," he said with a bitter laugh.

"And Miss Silvertre has nothing?" Buggles whispered.

"Not a penny," Silvertre rose. "I must go and see her, I suppose."

Buggles caught his sleeve.

"No—for God's sake, not yet," he stammered.

"It's no good putting off the evil hour, old man. I know you mean to be kind. I'll tell Hilda of your safety."

"But wait—wait till tomorrow, Silvertre."

"The Cherub" clung to his arm.

"Don't tell her tonight," he begged. "Perhaps—

—I can do something. Meet me here at noon tomorrow—and, please, say nothing tonight."

He let Silvertre's arm and rose quickly. "I must go. Good night."

And he was out of the room ere Silvertre grasped his words.

"I'm hanged," said the stock broker to himself. "I hanged if 'The Cherub' hasn't brought tears to my eyes. Well, if he does put up the cash, I'll see he doesn't lose it."

He blew his nose, lit a cigar, touched the bell, and sat in his chair like a man whose troubles are at an end. Which was precisely his position, had he known it.

At noon the next day Buggles handed him a check for £7000. It had been a sore struggle for "The Cherub" to part with his stocks, especially at a reduction cash, but love had overcome caution.

"I shall be glad when you can conveniently let me have it back," he said simply. "I'm not a rich man."

"Within six months," Silvertre assured him, after many expressions of gratitude. "You can trust me that, he added, holding out his hand.

"And you will keep the matter strictly secret?"

"Surely."

Buggles took the extended hand willingly, and his smile came back, for suddenly, it flashed upon him that for a time, at least, Miss Silvertre would be practical now. In six months—well, he dared not think of the

Silvertre went straight from the club to his bank and cashed the check. Then, with his brain full of no speculative schemes, he started to cross the street.

He never reached the other side. They had son

difficulty in getting his body from under the motor.

When, a fortnight having elapsed, Mr. Buggles ventured to call at the flat, he discovered that Miss Silvertre had gone to stay with friends in Paris. Later he learned that her brother's estate, which she duly inherited, amounted to a little over £2000. He did not quite understand how that could be, but his lawyer informed him that it was so. In a way he was satisfied.

The same evening he dined at the club, played a game of billiards, took a hand of cards, lost five and nine pence, drank a whisky and soda with the recognized

success, and did not leave until the last member had disappeared.

Then, after a glance into all the familiar rooms, he broke the rules by tipping the porter, and departed down the steps, his back so bowed that the porter afterward remarked upon it.

And the club knew "The Cherub" no more.

On a fine summer afternoon four years later an elegantly attired lady entered a little shop in a small semi-tourist town and asked to see some picture post cards.

The proprietor, who was engaged in mixing together several kinds of cut tobacco, started violently, then smiled uncertainly.

"Mr. Buggles!" exclaimed the lady.

KILLED IN WRECKS

January 17, 1909.

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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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more uncertainly.

"It's Buggles!" exclaimed the lady.

"Miss Silvertre!" he murmured. "You are surprised,

comes to see me here."

He reached her hand across the counter.

"I thank you—I thank you," he whispered, and was

"The Cherub" again.

"I have had misfortune," she said softly. "I didn't

know I have been away for so long—ever since my

brother's death. I am sorry you have had trouble

with Mr. Buggles."

"You might have been worse," he rejoined quietly.

Looking at her, he saw that he was almost bald and

grey than before—that he had aged considerably.

"Mr. Buggles," she said suddenly, her face flushing,

before the question, but did you lose your money as

out of Jack's?"

"To Miss Silvertre."

"By the way, Mr. Buggles, I am no longer Miss Sil-

vertre. My name is Mrs. Alison."

He turned again as an expression of pain flickered once

more on his face.

"I wish you all happiness, Mrs. Alison."

"Thank you very much." Then impulsively she cried:

"Mr. Buggles, when will you dine with us at the hotel?"

"I am to be here for three or four days."

"It is good of you," he replied, "but you see, Mrs.

Alison, during the season, I must keep my shop open till

dark, and I have no one to leave in charge. Again

he did not press him for fear of hurting his feelings.

"I will give you a sign of relief. I'm so glad," she said. "I

"You had a most friendly feeling for you."

He looked at her in his old-fashioned way. "And I for your

kindness, Mrs. Alison."

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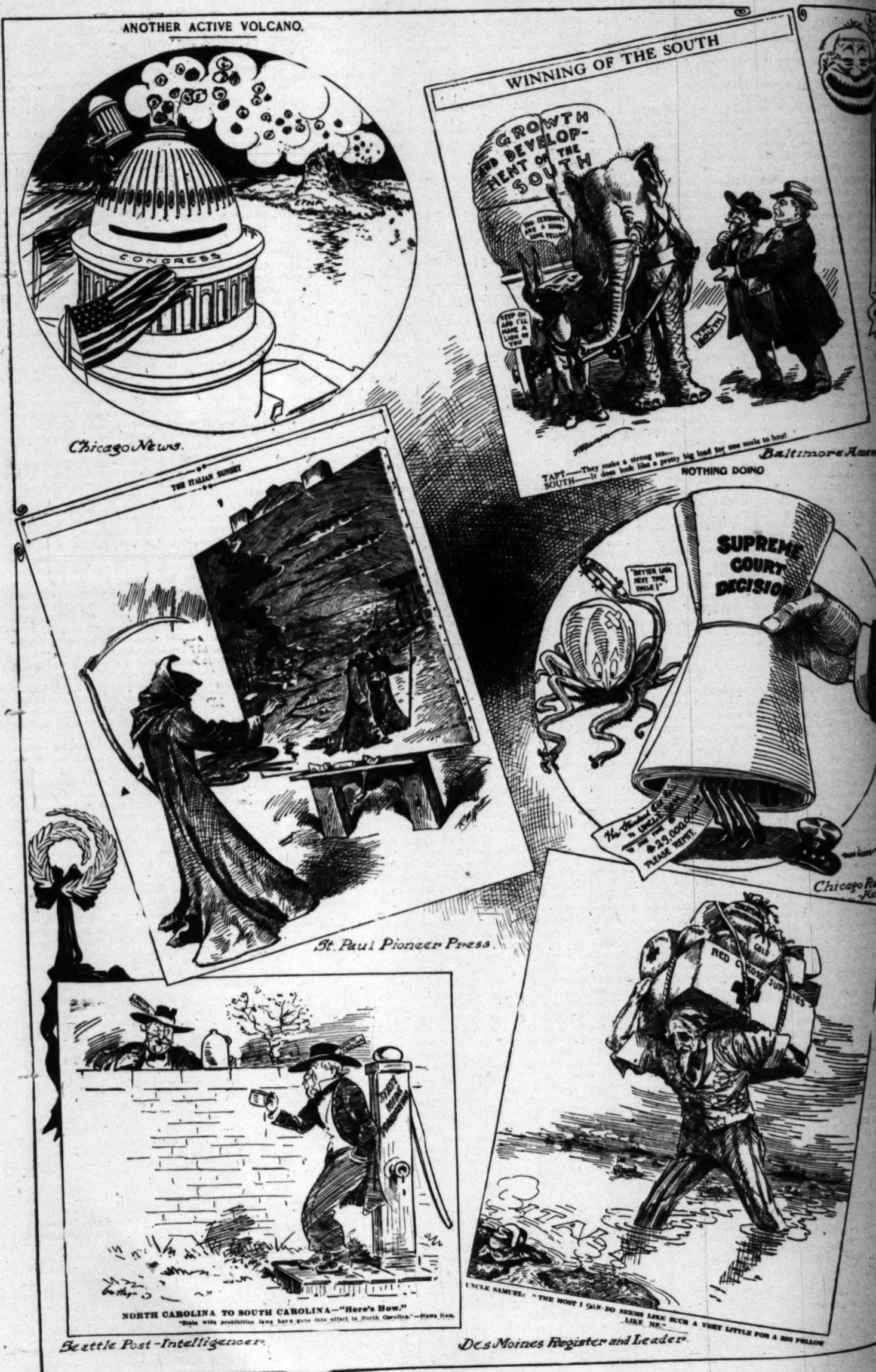
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Some Leading Cartoons of the Day.



January 17, 1909.]

II

Good Short Stories.

BRIEF ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Compiled for The Times.

The Indignant Lady.

LYDE FITCH was describing his large scrap book collection of typographical errors. Suddenly he smiled.

"Such errors," he said, "are continually cropping up. I called for a magazine editor the other day to take him out to luncheon. As he was getting gratefully into his coat, a man entered."

"Do you read your magazine?" the man asked.

"I do," replied the editor.

"Have you read the new number, the one that came out yesterday?"

"I have."

"Have you read my poem, 'To Gabrielle,' on Page 13?"

"No-no."

"No! Well, in that poem I wrote the line: 'I love you better than I love my life.'

"A neat line. Neat and well turned," said the editor, nothing.

"And one of the professional humorists of your composing-room set it up to read: 'I love you better than I love my wife.'"

"How—er—"

"Than my wife—precisely that. And my wife knows nothing of composing-room comedy, and she thinks the line was printed exactly as I wrote it."

A Back-Water Town.

IT was one of those sleepy, one-horse, back-water towns, like Squash," said Representative Burton, describing at a Hot Springs dinner a town that he disliked.

"Squash is the limit. A gentleman arrived there the other day and wanted a hair-cut. He found the barber shop, and, after shaking the barber vigorously, managed to awaken him.

"How long will it take you to cut my hair, barber?" he asked.

"Not long, boss," said the barber.

"And he rose, yawned, and stretched himself. Then walked upstairs to his wife:

"Say, send the kid down to the Sun office to tell the paper I want my scissors just as soon as he's done editing the paper. There's a gent here waitin' for a hair-cut."

No Pies on Him.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, at the end of a day's testimony in the government's suit against the Standard Oil Company, talked to a group of reporters. The subject of quick-wittedness came up, and Mr. Rockefeller said:

"As quick-witted a man as I ever knew was one of my drivers—Timothy—back in the business' early days."

"We liked to keep our teams looking nice, and so we instituted an annual prize for the man who could show the best-groomed horses, the cleanest stalls, the brightest harness, and so forth."

"Timothy seemed certain of this prize, and when mid-year inspection time came, sure enough, his splendid work left nothing to be desired."

"But as the inspector took one last look round, just as he had made up his mind to give the prize to Timothy, he frowned, for his eye had fallen on a cobweb in a corner of the gray mare's stall."

"Timothy saw the inspector's face change, and saw the cause of the change, and he spoke up briskly:

"I keep that there web there, boss," he said, "to catch the flies. The way they torment the mare is sumpin' fierce."

The Choir Invisible.

"THE late Admiral Coghlan," said an officer of the Navy Department, "was always ready with a story. In this office here, apropos of swearing on the sea, he once told a story about a parrot."

"He said that a young sailor sent a gray Belgian parrot to his parents. The bird swore terribly. It was only for the sake of the giver that the family kept it. But keep it they did, and day and night the house resounded with its shrill oaths. When the minister called, they threw a cloth over the cage."

"The minister called every Thursday evening regularly. But once, collecting for an oyster supper, he called on a Saturday evening as well. His call was unexpected, but they got the cloth on the cage in time."

"The minister had just begun to talk about the sunshiny weather when, from beneath the cloth, came a loud squawk."

"Well, I'll be—!" roared the parrot. "This HAS been a — short week!"

The Fatal Waiter.

H. HARRISON, the government's immigration expert, told the other day in San Francisco a story about one of his protégés, a Pole.

"The young fellow," said Mr. Harrison, "is prospering now on a fruit farm of his own out Los Angeles way. But when I first met him he was mixed up with a bad crowd. His boss, in fact, ran a speak-easy."

"Kao was a waiter in the speak-easy. He made no success of the job. A big, boorish sort of chap, fruit farming is much better suited to him."

"I'll tell you how he wound up."

"The boss, one Sunday, did especially well. The

train by which he reached the third compartment lifts her eyes with amazement. She had been pretty. A child of amazing beauty, with a wave back from the hair, blue eyes, half shy, half coy, pale skin; ripe, red, plump lips—what a caprice! What a toll!

itching the buttonholes of the electric machine to cut cloth. She had been another. You can see the soft waist he gathered about her. Another, another; that relief. But while one hand picks up the machine, which has many young, this little soft rounded cheek one form half concealed by the lightning other small children played on the floor. Bad luck, my, but she ate some of the rye bread and butter. Will be punished next

III

FORECAST—For Los Angeles and
Cloudy; light west wind.
Temperature and vicinity:
65° at 10 a.m.; 75° at 4 p.m.; light southwest
wind.

KILLED IN WRECKS

Says They, Themselves, Must Settle
This Question by Becoming In-
dispensable to Community.
(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)
AUGUSTA (Ga.) Jan. 17.—Introduced

January 17, 1909.

January 17, 1909.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

85

Good Short Stories.

BITES AND BITE ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Compiled for The Times.

A Gentleman Lady.

ALICE FITCH was describing his large scrapbook collection of typographical errors. Suddenly he smiled.

"These errors," he said, "are continually cropping up. I sent a magazine editor the other day to take him to my house. As he was getting gratefully into his car a man entered."

"Do you read my magazine?" the man asked.

"No," replied the editor.

"Have you read the new number, the one that came yesterday?"

"I have."

"Now you read my poem, 'To Gabrielle,' on Page

"Two."

"Not well, in that poem I wrote the line: 'I love better than I love my life.'

"Just line. Neat and well turned," said the editor, smiling.

"Not one of the professional humorists of your community set it up to read: 'I love you better than my wife.'

"Love."

"Not my wife—precisely that. And my wife knows nothing of composing-room comedy, and she thinks the poem was printed exactly as I wrote it."

• • •

Back-Water Town.

"I was one of those sleepy, one-horse, back-water towns, like Squash," said Representative Burton, sitting at a Hot Springs dinner a town that he dislikes.

"Squash is the limit. A gentleman arrived there the other day and wanted a hair-cut. He found the barber shop, and, after shaking the barber vigorously, managed to awaken him.

"How long will it take you to cut my hair, barber?"

"Not long, boss," said the barber.

He rose, yawned, and stretched himself. Then he went upstairs to his wife:

"Send the kid down to the Sun office to tell the editor I want my scissors 'just as soon as he's done editing the paper. There's a gent here waitin' for a hair-cut."

• • •

On Him.

MR. ROCKEFELLER, at the end of a day's testimony in the government's suit against the Standard Oil Company, talked to a group of reporters. The subject of quick-wittedness came up, and Mr. Rockefeller said:

"A quick-witted man as I ever knew was one of my drivers—Timothy—back in the business' early days. We used to keep our teams looking nice, and so instituted an annual prize for the man who could get the best-groomed horses, the cleanest stalls, the best harness, and so forth.

"Timothy seemed certain of this prize, and when mid-inspection time came, sure enough, his splendid team won nothing to be desired.

"But the inspector took one last look round, just before he had made up his mind to give the prize to Timothy, he frowned, for his eye had fallen on a cobweb in one of the gray mare's stalls.

"Timothy saw the inspector's face change, and saw the change, and he spoke up briskly: 'I know that there web there, boss,' he said, 'to catch flies. The way they torment the mare is sumpin' like that.'

• • •

On Our Invisible.

"Mr. Coghlan," said an officer of the Navy Department, "was always ready with a story. In his office here, apropos of swearing on the sea, he told a story about a parrot.

"He told that a young sailor sent a gray Belgian parrot to his parents. The bird swore terribly. It was for the sake of the giver that the family kept it.

"They kept it if they did, and day and night the house resounded with its shrill oaths. When the minister called,

"The minister called every Thursday evening regularly, but once, collecting for an oyster supper, he was on a Saturday evening as well. His call was unanswered, but they got the cloth on the cage in time.

"The minister had just begun to talk about the slushy weather when, from beneath the cloth, came a loud roar: 'Well, I'll be—!' roared the parrot. 'This HAS been a short week!'

• • •

Good Waiter.

MR. HARRISON, the government's immigration commissioner, told the other day in San Francisco a story of one of his proteges, a Pole.

"The young fellow," said Mr. Harrison, "is prospering on a fruit farm of his own out Los Angeles way. But when I first met him he was mixed up with a gang. His boss, in fact, ran a speak-easy.

"Now he's a waiter in the speak-easy. He made no money at the job. A big, boyish sort of chap, fruit

"I'll tell you how he wound up."

"The house, one Sunday, did especially well. The

speak-easy was crowded all day—even at midnight there was still a full house. Some of the members of this full house were pretty full themselves, and the boss hesitated about letting them leave. It would look suspicious, you know, for them to stagger and lurch out of his speak-easy. And so he said confidentially to Kuno, the waiter:

"Kuno, just walk down as far as the corner and see if there are any policemen about."

"At the end of five minutes Kuno returned, and the bartenders busy behind the bar, the noisy drinkers with their glasses, and even the drunken men propped on chairs in the corner, looked at him inquiringly.

"Kuno, with a courtly wave of the hand, ushered in a brace of grim-looking officers.

"Sir," he said to the boss, "dare wass no policemen on de corner, so I runs to de station-house an' bring you two."

• • •

When the Thatch Gets Thin.

DR. C. J. HEXAMER, president of the National German-American Alliance, said a Philadelphia millionaire, "believes that it is their sensitiveness—their sensitiveness about their accent and so on—which hinders many a young German immigrant's success.

"In a splendid address to young immigrants I once heard him say that if they were sensitive they would continually be finding jeers and insults to mope over—as many jeers and insults as fell to the lot of the bald-headed.

"He said that only that day, in a downtown barber shop, a bald-headed man came in and took a chair next to the one he occupied.

"'Hair-cut, Joe,' he said.

"The barber looked at him, slapped the nude white dome of his skull with mock tenderness, and gave a loud laugh.

"'Why, man,' said he, 'you don't need no hair-cut. What you want's a shine!'

• • •

Osler Shines in Paris.

IN the Rue de l'Université, in the gray old Faubourg St. Germain quarter of Paris," said a Philadelphia physician, "I attended last month a dinner given by Prof. Landouzy in honor of our famous Osler.

"Dr. Osler was, as usual, brilliant. He made the sparks fly in his criticism of a rather sensational young criminologist who sat next him. This criminologist advanced bizarre deductions which Dr. Osler promptly destroyed. At one point, in a quandary, the young man said:

"Well, at any rate, how do you account for the fact, as shown by incontrovertible statistics, that forty-one out of every hundred criminals are left-handed?"

"That is very easily accounted for," said Dr. Osler. "The other fifty-nine are right-handed."

• • •

The Persevering Gueser.

DR. AKED, the famous New York minister, was praising the perseverance of the Suffragettes, who, he said, "stood ready to undergo imprisonment and to sacrifice their lives to right what they decided an injustice."

Then, with a smile, Dr. Aked resumed:

"It is amazing what perseverance will achieve. Even misdirected perseverance has achieved marvels. There is the case of Robson, the great Notts cricketer.

"Robson, during his Australian tour, was determined, one scorching afternoon, that his side shouldn't do the hard work of fielding.

"Well, when the Australian captain spun the coin, Robson shouted:

"Woman!"

"Then, seeing that heads lay uppermost, instead of acknowledging defeat, Robson said, with perseverance and nonchalance:

"Well, we'll go in."

"But—er—I thought," said the puzzled Australian—"you see, I don't quite know the English meaning of 'woman.'"

"Then," said Robson gallantly, "we'll toss again."

"The Australian made a second toss, Robson called heads, and tails came up. The ordinary man would at this point have surrendered in despair, but not so Robson.

"Honors are now easy," said he, with a pleasant smile. "On with the rubber."

"The Australian a third time flipped the coin, and having at last called the toss correctly, the persevering Robson sat in his side to the shady benches."

• • •

Alike Missing.

B. ELIGAN-HARE soup is a winter delicacy of the first water," said Baptiste Harnais, a Chicago chef, at a French cooks' ball in Chicago. "I had a misadventure with one such soup last week."

"I had ordered a hare for a private dinner party, but it failed to come. The afternoon waned. I was in despair. I clutched my head in both hands. I would have torn my curly locks out by the roots, but, as you see, I have no curly locks.

"As I stormed about the kitchen, a boy entered. I thought he was from the butcher's.

"What have you done with my hare?" I shouted, seizing him by the arm.

"The boy looked up at my polished cranium.

"Never touched it, boss," said he. "What have you done with my whiskers?"

• • •

The Leaky Room.

G. YPSY SMITH, the eloquent evangelist, complained, at a meeting in New York, of the discomfort caused by the customs rules.

"They who receive from abroad packets or heavy letters, such as attract the eye of the customs officials, find," said "Gypsy" Smith, "that the American govern-

ment in this matter is as lacking as the Haytien hotel-keeper.

"A gentleman, you must know, stopped at a country hotel some fifty miles from Port au Prince, to escape one of those tropical deluges so characteristic of Hayti.

"After dinner he turned in, for there was nothing to read in the hotel, the night had turned chilly, and there was no fire.

"He turned in, and he fell at once into a deep, delightful sleep. Then he awoke dripping. The downpour was leaking through the palmetto roof onto his bed.

"Shivering, he reached out his wet arm and rang.

"The pad of bare feet approached. 'What's wanted?' snarled the landlord.

"You must prepare me another room," said the guest. "The rain is leaking in here in buckets."

"And is that what you wake me for at this time of night?" the landlord roared. "If you'd thought to look you'd have found an umbrella under the bed. Use it, man!"

[Copyright, 1908, by Estelle Klauder.]

• • •

Unnecessary Noises.

THE celebrated soprano was in the middle of her solo when little Johnny said to his mother, referring to the conductor of the orchestra: "Why does that man hit at the woman with his stick?"

"He is not hitting at her," replied his mother. "Keep quiet."

"Well, then, what is she hollerin' so for?"—[Success Magazine.]

• • •

How Erastus Found Light.

ELECTION is over, and some of us are wondering whether we voted wisely. Voting is something of a hazard at times, if we do not happen to have the plain guidance of the old darky janitor in Princeton. Erastus, being asked how he had voted, replied: "In the mahnin', sah, I was inclined to de Republican cause, for they gave me three dollars; but in the afternoon de Democrats gave me two dollars. So, sah, I voted de Democrat ticket straight, because dey was de leas' corrup', sah—de leas' corrup', sah!"—[Success Magazine.]

• • •

Diagnosis.

INTO a general store of a town in Arkansas there recently came a darky complaining that a ham which he had purchased there was not good.

"The ham is all right, Zeph," insisted the storekeeper.

"No, it ain't, boss," insisted the negro. "Dat ham's shore bad!"

"How can that be," continued the storekeeper, "when it was cured only last week?"

The darky scratched his head reflectively, and finally suggested:

"Den mebbe it's had a relapse."—[Harper's Weekly.]

• • •

Why It Was.

A PARTY of northerners was touring Virginia, some years ago, and as the crowded train was crawling through Stafford county, near Fredericksburg, an old and wizened woman, with a basket bigger than herself, came aboard, and edged diffidently into the vacant place beside one of the men. After a while her seat mate decided that it could be no harm to draw her out a little for the benefit of the rest of the party.

"This is very poor land that you have around here, madam," he began.

"Mighty pore," she assented, humbly.

"I never did see such worthless soil."

"No, suh," with an air of deep deflection.

"Don't you ever sow any crops at all?" he kept on.

The ancient dame did not lift her head.

"Naw, suh," she drawled. "This hyer land around hyer was sowed 'bout three foot deep with Yankees, 'long 'bout forty years ago, and we ain't been able to raise nary crap since."—[Harper's Weekly.]

• • •

Young America.

LITTLE WILLIAM had planted some castor beans in the back yard, and as usual they grew very rapidly. Every day he would take note how much they grew. One day while William, his father and mother were seated at the dinner table, William became silent and thoughtful, and after looking a long while at his mother, then at his father, turning to both in turn, he remarked: "Mamma, you're not growing; Daddie, you're not growing, only me and the castor beans."

"Cyril," said his mother, as they sat down to the breakfast table, "did you wash your face this morning?"

"Well, no—mamma," said he slowly, evidently casting in his mind for an excuse, "but," he added reassuringly, "I cried a little before I came downstairs!"

Helen's mother passed her the cake, and when the little one went to reach across the plate for the largest piece her mamma said: "Always take the piece nearest to you, dear."

"Well, then, turn the plate around," was the answer.

Mrs. Browne was shocked beyond words to hear her small son speak of little Jane Smith, who had spent the afternoon at the house, as a "darned fool."

"Why, Charles," said his mother, "where did you hear such talk? Come right to the bathroom and have those naughty words washed out of your mouth."

After a thorough cleansing of the small mouth with nasty soap and water, Mrs. Browne asked: "Now what do you think of little Jane?"

"Just the same as I did before," was the reply, "only I don't say it."—[Delineator.]

FIRST MASS SAID.
SHEPHERDS WATCH.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

REGGIO, Jan. 17.—For the first time

since the earthquake disaster, a

mass was held in the city.

The building as designed, con-

Practical Poultry Culture in the Southwest.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF STANDARD-BRED POULTRY AND THE PEOPLE WHO GROW IT.

A STUDY IN COMBS.

LARGE ONES GENERALLY INDICATE LIBERAL LAYERS.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

NOTE.—Short articles of a practical nature are cordially solicited from breeders and fanciers, relating their experience with poultry, giving their successes as well as failures. The writer will be glad, in so far as lies in his power, to answer inquiries of public interest bearing on any phase of an enlightened poultry culture, such as feeding and management, disease and its prevention, market conditions, fancy points, etc. The co-operation of utility breeders and fanciers is cordially solicited, to the end that the best thought and practice in an enlightened poultry culture may find a healthy expression in these columns.

EVERY kind of fowl possesses a fleshy enlargement on the head which is known as the comb. The combs vary more or less in shape, but in all cases answer to the same function. Usually in the males the comb is larger than in the females, why, we have never seen stated unless it has an attraction for the hen during the breeding season. As a matter of fact the comb

colder regions, while the higher combs belong to breeds in the Mediterranean class, which would seem to provide against freezing in the former case. Economically, combs and wattles possess little or no value in this country; in France, however, the former are used as human foods, making, it is said, a palatable dish when skillfully prepared.

A Glossary of Poultry Terms.

Now that the show season is in full swing, the novice will hear the real chicken jargon of the showroom on all sides. Naturally, much of it will be "all Greek" to the beginner, and for his benefit we here give some of the more common expressions and their meaning:

A sitting of eggs usually consists of thirteen specimens, though there is quite a tendency among breeders to increase the number to fifteen.

A male chicken is called a cock; if under twelve months of age, it is known as a cockerel. A female chicken is called a hen; if under twelve months, a pullet. A male goose a gander; a male duck a drake; and

poor mother; she must be at least two years old, or three, better. The breeder of the eggs will sell her a mother, and she is worth \$5 to any amateur, because pullets do not sit well as a rule, and he can this mother two or three years or, even more, more pure-bred like the eggs, he can breed her to the fine cockerel, and expect fine males. All her eggs should be allowed to incubate the first year of her laying, but pullets eggs do not make fine chicks generally. A pullet one gets while breeding for males are as few. An old mother hen is expected to them mostly mated to a young sire.

The second year one can look over his stock and select the best cockerel in form and color according to standard of perfection and the best pullet, and then them. The inbreeding, where selection of the best practiced, does not deteriorate the stock. Line breeding is started in this way, and no new blood brought in. One interested in line breeding should study the Leich breeding chart. Where one intends line breeding the start is of so much consequence, it is better to have a celebrated pair, and not wait to grow from eggs a celebrated pair, or one's own. In thirteen eggs all hatched from the most illustrious ancestry, a really fine pair should not be expected. Much dissatisfaction arises with the amateur, if he does not get all fine fowls in his first hatch, whereas if he gets one fine fowl of either sex, he is very successful. The breeders chosen from hundreds of fowls carefully consider when one is going to play with heredity and line breeding. Again, be it to the comfort of the amateur all the birds of the hatch are good blood, and it is liable to tell in the next generation. All well-formed and colored eggs in fine stock are worth incubating, and full of promise.

There is a prejudice against inbreeding in amateur and with it one may secure two sittings of eggs of birds not related, of the same breed. To buy a sitting of eggs of one breeder to get males, and one of another to females may make the nucleus of a good strain—but not, each stock being superb. The line breeders fine fowls dreads to put in new blood, and will advise the amateur to buy two sittings or more of eggs of the same stock, and breed by careful selection of get.

Caught on the Wing.

During the rains it is wise to put ground ginger in hot morning mash wetting, this to reach every fowl to fortify against loose conditions and soft droppings. Nothing is more preventative of disease during the rainy season than ginger.

Never throw celery tops into the poultry run, as the especial fowls will eat them promptly. Most fowls will not, and to cut them up and boil in the water gets a nerve tonic to them. Cauliflower tops will go as green at midday, while celery is too pale unless fowls are starved for vegetable food.

Onion tops cut up go well for green, and a big onion cut into the mash wetting three times a week is a good worm remedy as well as nerve tonic.

An English poultry journal publishes a man's advice to give ground mustard in the morning mash to hens, both old and young, stating that it is a good stimulant for the inactive ovary. Mustard grown from the kitchen garden ought to be good for hens, this likely thing to be so, and it suggests growing a patch of mustard in the garden to feed as green to young hens. Young mustard plants make fine table greens. If one lives in the land of wild mustard, he can make use of some of the beautiful waste. Pepper is also a stimulant to the ovary, and bits of chile pepper with the mash wetting are ideal. There is a temptation to overdo stimulants of all kinds, and fowls depending upon them seriously wear out early. Foods keep all animal life from needing stimulants, we forget and get needy.

Salt should never be left out of the mash wetting, as it is heart food, makes the fowls drink, and when a hen drinks pure water heavily, she must be laying.

FORECAST
Visibility: Cloudy, light west wind.
For San Francisco and vicinity:
Cloudy, light west wind.
For Los Angeles: light southwest.

January 17, 1909.]

Evolution of a Paradise.

GREATEST OBJECT LESSON IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF ARID LAND.

By a Special Contributor.

ABOUT half a century ago, when there was really a "darkest Africa," and long before Cecil Rhodes or the Cape to Cairo Road, or any other African road had been thought of, a dusky African potentate, with his suite, paid a visit to England, and while there had an audience with good Queen Victoria, at Windsor Castle. He asked Her Majesty—so the story goes—"What is the secret of England's greatness?" Whereupon the Queen is said to have presented him with a handsomely-bound copy of the Bible. It is a pretty story—looking a little as if it might have been rearranged—and was of course played up liberally by the religious papers of that day.

If outer barbarians journeying to California from the storm-swept coast of the Atlantic ask: "What is the secret of Southern California's greatness?" the best answer you could give would be to buy them tickets to Riverside, which furnishes an object lesson of what has been done to transform this former semi-arid region of Southern California into a garden—a profitable garden. Here—with the exception of Anaheim, the Mother Colony, which had preceded it by nearly twenty years—was the first attempt at irrigation in Southern California on a large scale.

Strangers who visit Southern California should not fail to see Riverside. To visit Southern California without seeing Riverside is like going to Switzerland and not seeing the Lake of Lucerne. Unfortunately, the overland trains, on both the Santa Fe and Salt Lake systems, pass through Riverside at an ungodly hour, so that most of the eastern people come straight on to Los Angeles, and some of them don't visit the greatest orange-growing section of the world while they are here.

While the orange groves of Riverside are never visited by such severe frosts as occasionally devastate the groves of Florida, the lower part of the settlement is by no means free from an occasional touch of frost, and sometimes at night the growers have anxious moments, as they sit up watching the thermometer, and getting ready to set fire to their smudge pots. When Riverside was first settled, thirty-five years ago, little was known about orange growing in California, and the early settlers naturally set out their trees on the lower ground, where irrigation was more easy. Some fifteen years ago, after an exceptionally heavy frost, the writer of this article spent a couple of days at Riverside, investigating for The Times. In his carefully prepared report he recommended that the owners of groves in the lowest part of the settlement should cut down their trees and replace them with alfalfa.

This, of course, aroused a storm of protest from some of the short-sighted exponents of what is supposed to be public opinion, but since then many have done just this thing, and to their financial benefit, for alfalfa today pays almost as well as orange growing. The new groves have mostly been planted in the higher part of the settlement.

When the early settlers came to Riverside it was a forbidding looking stretch of dry, sage-brush-covered land. You can see today what it was like, just outside of the outer ditch bringing the water that has worked all this transformation. The first idea in settling Riverside was to make it a silk-growing colony, but that was soon abandoned for orange culture. And the rest we know.

Geographically, Riverside is one of the large cities of the world, covering an area of fifty-six square miles, a large portion of which is now in orange groves. The architecture of some of the public buildings, such as the Courthouse, Public Library and Christian Science Church, is artistic and pleasing.

Riverside will soon have an imposing "Civic Center." Other cities have talked about this thing, but Riverside is the first city on the Pacific Coast to take up in earnest the idea of grouping its public buildings together. Public-spirited citizens contributed half the cost of a large lot in the heart of the city, upon which will be erected by the government a postoffice, to cost \$110,000. Opposite is the Glenwood Mission Inn, and in the next block is the exceptionally artistic public library. Nearby is a handsome brownstone church, and directly across from the postoffice will be built the new City Hall. In the immediate neighborhood there will go up a \$100,000 Y.M.C.A. building and a new Congregational church. The prevailing architecture of these buildings will be the mission style.

And all this, remember, where thirty-five years ago the coyotes, the jackrabbit and ground squirrel were the only living things to be seen amid the sage brush and cactus.

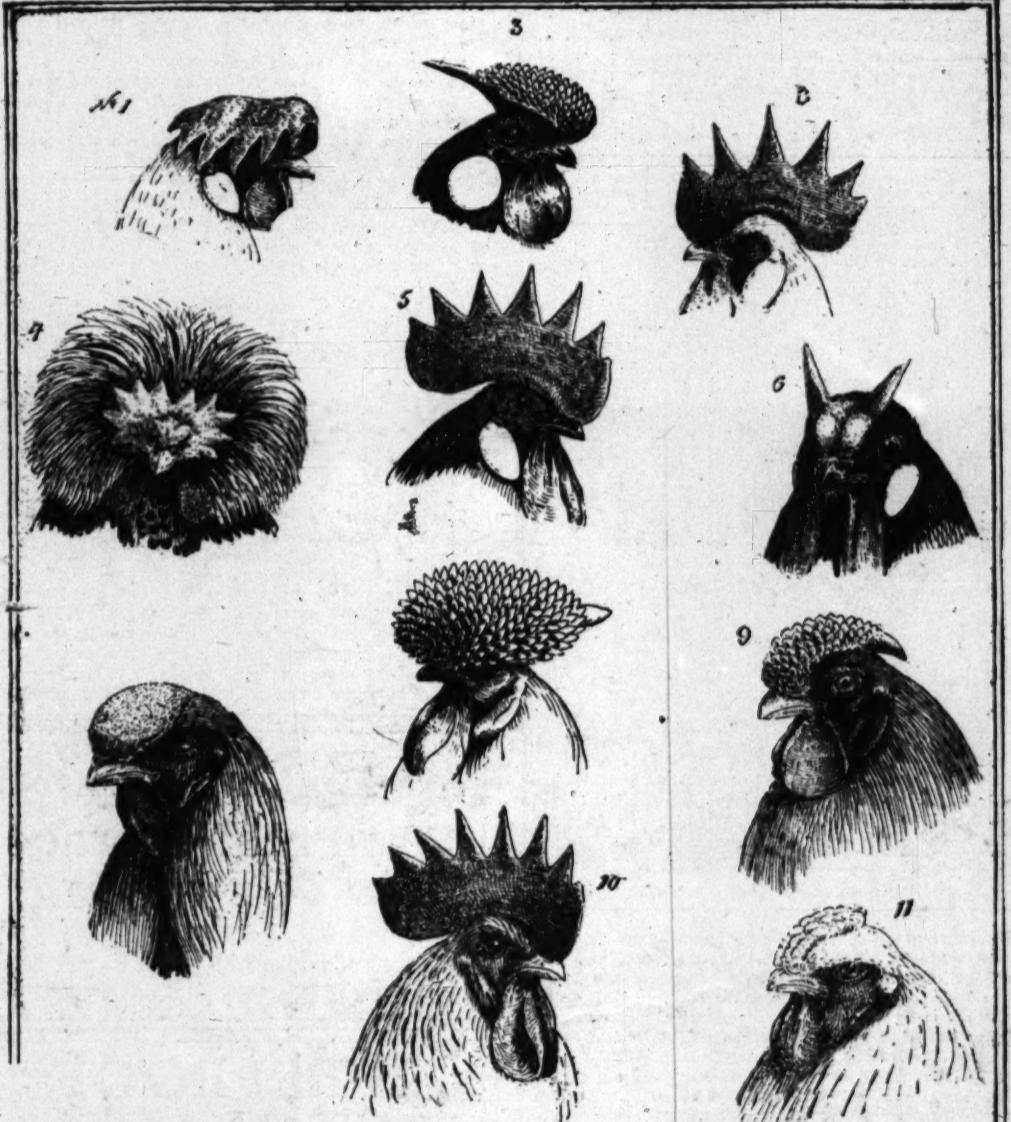
Riverside is also about to bring Magnolia avenue, one of the finest drives in America, into the heart of the city, by extending that thoroughfare three miles, on an easy grade.

Riverside is said to be the richest city, per capita, in the United States. There are no extremely poor people, and on the other hand there are few millionaires. Most of the inhabitants are well-to-do horticulturists, who have made their fortunes from the soil by the use of brains and diligence. Of late a few eastern millionaires have begun to come in and build handsome residences on the outskirts of the city.

Riverside is an exceedingly proper place. It has what would seem to be a surplus of churches. In a Riverside paper, on a recent Sunday morning, there were, by actual count, thirty-four church notices.

The first thing one notices in Riverside is the extreme cleanliness of the place—some would say, almost if they had been gone over with a scrubbing brush, as they do in Holland. Even outside of the city the unimproved sage brush land looks as if it had been cared for with a broom and a rubbish wagon. It is no wonder that Riveriders, when they visit Los Angeles, call this a dirty city.

The stores of Riverside are particularly bright, clean, neat and tasteful. There is no dumping of fruit and vegetables on sidewalk stands, to be impregnated with



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: SINGLE COMB LEGHORN, ROSE COMB, S. C. LEGHORN MALE LEAF COMB, HOUDAN, S. C. MINORCA, HORNED COMB, LA FLECHE, MALAY COCK, REDCAP COCK, WYANDOTTE COCK, DORKING COCK, PEA COMB, BRAMAH.

is brightest at this time; and in the female it is a proverb that the hen with a bright comb is usually picked out as a good layer. The comb also to a large extent denotes the age of puberty. As a natural sequence, so soon as she ceases production it shrinks and grows correspondingly dull. From these indications it seems fair to assume that there is some connection between the fowl's headgear and the reproductive organs. Going a step further it is noticeable that the large-combed breeds are usually recognized as the laying breeds, as for instance the Leghorns and Minorcas. To be sure the Dorking supports a large comb, but it is a big bird; compared to size its headgear is not so large as that of the Leghorn. Arguing from these premises, it is fair to assume that the bird well furnished with headgear is influenced to "shell out the eggs." Form seems to have no bearing; it is the amount of flesh in comb and wattles that seems to count. And by this is not meant monstrosities, but furnishings typical of the breed.

It is indeed interesting as well as surprising to note the different shapes in combs in the different breeds, all of which possess the ideal or standards by which they are judged in pure-bred birds. The accompanying illustration from a late issue of the *Feathered World* (London) gives a very good pen picture of our subject. It will be noticed that the heavy breeds, like Brahmans, Red Caps, Langshans, and Cornish possess low combs, known as rose combs, pea combs, etc., and are native to

a male turkey a tom. A capon is a male chicken deprived of generative organs to improve weight and flavor of carcass; a broiler is a bird weighing two pounds or less from six to twelve weeks old; a spring chicken a bird, of about two pounds; a stew bird should go about three pounds; a roaster four pounds and over. A poult is a turkey in its first year; a trio is a male and two females; a breed pen a male and from four to ten females; in the showroom usually only four females.

Breeding from Eggs.

Breeding from eggs is the cheapest way to start in with poultry, fine or otherwise, but if it were not fraught with disaster, it would not be the cheapest; in many cases it has been found to be expensive. If one can buy thirteen eggs for \$5, put them under a good old mother hen, in a place suited to her, where nothing and nobody can startle her, and let her hatch out thirteen smart chicks, and care smartly for them, no poultry keeper can equal it. In a little while one would have fourteen valuable fowls; but things seldom go that way. The first hatch of eggs the writer used came from Theodore Sternberg, were of Silver Gray Dorkings, and every egg was fertile. An accident happened to one egg, which was the fault of the writer. He never had such a lot of eggs since, but the average breeder can give eggs where eight out of thirteen will hatch and be strong chicks. To get good virile eggs is not as hard as to get a good mother hen. There is nothing in sitting a

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is based on quality and it is quality in Poultry Food for producing eggs. Cheap filler and cheap grain will not make eggs. Midland Poultry Food contains only the choicest cereals and animal food the market affords. You can't afford to try and be successful and not have results. Midland Poultry Food will produce results. It and see. \$1.95 per sack.

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POULTRY SUPPLIES AND INCUBATORS

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Mr. Florence Maybrick declares she will devote her life to prison reform in this country.

Yokohama, Japanese paper of Yokohama, Ambassador, U.S. Consul, editorial, "not to an- escape injury."

The passenger train was shoving

Farming in California—The Land and Its Products.

CONDUCTED BY J. W. JEFFREY, STATE COMMISSIONER OF HORTICULTURE.

FIELD NOTES.

Modern Business Methods.

I HAVE a letter from one of the leaders of agricultural thought in relation to an article I wrote for this department for the magazine of December 13. The letter is valuable not so much for its commendation of what was said, as for its approval of the matter in the way of further agitation. It is the question of agricultural education brought to a new field. For many years I have wondered why our commercial schools and universities have given no attention to instruction in the business of selling agricultural products; to the study of supply and demand as they affect the farmer or to the proper distribution of the crops that are annually congested in the main markets of the country and each man's portion thereof brought into unnatural competition—in short, why these schools do not have instruction in the business of selling things that are grown upon the farm.

The letter from our friend reads: "We must all agree that the first step in the betterment of farm conditions lies in the introduction of modern business methods into every phase of farm life. In this connection I wish that you would through the far-reaching columns of The Times call the attention of all the local business colleges to the necessity of a course dealing strictly with the business of the farm. Take for instance a typical forty-acre farm, open a set of books dealing with every phase of the work incidental to its successful management—a debit and credit account for each undertaking such as stock, crops, etc. Use the terms appertaining to such matters in place of the old stereotyped forms of merchandizing, drying, storage, etc. This would cause many of the coming generation of farmers to appreciate the value of better business methods, and would enable them to tell, without referring to the amount of money in their right-hand pants pocket whether the year had been profitable or not."

This subject was introduced to the last State Fruit Growers' Convention in the President's address, and its importance was shown in the fact that it cropped out in some form almost every hour of the four days' session. However, we must appreciate the difference between the executive management of a farm, and the business of selling the products raised thereon. Of course these ought to be one in the administration of the farm. But they are not. We often see the most careful business methods observed up to the time the products leave the farmer's hands and then utter incompetency, or neglect in providing for their proper sale. The new economics must teach the producer to be his own business manager in some form clear up to the disposal of the products to the consumer.

The Petaluma Monopoly.

IN answer to the query "What is the biggest hold-up?" a subscriber to a contemporary replies: "The Petaluma hen this cold weather." Yes, eggs at 5 cents each are rather expensive. But the farmer must have an occasional inking of profits or he would become extinct. In the summer time he sells tomatoes often at 20 cents a crate, and I have paid at the same time 25 cents for three slices to a restaurant man. This beats the hen into a "frazzle," as a celebrated hunter would remark. I tried to get some light upon the immense difference in the per-crates and the retail prices of table supplies, but few were able to account for it. One of the largest commission men in the State says it is the risk the stall man and peddler take in selling the stuff before it decays. But the restaurant man takes little risk. The discrepancy is too great.

Christmas Trees to Burn.

THE annual slaughter of trees for Christmas festivities has not excited much comment this year. Gifford Pinchot estimates that 4,000,000 embryo trees were sacrificed this season, and again the agitation is heard favoring the cultivation of Christmas trees for the trade and not invading the forests further for these supplies. We will hear no more of it all till next Christmas. The waste of cutting so many trees that are never sold is really the most serious feature. I saw a whole place so covered with trees for sale this year that one could not get along the sidewalk. If the proprietor sold only one-fourth of them at the prices he asked it would be like finding money. But after the holiday hundreds were carted away to a brush heap and burned. No one wishes to curtail the use of fir tops for this purpose, for probably most of them come from lands where it doesn't matter. Yet it seems a waste of material to allow so many trees to be made leaderless to supply in wholesale where the demand is so limited. At least the Forest Service should see that this wholesale cutting is not done upon the reserves.

Valuable Publication.

ONCEANALLY one is justified in giving special notice to a trades catalogue. Ordinarily a nursery catalogue is a list of the things the nurseryman has to sell, with some descriptive matter attached to each variety to induce the public to buy. But when a propagator of plants adds to his list of stock offered a compendium of horticulture he deserves some recognition of his enterprise. George C. Roeding's catalogue is just out, and it is worth a place upon your table even if you do not expect to buy a tree this season from any one. This treatise on horticulture and incidental list of what the

Fancher Creek Nurseries has to sell is a large, finely-printed and illustrated book of 120 pages. It is worth while, and I presume you can get it by sending to Fresno. It was printed by the Kruckeberg Press, Los Angeles.

Heavy Citrus Planting.

THE immense acreage of new orange groves now being planted in the Lindsay district does not seem to alarm the growers of oranges elsewhere. The Lindsay district now has 7000 acres of oranges and about 2000 acres additional will be planted this year. Trees are now selling at \$1.10 each delivered, and the nurserymen are happy over the vast increase of the industry. While there is no alarm over this increase of citrus planting it is the cause of curiosity, inasmuch as it does not seem to be raising the total output of fruit perceptibly. For the last eight years there has been a strange consistency in the number of carloads of citrus fruits raised in the State, in spite of the extraordinary increase of new acreage. The average number of carloads per year for eight years was 27,367, the highest number 32,719 and the lowest 19,180. Four years ago 31,422 cars were produced, the following year 27,610, and the next year 29,820. Only last season was the crop raised materially above the 30,000, it being 2729 cars in excess of that number. Eight years ago the output came within 2800 cars of the average of the last eight years.

What have the older groves been doing during these years of vastly increased planting? Certainly not very much in the line of production, or we would have easily 40,000 carloads by this time. One man writes me from Chicago that his grove had produced only one-half a box to the tree. The same average was maintained the year before, and the trees sixteen years old at that. This is a sample of several dozen similar complaints I hear annually, and of hundreds I see in traveling about the State. Now it is not safe to risk one's reputation as a prophet by claiming that the output of oranges will not be materially increased for years. But it is safe to say that unless a general improvement is made in the older orchards there will not be an overplus of fruit very soon. The extraordinary plantings of the very early 90's doubled the output in 1898, but no such increase is now noticed from the immense plantings of later years.

Farm Labor.

A GOVERNOR-ELECT of an eastern State recently boasted that his farm employees were of six different nationalities. He finds that they become good citizens as fast as they learn the language. Unintentionally the Governor has arraigned the whole system of farm labor. Why have to employ foreigners? Where are the American boys? I wish we could think they had gone west to get farms of their own, and help to breed up a race of American farmers to intermingle with the good blood of the foreigners. To be able to speak English is not necessarily a qualification for citizenship—it is only one qualification. Employing foreigners exclusively on his farm this Governor thinks there is "decided trend from city toward country life." At one hearing of the Bailey farm life commission the condition of the average American farm laborer was set forth in words that told plainly the story of neglect and deprivation. Until we have a continuous tenure of land in the same family, the gradual building up of a rural "plant" for growing crops and the gradual accumulation of comforts and pleasures and homeliness all through the American farm will not be the ideal we would wish to see it. The mere willingness to work is but one item. There is not enough work intermingled between the farms. If absolute isolation will craze a man, comparative isolation will not strengthen him. Of all the States, ours is suffering the most from the absence of American farm labor, with little prospect of improvement.

Selecting Nursery Stock.

IT is the same old story this winter in the planting of orchard trees—ground in preparation, varieties discussed, adroit agents on hand and decision about made to go East for the trees. I recently persuaded a planter to make the rounds of the California nurseries before ordering, even if he had to order from the other side of the continent finally. The decision in this case had turned on the inability to get a certain variety from the home nurseries. He expects to plant twenty acres to apples in a mountainous district, and I convinced him that he should visit the orchards already in bearing in that locality, talk the matter over with the growers and then decide what kinds to plant. Hasty decisions are often fatal to success, and where a planter is to invest in nearly 2000 trees, it is worth while to investigate every point in soils, varieties and source of nursery trees before making the venture.

I wish to speak freely against the practice of buying largely of new varieties. It will not pay to accept the record of a variety made in another State. Where is it growing in California, under what conditions, and what does the grower and the trade think of it here? These are paramount questions, and a planter of ten or twenty acres should spend a hundred dollars or so in investigation before he makes the plunge, and should see all the home nurseries before making his purchase. There is not one particle of home sentiment in this advice. It is just common sense, and those who follow it are far better off in the end. Do not buy a pig in a poke.

FORECAST—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Cloudy; light west wind. For San Francisco and vicinity: Cloudy; light southwest.

January 17, 1909.]

Gardening in

Cultivating the Rose.

MONG all the flowering shrubs that grace the garden or add to the beauty of hall or conservatory, none can compare to the rose. Of diverse color, and character of foliage, of endless design and color of blooms, it lends itself to a wider range of decoration than any other single group of plants, being equally desirable as pot plants, for garden culture, and for cut flowers. When these qualifications are added ease of culture and quick and ample responses in flowers, it is explained why the rose has been aptly termed "The Queen of Flowers." In our collection of flowering and ornamental shrubs it occupies first place; hence we have been careful to always have on hand a large stock of the most vigorous plants, and only those sorts producing freely of blooms possessing good substance and striking individual characteristics. All our roses are well grown, thus insuring plants of strong constitution and robust growth. Some objections have been expressed to budded roses, owing to the fact that plants are apt to sucker. This is readily overcome by setting the junction of the bud with the stock under ground. Planters will observe to do this, much of this difficulty will be removed. These shoots or suckers are easily distinguished by their rampant growth and thorny and coarse like appearance. They should be removed as fast as they appear. Budded roses grow far more vigorously than those on their own roots and are longer-lived, so that the slight additional expense incurred to begin with is more than compensated for in having sucker-free plants.

The aim has been in giving descriptions of the different varieties to be conservative in statement and clear in expression, preferring at the same time to be moderate in opinion rather than to overpraise. In habit of growth, blooming qualities, vigorous root development and plants are the delight of rose lovers and home gardeners. The inexperienced are advised to study the cultural directions, which are based on California conditions, and hence will be quite sure to afford satisfactory results if carefully followed.

Planting.—The best season of the year for planting roses is from December 1 to March 15, with the recommendation in favor of early planting. In planting, the soil should be observed as with any other tree or shrub, the ground should be spaded thoroughly, and if any well-rotted manure is available, it should be worked into the soil. Dig the hole large enough to receive the root. Prune the top, cutting back the branches at least one-half, and thinning out those that are too thick. The root should also be cut back one-half, and all bruised roots removed. After planting settle the soil around the plant by watering freely.

Pruning.—No definite rule can be laid down for pruning roses except that Teas and their allied families do not require as severe pruning as the Hybrid Perpetuals and others of equally as vigorous growth. There is one set rule, however, on the Pacific Coast, and that is never to allow roses to go unpruned. The best time is from December 15 to March 1. The first winter after planting, thin to three main shoots and cut these back at least two-thirds. In after years with the framework branches established, the laterals should be thinned out to prevent overcrowding, and those allowed to remain should be cut to spurs of about four buds each. If this method is followed regularly each season, a properly pruned plant will have the shape of a deer's antlers. With climbers the framework branches should be trained against the wall in the shape of a fan, not leaving more than three to four, and these should be cut back severely the first two seasons to promote vigor and hardness of growth. In after years shorten the laterals and thin out sufficiently to prevent overcrowding, otherwise the plant will be a mass of dead wood and twisted branches and its vigor will become seriously impaired.

When the roses have stopped blooming in the early summer the faded buds should be cut and the plants should be given a light pruning, or more correctly a thinning-back, which will have the effect of making them respond with a bountiful bloom in the summer and fall.—[George C. Roeding.]

No More Greened Vegetables.

CHIEF GOULD of the local United States Food and Drug Laboratory has received instructions from the Department of Agriculture that after January 1, 1909, no fruit or vegetables to which a green coloring has been imparted by the use of sulphate of copper, or any other form of copper, must be refused importation. This is in support of a circular issued by the Department on May 7 last, which permitted the importation of vegetables so colored until January 1, in order that the might not be a loss to the producers.—[Fruit Grower.]

Types of Lettuces.

LETTUCE is represented by four distinct classes or heading type; the curly and thin-leaved, bunching or non-heading type; and the cos or celery type. There are early, medium early, and late varieties of each type, as well as those especially adapted for greenhouse, hotbed, winter, spring, summer, and autumn uses.

There is so great a difference in localities in regard to the value of lettuce that a uniform rule for culture cannot be adopted. For the ordinary house garden it is desirable to use one variety of each type, and several

TREES

Peaches,
Apricots,
Walnuts,
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Grape Vines

OF ALL SORTS

Experimental Farm, Plant.....No. 1—\$40.00
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CALIFORNIA HORTICULTURE,
THE FRUIT GROWERS' GUIDE.
120 pages, fully illustrated, mailed for 25 cents in stamps. Annual price catalogue sent free.

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GOOD Seeds

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New 1909 Catalogue

116 pages, fully illustrated; contains information value to planters.

General facts about seeds, plants, bulbs, trees; when and how to plant, the best garden tools, etc. Sent free on request.

California Native Flower Seeds

Fifteen varieties. Regular price for the 15 pieces \$1.35. Our introductory offer,

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New and Rare Fruits

And standard sorts. Exotic and beautiful ornamentals described in our

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY CATALOGUE

48 pages illustrated, mailed for 25 cents.

Largest stock in the south.

ARMSTRONG NURSERIES ONTARIO, CAL

Save Time—Save Fruit

WITH THE BREWSTER PICKING SACK

A new method sack-invented and perfected by lifelong growers. Every orchardist pronounces it perfect. Those who have tried it say they would not be without it. Actual tests show that a man can pick twice as many fruit per cent more fruit with it and with greater ease. Sack forms semi-circle about picker's body—is supported about straps over both shoulders and held tight by belt around body. When full it does not extend below the hips. A great feature of the Brewster Sack is the patent gate which is easily opened and closed.

TIPTON ELIMINATES BRUISING. Simply unfasten a hook—the gate drops—and the fruit can be quickly but very gently poured out.

Made in two grades.

Regular Picking Sack grade, sent express prepaid, \$1.75.

Special extra quality—that will outlast two ordinary sacks—\$1.75.

SIERRA MADRE SACK CO., Sierra Madre, Cal.

We want reliable men in every locality to distribute and act as our agents.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS, Raspberry, Blackberry, Blackberry plants. Also Crimson Winter and Spring.

Send for Catalogue. G. H. HOPKINS & SON, San Fran.

Mr. Florence Maybrick declares she will devote her life to prison reform in this country.

FOREIGN.

Japan, Japanese paper of Yokohama, editorial to Ambassador Wilson, advising Americans "not to an-

the train by Engineers many more would have and possibly killed. The freight were fortunate to leave their train before escaped injury.

The passenger train was shoveling coal and

KILLED IN WRECKS

Says They, Themselves, Must Settle
This Question by Becoming In-
dispensable to Community.
(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)
AUGUSTA (Ga.) Jan. 17.—INTRODUCED

17, 1909.

January 17, 1909.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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Gardening in California—Flower and Vegetable.

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almonds,
figs,
grape Vines

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Care of the Body

(CONTINUED FROM 2ND PAGE.)

hot vaseline and let it remain on the lump. It was hardly any time until the lump was gone, and it has never returned. That was seven years ago.

"I have seen several inquiries in regard to lumps in the breast, and I have wanted to write and tell you how I was cured through reading of their remedy. Although I used my own way in carrying out the results, still I give you the credit.

"As you say, all lumps in the breast are not cancers. Even if they resulted in the end in a cancer, I believe hot water bountifully applied would cure them.

"I had quite a lump come on the back of my hand from lifting heavy cooking utensils. After getting remedies from several leading drug stores I resorted to the hot-water plan, and it cured it.

"I am a great believer in hot water for both external and internal use. Nine times out of ten it will give good results."

• • •

Jimmie's Politeness.

"JIMMIE, your face is dirty again this morning," exclaimed the teacher. "What would you say if I came to school every day with a dirty face?" "Huh," grunted Jimmie. "I'd be too polite to say anything." [Circle.]

• • •

No Garbage-Fed Hogs for Los Angeles.

CITY HEALTH OFFICER DR. L. M. POWERS opposes the proposed hog-feeding contract, to which reference has been made here. Dr. Powers is to be congratulated—also Los Angeles people who eat hog flesh. The Mayor is also against the proposition, and it is said that even members of the County Medical Society have at length arrived at the conclusion that garbage is not a wholesome food for human beings, even after it has been passed through the body of a hog.

• • •

Races and Ruin.

IT may seem to some that there is no connection between the subject of gambling at race tracks and the care of the body. There is, however, for a man who takes to this, or any other form of gambling, is almost certain to solace himself for losses—or to celebrate his winnings—by taking to drink or drugs.

Gambling is the most dangerous vice that curses poor humanity. There is hope for the drunkard, for the user of drugs, for the lecher, but there is little hope for a man when the gambling fever has got a good grip upon him. Such a man will barter his own honor—or that of his wife.

California is about the last foothold for the race-track swindlers. A strong effort is being made in the present Legislature to eliminate this evil. There is some fear that a majority of the legislators may "fall down." If the matter shall not have been decided by the time that this number of The Times is published, then let every California reader of the Care of the Body, who thinks right on this subject, appeal to his Assemblmen and Senators to vote in favor of the anti-race-track bill.

• • •

Doctors and Locomotive Engineers.

DR. R. W. CORWIN, division surgeon of the Missouri Pacific Railway Company at Denver, read a paper before the New York and New England Association of Railway Surgeons, at the Academy of Medicine in New York, on November 17, in which he declared that many of the railroad wrecks are brought about by railroad employés' love of women, drink and gambling. He went further, and declared that the railroad employés have six moral defects—"gambling, jealousy, drinking, smoking to excess, domestic troubles, and social ambitions."

In its January number, the Locomotive Engineer's Monthly Journal devotes a leading editorial to a criticism of Dr. Corwin for this uncomplimentary, unkind, and altogether too sweeping statement. To stigmatize an entire class of men in this manner is neither reasonable nor just. As the Journal says, the railroad man cannot bury his mistakes, as doctors do. It also criticizes the system of making railroad, hospital departments, kindergartens for medical students, to learn their business at the expense of the trainmen.

Regarding the charges against the trainmen, the Journal says:

"There are nearly 64,000 engineers, members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and they are classed in a body by Dr. Corwin as moral degenerates. The charge is such a gross misrepresentation of fact that we are almost ashamed to dignify it statement by discussing it; but he claims to be a railroad surgeon treating the men he condemns and who doubtless contribute to his salary, and who, in all probability, would be better off without his services."

The Journal is right. As a body, the American locomotive engineers are a fine set of men. If, occasionally, they break a little loose when off duty, as sailors do when on shore, can you be surprised, when you consider the strain of their calling—the awful responsibility and risk which they are under, almost every minute of the time, while they are on duty? Then, again, their hours are often unreasonably long. During the rush times, a few years ago, engineers have been known to be on duty in Los Angeles for thirty-six hours at a stretch, without any chance for rest or refreshments. Is it, then, at all surprising that they occasionally take a stimulant?

As to the doctors, the less they accuse other classes of bad habits, the better it would be for them. It is admitted that the use of morphine is alarmingly prevalent among members of the medical profession. May this, to some extent, account for occasional cases we read about, where surgical implements are overlooked.

and sewn up in the bodies of patients, or where, as the Journal above quoted says, mistakes are buried?

Diagnosis by the Stars.

AN osteopathic physician of Goldfield, Nev., objects to a criticism of astrology, in a review published here recently. He says astrology is a science, and that he often uses it in diagnosing the diseases of his patients.

Astrology is just about as much of a science as shaking dice. The correspondent's patients are to be pitied, if he relies on the stars in diagnosing their ailments.

Is it not really astonishing that people who are apparently sane should harbor such peculiar superstitions?

There may be other physicians who diagnose disease by the stars—or by the moon—judging from the mistakes they frequently make in guessing at what a person is suffering from. Better study the diagnosis from the face and the diagnosis from the eye, which are sure and simple. With these you will not have to do any star gazing.

• • •

"Mazdaznan."

A CORRESPONDENT writes that David Ammann, a Swiss, who formerly had a picturesque home at Hollywood, and became an enthusiastic disciple of the "Mazdaznan" cult, going to Germany to undertake missionary work for the cause, is expected shortly in Los Angeles, where it is said, he will try to put fresh vigor into the Mazdaznan movement and promote the erection of a temple.

• • •

He Misunderstood.

DOCTOR: It's a bad case, Hans, but I think we can cure you. I will try something new that is all the rage now.

Hans: Vot is it?

Doctor: We call it the Bier Treatment.

Hans: Ah Gott, vy didn't I come to you before.

• • •

Rats, Cats, and Rat Catchers.

FOLLOWING is from an East Los Angeles paper: "Five thousand cats sailed recently from San Francisco for Japan, which is becoming overrun with rats. The recent treaty or agreement between the United States and Japan seems to have overlooked cat immigration or importation, and there is reciprocity along that line, that is, along the fe-line. These cats, if encouraged, will multiply almost as rapidly as the rats, and will save Japan a great deal of money. Here in Los Angeles and other Coast cities, the bamboozled and befooled authorities employed the doctors to kill the rats, and it cost each of the Coast cities from \$25,000 to \$30,000 to finance a ridiculous rat hunt, which a cargo of cats or rat terriers would have accomplished in half the time and at 90 per cent. less cost."

Well, of course, these Federal health inspectors have to live—or at least, they seem to think so, although Tallyrand, when an office seeker once expressed that opinion to him, cynically replied: "Je ne sais pas pourquoi"—"I do not know why."

• • •

Diet and Disease.

A STRONG man, in the prime of life, died a few weeks ago in Riverside. His disease had been diagnosed as typhoid fever, although a post mortem showed that it was an ulcer on the liver.

However, the point is that as he was beginning to recover, they gave him to eat—what do you suppose? Fried salmon. Yes, just that. Fried salmon requires about five hours for digestion in a vigorous healthy stomach. Think of putting such a food into the interior of a man supposed to have typhoid fever, with a consequently inflamed and ulcerated skin surface of the bowel!

It is an absolute fact, as heretofore stated in these columns, that of those who die in sick beds, ninety-nine out of a hundred are killed by unnecessary food, poisonous drugs, unnecessary and dangerous surgical operations, and lack of fresh air, for every one who dies as the result of disease. For disease is merely an effort of nature to restore health. Medical "science" and fool relatives do their best to interfere with her.

• • •

Surgical Leggerdmain.

SEVERAL criticisms have been received upon the doings at the Washington University, in St. Louis, as reported in The Times of December 27, in an article reproduced from the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, telling how surgeons have been amusing themselves by cutting off dogs' heads and grafting them on the bodies of other dogs, transposing their hearts, etc. Daniel Hamack writes as follows:

"I note that some surgeons have decapitated two living dogs and planted the head of one on the body of the other, and the remade animal lived some half-hour, etc.; also that the dog seemed to take an interest in the proceedings after his head was attached to his mate's body, dodged a blow, and wagged his tail—or the other dog's tail—in response to a pat on the head.

"Conceding the report to be true, the thing that occurs is, what good will it do? Will some fellow consent to have his head taken off and thrown away in order that the sound head of another man who happens to have a frail body may be placed on his decapitated trunk? This will beat the sacrifice in the skin-grafting friends all hollow. It is scarcely likely that any one will want his head grafted on some unfortunate dog's body.

"Yet I know some dogs who might vastly improve the character and agreeableness of some bipeds of the animal kingdom could they bestow their disposition with their heads by implanting the said organ on the human

(CONTINUED ON 9TH PAGE.)

DR. ADOLPH PETTER, Physician and Orthopedic Surgeon

INDUCES THE CURE OF ALL HUMAN ILLS

RUPTURE FALLEN WOMEN DEFORMITIES

and all Male and Female Weaknesses, and we now

offer you prefer them to a one. We now

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January 17, 1909.]

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20 MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS



To any one sending us ten
COCOA NAPTHA
SOAP Wrappers

with 2-cent stamp for postage on or before Feb.
20, 1909, we will send free of charge one pack
of playing cards of excellent quality. Only one
pack will be sent to one address. Mail the Cocoa
Naptha soap wrappers to

PREMIUM DEPT.
Los Angeles Soap Co.,
638 E. 1st St.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Try Cocoa Naptha Soap—At all groc.

FORECAST—For Los Angeles: visibility: cloudy; light winds. For San Francisco: visibility: cloudy with showers; light winds.

sunrise, 6:30; sunset, 5:15; high 51°; low 39°, Tuesday.

YESTERDAY—Maximum, 76 deg.; minimum, 55 deg. 5 A.M., northeast; velocity, 11. 8 P.M., west; velocity, 4 miles. At midnight the temperature was 54 deg.

TODAY—At 2 a.m. the temperature was 55 deg.; clear.

[The complete weather report showing comparative temperatures will be found on page 8.]

The City

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- Death Twins Summon Her
- Makes New Fleet Headquarters
- Notorious Gambling Den Is Raided
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- Blacked Body in Bedroom
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- Speedy Team of Stanford
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- Photos, Fads, Fancies of Women
- News of Los Angeles County
- South of the Tehachapis
- The City in Brief: Vinal Report

POINTS OF THE NEWS IN TODAY'S ISSUE

The City.

Police at last compelled to raid notorious Skid-row gambling den, despite of numerous complaints; fifteen arrests made, but three prisoners over whom they are taken to Central Station. Predict that San Pedro will be next to fall, as well as Army barracks.

Highway's Scarf fall from high up at Chats Park witnessed by 5000 spectators, including 500 women and children; his injuries may prove fatal.

Elaborate programs arranged for Festival of All Nations, to be opened Thursday at Turner Hall, for the benefit of the Italian and Chinese numbers.

Entombed Workmen Marooned

Blacked Body in Bedroom

Speedy Team of Stanford

At the Churches Yesterday

Photos, Fads, Fancies of Women

News of Los Angeles County

South of the Tehachapis

The City in Brief: Vinal Report

Police at South Broadway hotel nearly escape asphyxiation while taking a bath.

Black and white man arouses Japanese inn chamber maid, at point of revolver, to open safe; robbery goes on and passes.

Man, believing himself master of third-story window, hangs by a narrowed ankin.

Southern California.

Woman's clothes torn

Woman well represented in new Negro

High break-in to Salt Lake den of vice

South: Southern beauty refuses to commit suicide.

Meeting of Belmont Heights

Resolutions are adopted condemning

Pasadena Syndicate buys 5000

acres within city limits.

Washington wife of certain Los Angeles

Newspaper Association: woman claim to seven acres of land

Imperial County Teachers' Institute

will be held at El Centro in March.

On board of Anaheim Shipyards Bank

President of Redlands Y.M.C.A. this

successful year's work.

Gold miners who have worked

for year in tunnel without taking out

one cent of ore, expect to strike

rich ledge this week.

Valuable photograph taken by Com-

pany to Guanajuato are pre-

pared to turn Club at Avila

Public right to roads up Live Oak Can-

yon, near Lordsbury, overseen by ad-

visor of Supervisor.

High School debaters win

Ontario in contest for swing

on.

Twenty-five men marooned in

Los Angeles-Pacifica and Santa Monica

Mountains may be able to settle differences

over \$100 million dollars expended in

Mountain improvements last year.

San Diego man puts curse on Texas

woman because she has not supplied cash

for his expedition to "gold-lined" island in

the Pacific.

Indian girl who ran away from

the Indian Institute are captured near Co-

lumbia.

Pacifica, as "archlight," Nov. finds

himself and all himself.

Black bodies of Seattle attorney, his

son and daughter found in bathroom

near heart of young woman.

Bill for woman's suffrage faces defeat

as it reaches State Legislature; new state

was advocated and money raised for

use of Southern California hospital for

women at birth.

Fight for Senatorship in Oregon

Twenty-five men marooned on treacherous

Sierra Nevada Valley when floods sweep

structure away, drowning three.

General Eastern.

Gas switch near Little Rock causes

truck in which one dies and many

are injured together in Kansas, injuring

seventy-three.

Salmon goes ashore on Long Island

and his crew is drowned on a man.

Collector of customs has record

wedding cake, weighing nearly

a ton, made for marriage

of daughter.

Gas leak and loss of life under-

standably was two bad mine accidents

in first three weeks.

Dark beauty at Atlanta ball fasci-

nates President-elect and he keeps his

dark sleeper to Augusta waiting two

days while he dances until 3 o'clock

every night.

Wall Street thinks Harriman's recent

loss is railway war but a blight to force

new rail line.

Gasoline company gives away

gasoline at her card parties

and city marathons.

Country-wide jamboree around over

7000 campers and each nation names some

of its own to beat it.

Washington.

Officer Pinchot, Forester, makes public

annual report for his department.

Mr. Florence Maybrick declares she

will devote her life to prison reform in

England.

Newspaper of Yokohama, Japanese

newspaper to Americans

in Japan.